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NORTH AND SOUTH

AN ISLAND STORY

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... Under the burning slopes,
Where summer through the oleanders blow
Rose-red among the shadows, and the air
Is lightly scented with the myrtle bloom.

— R. RODD.

I

KATHARINE SHERMAN, the American girl who loved Poros so well that this was the third time in two years that she was staying in the island, had crossed over this morning to one of the old gardens on the mainland, where the trees grow so low down on the sea-shore that the overhanging branches often dip in the water.

One of the strong north winds, that sometimes blow in July and August, was covering the sea with frothy white-capped waves, and Katharine had been drenched two or three times with the salt spray while crossing over from the island in the sailing-boat. It had been delicious, though, with the boat heeling over, the sail spread to the fresh wind, one of old Louka's boatmen with his hand on the small ropes ready to let the sail slip down at any unexpected gust, and Dino, the son of Yoryi the blind one, sitting at the helm.

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Katharine had only arrived the day before, and had found her old room in the little pink-washed hotel on the quay duly kept for her. Dino was the first old acquaintance she had met. He told her shyly that he was earning independent wages now, ever since the last Feast of the Virgin, and could provide his own boots. Katharine glanced inquiringly at his bare brown feet, but was promptly told that the boots were naturally only for Sunday and holiday wear. When, after a good deal of tacking, the boat touched at the little wooden pier of the garden, Katharine jumped out, paid the men and told them not to wait. She would walk back, she said, through Galata, and cross where the port narrowed.

She ran to the end of the long avenue of cypress trees—so tall that only a narrow strip of deep summer-blue sky showed above them—and halfway back again, before she stopped to rest, leaning against one of the straight, rugged trunks.

Good God, how beautiful it was!

How glad she felt that she had refused to follow her sister to Switzerland, but had braved the heat of a

summer in Greece to see her beloved Southern land in all its splendor.

It was even more beautiful than she remembered it.

Below the cypress trees the taller straggling branches of the oleanders formed an archway, and she stood under a perfect glory of rose-red and white blossoms. Many of these climbed right up into the trees, and stood out in vivid rose-pink against the dense black foliage. Behind her was a long vine-clad pergola, heavily laden with bunches of still unripe grapes; before her, away down the avenue, the wide wooden gate, between its tall stone posts, leading out to the shore. One of the sides was thrown back, and through the opening the deep sapphire of the sea gleamed in the sun blaze, while showers of dazzling white spray covered the little pier.

Katharine thought that she knew Poros in all its phases and was familiar with all its lovely changes, but this summer wind was new to her.

Slowly she came down the avenue, drinking in the beauty and the light, and listening to the continuous chirping of the tettix on all sides of her.

In the open space down by the gate, the wind was tossing the tops of the giant eucalyptus trees to and fro, turning their feathery bunches of narrow leaves into blurs of whitish green. Long strips of bark hung in loose ends, laying bare the smooth gray-blue trunks.

They were picking lemons in the garden. The gatherers, women and children, carried their laden panniers on their shoulders into the spacious white-washed barn, where the packers awaited them.

Katharine stood in the open doorway, looking in.

It was cool and pleasant inside. On the broad sill of the low window the water was cooling for the workers, in rows of earthen jars. The lemons lay

in yellow heaps on the floor, and the women and girls were twisting them with incredible rapidity into fine tissue-paper wrappers, and laying them in rows in the small cases, bound for Odessa or Roumania.

Many of the workers looked up smiling. The foreign lady with her light step, her pretty clothes and shining dark hair, was a familiar figure to most of them, and in a vague way they were pleased to see her in Poros once more.

The master of the garden, a thin man bearing an old historic name, came forward with words of greeting and the offer of a seat, but Katharine would not stay. She could not rest long in one place. She longed to see and enjoy everything at the same time. And when she stood a few moments later in the lemon-orchard, where beyond the wall the sea-line showed purple, — Homer's 'wine-colored' sea, — where the scent of the lemon-blossom and the myrtle, and the shivering of the eucalyptus leaves were about her, all the old island sights, and scents, and sounds, she felt as though she might open her arms wide, and clasp them to her heart.

Suddenly, in the distance, among the many workers who came and went, filling their panniers, Katharine recognized a familiar figure.

The woman came slowly through the orchard, out of the shade of the many trees, into the clearer opening.

She wore a white kerchief which shaded her face, and whose ends were tied round her throat. The long sleeveless coat hung round her in straight folds. A large pannier full of lemons was on her shoulder. With her left arm she steadied the pannier, while her right hung loosely by her side.

On the trees behind her the fruit hung in yellow clusters, and the waving leaves made patches of shadow and

light on her kerchief. She walked slowly, being heavily laden, and sometimes lifted her face to meet the breeze. She was a large woman, and all her movements were simple, free, almost classic.

'Myrto, it is you?' exclaimed Katharine.

The woman's face lighted up as she brought down her pannier and rested it on the ground beside her. Her lips parted in a smile of glad welcome.

'You have come to Poros again! That is well. Our hearts have pained for a sight of you.'

'It is very sweet of you to say so, Myrto.'

Katharine's Greek was distinctly original, and her genders and tenses wonderfully mixed, but she talked fluently enough, and always succeeded in making herself understood.

'Yes,' she continued, 'of course I have come again. Did I not say I would? Do you think anything would keep me away from Poros, once I was in Greece?'

'And the lady, your sister?'

'The lady, my sister, was with me in Athens, but she found it became too hot. She hates the blue sky when it is always without clouds. Just fancy that, Myrto! So she took her husband and the dear little girl, and they all went off to Switzerland, where it will rain as much as they like. You do not know where Switzerland is, do you, Myrto?'

'Switzerland,' repeated the woman slowly; 'is it in Europe where the lemons are sent?'

'Yes, it is in Europe, but then so are we here.'

'No,' corrected Myrto, 'the garden here is on the Peloponnesus, opposite Poros.'

'Still it is part of Europe.'

Myrto looked puzzled.

'I do not know,' she said at last.

'You are learned, and know many things; but so we say here, this is the Peloponnesus, and Poros is opposite, and the lemons go in the ships to Europe.'

An old woman came shuffling up to them, with bent back and outstretched hand.

Katharine greeted her kindly.

'How are you, Kyra Marina? how is the bad knee? quite well again now? And do you always make such fine preserves of the little green lemons as you used to do? You must make some more for me to take back to my little niece. She does love them so!'

'At your service always,' answered the old dame. 'But we must wait for the next crop; these are too large now.'

Katharine nodded smilingly, and turned again to the younger woman.

'And Leftheri, Myrto? Is he well? Does he catch much fish in the new boat?'

The woman did not reply. She half turned aside, fingering the lemons in the high pannier.

Something in her attitude surprised Katharine. This was not a shy young girl, but a woman who had been already married some months the last time she had seen her.

'How is your husband?' she repeated curiously.

Myrto kept her face almost entirely turned away, but Katharine could see the shiver that ran through her whole body. She did not notice the pursed-up lips of the old woman behind her.

'What is it?' she asked boldly, ascertaining by a rapid glance that Myrto's kerchief was white. 'Where is Leftheri?'

'Gone,' muttered the woman at last, without turning round.

Katharine sprang toward her.

'Gone! what do you mean? Where? How?'

'I cannot tell you here,' answered

Myrto in a colorless voice. 'If you come some day to my house as you used to do, I will tell you, perhaps.'

'Gone!' repeated Katharine in amazement; 'gone for long do you mean? but where?'

'No,' broke in Kyra Marina, 'gone for always; gone where the men go who do not care for their lives, who are driven away by evil ways, and bad words; gone to the sponge-fishing.'

'To the sponge-fishing!' echoed Katharine in dismay; 'with the sponge-divers? Leftheri?' For she had lived enough in the islands to know a little of what such going meant.

Kyra Marina blinked her small wicked eyes set in a brown network of wrinkles.

'Tell the lady about it,' she commanded authoritatively. 'Wherefore will you be dragging her to your house? Is it a place for her, and you a deserted woman? Do you think perhaps that people care to come to you now?'

'No,' said Myrto meekly, 'I know; few come.' Then turning to Katharine, 'I brought no shame to my man, God be my witness, but he would flare up easily, and we often had hard words. Anger rises quickly in me too. I had no mother to teach me patience. I always wished him to work harder, and do more than the others. I told him every day that he was lazy,—too often, perhaps. Then one day that dawned badly I said it had been better I had married Penayi, the miller's son: him who had asked for me. I said I should have fared better. I did not mean it really, it was just the evil moment that made me speak the words. But he believed them. You do not know these things, but it is a madness that comes over you.'

'Yes,' said Katharine gently, 'yes, I know.'

'And just then,' continued Myrto, 'there were those sponge-captains here,

the dogs! drinking at Sotiro's, tempting the lads, offering much money — and that night he went off with them. That is all.'

Then, in a hard voice, 'Now you need not come to my house.'

'No, no, of course she need not,' piped the old crone shaking her head.

Katharine turned on her fiercely.

'Please not to answer for me, Kyra Marina.' Then to Myrto very simply, 'Of course I shall come to see you, Myrto, perhaps to-morrow.'

Others were gathering round them by this time, so Katharine wished them good-day and made her way through the trees and up the long avenue to where an old gate, built under an archway thickly lined with swallows' nests, led out of the garden.

She entered a narrow lane between high stone walls, green with overhanging plants. The rough path was shaded by the walnut and mulberry trees of the gardens on each side.

At first she walked along with bent head and troubled face. Myrto's story had saddened her, and besides this, other thoughts had been awakened which she had been resolutely lulling to sleep for many days now.

'It is a madness that comes over you — it is a madness —' she repeated over and over again.

But by the time she emerged from the narrow walled-in path on to the seashore at Galata, she had shaken off her preoccupation, and was walking rapidly, with her shoulders well set back, her face lifted to the breeze, and her lips slightly apart.

Galata had grown since she had seen it last. Little straw-thatched sheds, open on all sides, where coffee and *masticha* were served, had been erected close to the sea, and many new houses had been built on the slopes among the olive trees.

Katharine loved it all, every step of the way, every sight and sound.

The boat in which she crossed over to Poros, painted in vivid blue-and-green stripes, with its sail of many patches, charmed her. The short crossing of scarcely two minutes was breezy and sunny, and the island, as she drew nearer and nearer to its amphitheatre of old sun-baked houses, overshadowed by the brown man-faced rock, gave her the impression of a monster living cinematograph.

She jumped out of the boat, searching eagerly for known faces. The crew of urchins, that always haunted the quay, were the first old acquaintances she met. It was holiday-time, and they were nearly all there: Nasso, Yoryi, Mitso, Stavro, Kosta, Niko, Aristidi, Andrea, Savva, all in various degrees of tattered undress, all smiling and crowding round the quickly recognized 'foreign lady,' the well-remembered distributor of *koulouria* and *lepta* in the past.

It was good to see it all again, just as she had dreamed of it so often. The brilliant flame-red, grass-green, and sky-blue little boats rocking on the waves outside the sea-wall; the fruit-sheds with their panniers of ripe tomatoes, mounds of yellow melons, and purple *aubergines*, with the enormous over-ripe yellowish cucumbers, that only Poriot digestion can tackle with impunity. The groups of old men, sitting cross-legged under the scanty shade of the acacia trees, mending their fishing-nets; the old fountain standing close to the sea, with its marble dolphins twisting their tails round a trident on the one side, and the waves splashing on the other; Pappa Thannassi, the priest, who passed, bowing gravely, laying his hand on his breast as he did so; the familiar greeting of Kyr Apostoli, the baker; Barba Stathi's old donkey, Kitso, waiting patiently outside the oven till his load of thyme should be lightened.

At last she stood on the steps of the little hotel, and gazed seaward before making up her mind to enter. The waters of the bay heaved and sparkled in the dazzling light, far away to the great mass of the Sleeper, whose highest peaks, seen dimly through the heat haze, might have been taken for clouds. The steamer from Piræus was just turning the corner by the lighthouse, and numbers of little boats started out to meet her.

Katharine ran quickly up to the balcony of her room, and with her opera-glasses carefully scanned every passenger who disembarked. When the last one had been rowed out to the quay, and the steamer had weighed her anchor and was on her way to Nauplia, Katharine laid down her glasses with a sigh, and began a long letter to her sister at Grindelwald.

II

Myrto, with the red earthen pitcher full of water on her shoulder, climbed up the rocky street in the fast-fading light, pushed open the door of her little low house, and closing it behind her, went into the dim, close room.

It was a small room and her loom, with the blue and white threads stretched tightly across it, took up nearly all the space between the solitary window and the open fireplace, — an old-fashioned one, this, with an overhanging whitewashed mantel, and a deep flounce of faded cotton stuff nailed underneath it. Over the loom, a plate-rack, ornamented with bright green paper cut into fantastic shapes, held five white plates and two cups. Besides the rack there was also a little painted cupboard let into the wall, high up beyond the fireplace, for the safe-keeping of the better crockery. On a shelf on the other side stood half a melon, two tomatoes and a big hunch

of brown bread. Two hens and a cock were walking unconcernedly over the loom, picking up stray crumbs which had fallen on it.

Myrto set down her pitcher from her shoulder with an effort, filled the smaller drinking one and set it to cool outside on the ledge of the small courtyard at the back. Cool water is a serious question in Poros. The nights were long and hot; Myrto, who did not sleep much, was often thirsty. Treading heavily, she came back into the room, and carefully stopped up the mouth of the larger pitcher with a green lemon which she had brought with her from the garden.

Suddenly she let herself drop on a low stool, leaning her head against the wooden post of the loom. She felt faint and sick. Her back ached as if it would break, and her knees trembled as she tried to stretch her legs to give them more ease. She had been down to the fountain quite late, hoping to meet no one. But Kyra Marina had been there. The other women had taken her turn, she said; there was no respect left for old age. Myrto had tried to keep silence, but she had been soon overwhelmed by a torrent of words.

'Yes,' the old woman wound up, 'Leftheri may have been lazy enough, and easily roused to anger, but you must have broiled the fish on his very lips, my girl, to make him go off so, and to such work. Do you know that the poor divers are the slaves of the sponge-captains? That they keep them down in the sea till they burst if they do not bring up many sponges the first time, and throw them into a dark hold to rot when their legs are seized and they can work no more? Are they few, the strong men who have returned crippled for life? Like enough, if ever you see your man again, he will be dragging his legs after him, and then you may have him lying there on a

mattress, a useless log all the rest of his days. And that will be bad work to remember, my girl. To have driven a man away from his country, and his house, by your evil tongue! Eh, but there are few have a good word for you now.'

'I know,' sobbed Myrto.

Poros gossip would have it that Kyra Marina's own daughter and son-in-law had been driven to seek work out of the island, to escape her railing tongue. It is true this was long ago, and with her age her memory may have been failing her.

'I am sorry,' she continued, 'that you are with child. It is bad enough to be born a widow's child, but worse still to have a deserted wife for mother.'

She would probably have gone on for some time in this encouraging strain had not her victim at last seized her pitcher, only three quarters full, and started homeward, leaving the old woman muttering behind her.

But now as she sat there, weary and sick in mind and body, every cruel word came back to her with renewed force. Her poor man! a slave to those brutes! Left to rot in the dark hold of a rolling ship or sent off with both legs paralyzed. He who was so proud of his strength and agility. He the best dancer in the *Skyrto* dance at the Vithi fair! Myrto clasped her hands together as she half sat, half crouched there in the gloom, and broken words of prayer escaped her.

'My little Virgin, have mercy upon me! Pity me, my little Virgin! Stretch out your hand and save my poor man. I have been bad, yes — but save him and bring him back hale and sound for the sake of the child that lies heavy within me.'

She lifted her head and clasped her hands over her burning eyes.

Would the Holy Virgin listen to her? What had she done to be heard? Little

by little the vague notion of some necessary sacrifice took form in her tired brain. She could scarcely drag her limbs to the fountain this evening after her hard day's work in the garden, and on the morrow she had meant to sit at her loom all day for a rest. But she decided that instead of this she would go on foot to the Monastery, and repeat her petition to the Virgin up there in the Chapel, lighting a candle before the icon which the Italian painter had painted.

But even then — what? Was there any hope? Would her prayers, her candle, her pilgrimage, help her man ever so little? They let them rot in the hold, Kyra Marina had said. Rot! that meant what? Ah, yes, she knew! Had not the sailors of the little transport ship which had been sent out by the Government to overlook the sponge-diving, told their women, and had not their women repeated it at the fountain? Had she not heard the gruesome tale of the poor young man from Smyrna, rescued by the officers of the transport ship from the clutches of one of those sponge-captains, only to die of advanced gangrene three days later? Had not the sailors spoken of the festering wounds caused by long neglect; by days and nights spent untended on a loathsome mattress in a filthy, noisome hole? Had not these wounds been described in all their sickening details by those who had seen them with their own eyes — aye, and not only seen them! —

Myrto dropped her head on her breast and swayed backwards and forwards with clenched teeth, as the picture arose before her.

A lull came, and she heard footsteps approaching. Then a tapping at the closed door.

She knew at once that it must be Katharine. No one else in Poros had that light, springy step. The old people

shuffled; the young ones, being generally laden, or tired, trod heavily; and the little children pattered. Besides, no one but the 'foreign lady' would have dreamed of knocking at the door.

She opened it at once and Katharine entered; a trim figure in white linen, holding a bunch of pink oleanders in one hand, and a tall shepherd's stick in the other.

'I have been up to the Temple of Poseidon,' she announced, 'right up to the top with Barba Stathi, though I never once got on to Kitso's back. It was hot, but I did it, and now I am tired and thirsty. So I thought I would rest for a little here, and have a talk with you at the same time.'

'Welcome,' said Myrto simply. 'Will you sit here?' spreading a clean cloth on the second stool. 'Or will you come into the *sala*? there is a sofa there.'

'Oh, here; certainly.' Then, catching sight of the woman's face, of the eyes that had no light in them, of the waxen color which made the strong, arched eyebrows look too black, 'You poor thing!' she exclaimed, 'what have they been doing to you? Sit right here beside me, and tell me all about it.'

But Myrto would not hear of it.

Katharine had said she was thirsty. She must drink first: drink out of one of the glasses kept in the little wall-cupboard, a thin glass with a gold rim, and a gold fox engraved on one side. Myrto wiped it very carefully and filled it from the drinking-pitcher outside, explaining to Katharine as she came and went, that she need have no scruple about drinking of the water, as she herself never drank from the mouth of the pitcher, as some of the villagers did, but always used a cup or a tin dipper.

Then she placed the filled glass on a little round tray, and beside it a small pot of small lemons preserved, which Kyra Sophoula, a kind neighbor, she

said, had given her, and one of the six silver spoons which had formed part of her dowry. This tray she presented to Katharine, standing before her while Katharine served herself. Only when the duties of hospitality were over could Katharine persuade her to sit down again.

'What were you doing when I came in? You must not let me stop your work,' she said.

'I was doing nothing. I often sit idle now, with my hands crossed.'

'Ah, but that is bad!' exclaimed Katharine with swift Anglo-Saxon energy; 'there is nothing like work, you know, to make you forget troubles.'

Myrto shook her head. 'There is always work enough,' she said in a tired voice, 'if one would not starve. Besides, as you see, there is the child that will come soon, and I am often heavy and tired.'

Katharine knew Poros ways and talk. 'May it be safely born, and live long to be a joy to you,' she said in a grave, compassionate voice. 'Tell me, at least,' she added after Myrto had thanked her, 'what you were thinking of, since you were not doing anything.'

'I was thinking that to-morrow I shall go to the Monastery.'

'To the Monastery? You?'

'Yes, on foot; to light a candle before the icon of the Holy Virgin. — Ah, yes, I know what you would say — you are foreign, you speak our language, but you do not know our Faith, and you will say that it will do no good; that I cannot walk so far. But I can, and I will, and it *must* do good.'

'Why should it not do good?' said Katharine quietly. 'And if it makes you any happier, of course you must go. Only you must rest when you get there.'

'Yes, I will rest.'

'How long ago is it that Leftheri went?'

'Very soon it will be eight months.'

'Then,' asked Katharine, hesitatingly, 'had you — I mean did he know?' —

'No,' said Myrto, 'he did not know anything.'

'Poor Myrto! If he had known he would never have left you.'

'I do not know — perhaps not. He wished for a child. But perhaps also he bore all he could. What can a man do when a woman is always angry, and has evil words ready when he returns from his work? Ah, Kyra Marina was right, you should not come to my house! I am a bad woman! Not in deeds — not — that I swear on my marriage-wreath — but in words — Ah, God, did I not tell him it were better I had married another man! I, his wife! There are some words no man can forgive; words that the longest life is too short to forget in.'

Katharine started a little, and leaning forward looked into Myrto's face.

'Do you think so, Myrto? Are there any unforgivable words? Then more than ever should I come to your house and sit with you, and listen to you — for I too have spoken such.'

'You! to whom? You are not married?'

'No — but there is some one — I am — I was engaged to. You understand?'

'I understand — you were betrothed. Your parents had exchanged your rings, though the priest had not yet exchanged your wreaths.'

'Well, not quite,' said Katharine, 'but it comes to the same thing.'

'Was he foreign also? — was it in your own country?'

'He is not Greek; but not of my own country, either; he is an Englishman. Never mind, I cannot explain. Anyway, a foreigner here, like myself. And it was not in my own country we met, but in Athens. We stayed many months there, and traveled together

with some other people. And when we found out, Myrto, that we loved each other very much, we were betrothed as you call it, though there was no ceremony, we just knew it ourselves.'

Myrto looked puzzled. 'But the lady, your sister?'

'Oh, my sister knew of course; her husband also. And — and, we were to have been married now, this Easter.'

There was a pause.

'Why then did not the marriage take place?' asked Myrto; 'was not your dowry ready?'

'Oh, quite ready; yes.'

'Then why?'

'Well, you see, we loved each other very, very much, but still we often disagreed, and like you, I too get angry easily; I have always been free, and sometimes I hated the thought of feeling bound, of being asked where I went and what I did.'

'But since he was your betrothed?' said Myrto gravely.

'I know; but it was only at times I hated it. Sometimes I liked it. Then you know I am — well, rather rich. My father left me what you would call here a big dowry, and he — Jim — has very little money, and one day when he had vexed me about something — I — as you say it is a madness that comes over you — I told him that he did not care for me so much as I had thought he did, and that perhaps if I were not so rich he would not wish to marry me! Yes, I told him that, beast that I was!'

And, like Myrto a little while ago, Katharine covered her face with her hands and rocked backwards and forwards.

'But — ah, please do not say such words — you! a beast! but, perhaps what you told him was true.'

'How dare you, Myrto? What do you mean?'

'I ask your forgiveness — I only

mean that though he must have been glad that you were beautiful and good, of course he must have been very glad also that you were rich; such a "good bride."'

'Ah, you do not understand. How should you? But I must say it all — I must, I must.'

She rose suddenly, laid her arms down on the narrow chimney-shelf, and buried her face on them. 'He was a man, you see, who was very proud; who did not care anything at all for the riches, and if another man had said this to him he would have knocked him down. But I was a woman, so he — he just went away and left me. And at first I thought I did not care much — but now —'

'Ah, yes; I know; I understand. At first one is angry and glad, — not a good gladness, — but afterwards you do not wish to see the sun shine by day, and when night comes you cannot sleep.' Then, after a pause, 'He went far away?'

'Not very far, but he was away a long time.'

'He has returned?'

'Yes.'

'Then if you suffered still, why did you not ask his forgiveness?'

'You did not, Myrto.'

'I? It is different. We are poor people, I cannot write; and if I could, do I know where he is, if I could find him? But you, a lady, it is another thing. You are learned, and can write and say much. Why did you not send him a letter?'

'I did, Myrto. But he never answered.'

'Then you must send another. Perhaps it was not given to him, or perhaps even his anger is slow to pass. You must write once more.'

Katharine lifted her head from her arms and looked at Myrto.

'I think I will,' she said slowly.

III

Though the afternoon was well advanced, the heat was still great when Myrto the next day toiled up behind the white-walled cemetery on her way to the Monastery.

The first part of the road is arid and treeless, without a particle of shade. Myrto had laden herself with a small earthen pitcher to fetch back water from the Monastery spring, which is famed even beyond Poros for its sweetness and purity.

The flocks of brown and black goats browsing on the slopes, to her left, were scarcely distinguishable among the huge gray rocks. Only the tinkle of their bells revealed their presence. Myrto dragged her feet wearily, and changed her pitcher from one arm to another. She rested it for a few moments on the top of the low wall which is built on the right of the road, where the cliffs are steepest, and then, with a spurt of courage, walked on, crossed the stone bridge, and almost ran down to the wide stretch of beach where the big fig trees grow. There, under their shade, she rested a while.

The old woman who was guarding the ripe figs spoke to her. 'Where may you be for?'

'For the Monastery: to light a candle.'

The old woman glanced at her. 'That is far. You should go to Saint Eleftherios. That is the church for those who are as you are.'

'No,' said Myrto simply, 'it is not for that I am going. My man — is away — I want to light a candle for his safe return.' She rose as she spoke.

'May it be for your help,' cried the woman after her. 'There is shade the rest of the way.'

Myrto passed the walled-in lemon-gardens, the tiny white chapel among the rocks close to the sea; and then the

pinetrees began. She was rested now, and a little breeze cooled her face as she walked.

Nature as a rule appeals little to those who live in the heart of her loveliest spots, but in a vague way Myrto felt the beauty of the road and the hour. The warm Sienna-red of the steep path wound up through the luminous green of the young pines. Very far below, on the right, the sea lapped lazily against the wooded crags, and the mountains of the mainland opposite stood out in one uniform tint of deep blue, against the paler blue of the sky. Nothing broke the silence but the low note of the crickets along the wayside, and the far distant striking of the waters by a many-oared *trata*, making for one of the little inlets below.

Long before she reached the Monastery she could see it in the distance. A long, low, white building, built round a square, after the fashion of the old Moorish palaces, half buried in the masses of surrounding trees.

The path wound in and out, now rising, now falling. It rose to the top of the cliff where the bright red earth crumbled between the gray rocks on the left; the open sea spread out in all its glorious expanse at the foot of the sheer fall of wooded crags on the right, and the Monastery gleamed white before her. Then again the path would dip suddenly, closing her in among the great pines, with nothing but their waving branches over her head, and their soft needles beneath her feet. Farther on, multitudes of young pines grew right down the hill to the water's edge. Seen from the height, they stood out in bright golden green against the dazzling blue of the sea. On canvas the colors would have seemed too crude, too shadowless, too glaring; but enveloped in that warm, quivering sunlight, they were a perfect harmony.

Three or four times the winding of the path made Myrto entirely lose sight of the Monastery, before she reached the spring under the giant plane tree overhanging the ravine.

There were some rough wooden benches under the shade of the tree. Letting her empty pitcher slip to the ground, she sank down inertly on one of these. Her aching back leaning against the trunk of the tree, her arms hanging down at either side of her body, her legs stretched out limply before her, her head drooping on her breast, and her eyes closed, she remained there, not asleep, but with all thought and sensation wiped out, save the one of rest after toil.

It was much later, almost dusk, when the thought began to shape itself in her tired brain, that she was at the Monastery, and her task not yet accomplished. She dragged herself wearily off the bench. A separate pulse seemed throbbing in each limb, and as she stooped over the spring to fill her pitcher, she felt a numb pain in her back which made her think that she could not stand upright again. However, it passed in a moment, and she rose and placed her full pitcher in the shade with a sprig of myrtle to stop up the mouth.

Then she slowly skirted the ravine, painfully climbing the broad low steps cut into the rock, leading up to the natural terrace on which stands the Monastery of the 'life-giving spring.'

Through the covered gateway she went into the inner court, planted with orange trees. Rows of arches support the white cells above. Two or three monks, standing on the wooden gallery which gives access to the cells, looked down curiously at her as she passed under the trellis with its overhanging bunches of grapes, and stopped to lean for a moment against the tall palm outside the chapel door.

One of them called out to her that they were just going to close the chapel for the night, but she passed straight in, seeming not to have heard him.

The double-headed Byzantine eagle on the centre flag of the floor, the magnificently carved *templon* before her, were nothing to Myrto, nor the graves of by-gone heroes of the War of Independence, whose epitaphs she could not read.

She took two candles off the brass tray at the entrance, laying down her copper coins in exchange. She lighted the first before the icon of the venerable white-bearded Saint Nicholas, who helps all those at sea; the second and larger one she stuck carefully, after lighting it, on a small iron spike in the circle of little candles placed round the tall wax candle, in its monumental candlestick, before the Virgin's icon.

This was quite a modern picture, the work of an Italian painter whose daughter had died, about fifty years ago, in the guest-house of the Monastery. It had been painted in gratitude for the care and attention she had received at the hands of the monks; the Virgin's face, it is said, being that of the lost daughter. Certainly it is a sweet, gentle face, not like the dark stern-looking Madonnas of most of the Byzantine icons.

Myrto stood with bent head before it, crossing herself devoutly. She felt strangely weak and dizzy, and words seemed to have lost their meaning. No form of prayer, no connected words, even, rose to her lips.

'My little Virgin — my little Virgin, oh, my little Virgin!' she repeated over and over again. Then she bent forward and kissed the painted hand, the smooth, white, long-fingered hand, that made her think of Katharine's.

An old man, gray-bearded, in a rough frieze coat, came up to her out of the gloom.

'Are you staying long?' he asked. 'It will soon be dark.'

'Nay, I shall go now. I only came up to light a candle. This is it. Please leave it there, till it burns itself out. It is for my man. He is — away at sea.'

'Be easy,' he answered, 'no one ever touches the candles.'

They passed out of the chapel to the terrace. Over the wooded hill and the sea below, the light was fading fast.

'You came alone?'

'Yes; who should come with me?'

'You are from Poros?'

'Yes, from Poros.'

'The way is long for you.'

'I shall hold out,' she said. 'Good-night to you.'

'Good-night,' he answered; 'God be with you.'

Myrto never clearly remembered afterwards the details of that walk home in the fast-falling darkness.

At first, forgetting her pitcher at the spring, she plunged straight down into the ravine, into a tangle of lentisk and osier bushes. But as she had an impression afterwards of pieces of broken red earthenware on the ground and of the water about her feet, she must at some time have returned for the pitcher. She had vague memories of trees looming unnaturally tall before her, of rocks that seemed to rise under her feet, of a road that seemed as endless as a dream road, of darkness, and heat, and pain, and deadly fear. At last she had laid herself down, to die, she thought, on the broad ledge of the well, where the flocks are watered outside the village. Here there must have been a period of complete unconsciousness. She woke to find Barba Stathi's kind old face bending over her. She remembered being lifted on Kitso's back, and then waking again on her own mattress. Then she sent

the old man to fetch her neighbor, Kyra Sophoula, to her.

The small brown-faced old woman came at once. She grunted angrily, though, when she heard of the expedition.

'One dram of good sense while you had your man with you, my daughter, would have availed you more than walking barefooted from here to the Annunciation in Tenos, if you could do it.' Then, with a sort of rough pity for the hidden face, and writhing body, 'I do not say the Holy Virgin and Saint Nicholas will not listen to you, but I am old and have seen much. The saints will not help a fool too often.'

Myrto had sent for the old woman in all confidence, for Kyra Sophoula was that best of all things in man or woman, in gentle or simple: she was absolutely and entirely dependable. One knew that she would never fail in any emergency, great or small, from a cut finger to sudden death.

She was sharp-tongued — no doubt about that; many knew it to their cost, more especially as she had the mysterious gift of proving suddenly well aware of secret weaknesses, which the owners fondly imagined safely hidden. She would call any one a fool with the greatest equanimity, if she thought the epithet deserved; but she would help that same fool afterwards, or even before, if the matter pressed.

In the present case the necessity was urgent, and Kyra Sophoula talked no more, but did all that could be done to help Nature; for in Poros a doctor is called only if the case is very desperate. Happily Myrto's strong constitution and simple life helped her in her trial; perhaps even this last mad expedition had been of some use; for though she suffered much, the big clock of the Naval School had not struck midnight before her little son was born to her.

There was no circle of sympathizing neighbors to admire him, no proud father to receive him, no gun-shots were let off for joy at his birth; but Kyra Sophoula duly rubbed the tiny limbs with sugar that sweetness might follow him all his life, and did not neglect to fasten a piece of cotton-wool inside the little cap, that he might live to be white-haired. Then she laid him down beside his mother and watched them while they slept.

IV

About five days later, when the passengers from the Piræus steamer stepped out of Louka's rowing-boats upon the quay, there was a stranger among them who stood looking curiously about him. Not only a stranger, but certainly a foreigner as well. He was a square-shouldered young man of middle height, with a fair, sunburnt skin, dressed in a suit of gray flannels, of unmistakably English cut, and closely followed by a plump little fox-terrier, whose black patches on each side of his head were separated by a broad white parting.

His master shaded his eyes with his hand and looked out across the bay. He had traveled much in Greece, but had never before been to Poros.

What he saw was a blazing sun in a deep blue sky, a stretch of glittering water, the wooded hills, golden green with pines, on his right, and gray green with olives, on his left; and far away, masking the entrance by which the steamer had just come into the bay, the blue mass of the Sleeper.

'Pretty decent, is n't it, Pat?'

Pat looked up, cocked his ears, then, running across the quay, began vigorously sniffing at a row of empty jars set out for sale.

'Thirsty, eh? Well, wait a minute, old fellow.'

He beckoned to a man who was setting out little tables under the awning round the old column.

'*Oristé*,' came the quick reply, 'at your service.'

As the new-comer was a stranger of whom it was considered wise to take immediate possession, before the people at the rival inn could even discover his arrival, in a moment the master of the hotel himself was beside him, listening with admirable gravity to his halting Greek.

A room, certainly! one of the best, with a balcony to it. — Clean? Oh, that did not need a question. He had been to Athens and knew what gentlemen and ladies required. — Water for the little dog? '*Oristé*,' — at once. Yanni; Kosta; quickly a pan of water for the gentleman's little dog!

And as Pat proceeded to slake his thirst, the hotel-keeper eyed him approvingly.

A fine little dog, truly; there was one like him at the red house on the hill, but thinner. What did the gentleman say his name was? stooping over him as he asked. 'Paat? oh yes, Paat, Paat, good dog!'

Pat, who was admirably brought up, made a polite little movement with his tail and went on drinking.

But the gentleman was asking another question; Kyr Panayoti straightened himself up to answer.

A young lady? A stranger? Was she at his hotel? But certainly, certainly. She could not possibly have gone to the other little inn. Honest people? Oh yes, he did not wish to say the contrary, but not a fit place for a lady! What? Was she in the hotel just then? Well, he supposed so. At this hour! Where else would she be in the sun blaze?

At this moment the man at his elbow explained volubly.

'You will pardon me,' Kyr Panayoti

continued, 'I see I was mistaken. The servant says she left early this morning; an old man and his beast went also; and they took a basket. She said, it seems, that she would return late. I did not see the direction — no. Kosta, did you not notice which road the lady took with Barba Stathi, you stupid one? No, unfortunately the servant also does not know. It is a pity, but —'

Jim Larcher interrupted the flow of words. 'Very well. I will wait here. Can I have something to eat?'

'But certainly, *oristé*, at once; the *pilaf* will be ready now in two minutes, and the red mullets are of this morning's fishing.'

The young man crossed over to the shade and sat down.

Pat started on a little voyage of investigation on his own account, sniffed round the fishing-nets and the fruit-sheds, refused with disdain the invitation to fight of a little yellow dog, begged shamelessly from an old man who was eating bread with white *touloumi* cheese; chased two pigeons for a little way; jumped, with remarkable agility, considering his bulk, over a pannier placed in his way by one of the boat-boys; and at last returned to his master. After lolling out a pink tongue, and panting violently for a few seconds, he sat up and begged.

'What's the matter, old man? Feel the heat, eh, and want me to stop it? Well, I've already explained that that is n't so easy as you think. Sure to feel the heat, you know, with all that superfluous flesh of yours!'

For Pat was undoubtedly very stout. Disrespectful people had even been known to compare him to a little prize pig.

While waiting to be served, Jim pulled a letter out of his pocket, and began reading it. Though not a very lengthy one, it had occupied most of his time during the three hours' jour-

ney from Piræus; but he read every word of the four pages twice over again, and returned a third time to the postscript.

'Please, Jim, dear,' he read, 'don't think for a single instant that I shall be too proud to ask for your forgiveness, if you come to me, or that I have written all this to avoid the awkwardness of speaking it. Why, I shall just *love* to do it — after dreaming of it so often.'

The man came up with the dishes, and Jim thrust the letter back into his pocket.

After his coffee, he went up to his room and attempted a siesta, after the fashion of the country. But it was maddening to lie open-eyed on his bed, listening to Pat's contented snores. So he awoke the dog ruthlessly.

'Come along, Pat, you lazy brute, it will be better outside, anyway.'

Pat, having been most comfortably settled, felt doubtful, but he followed dutifully out to the now deserted quay.

V

Katharine had spent most of the preceding day in Myrto's little house, comforting and encouraging her, cooking beef-tea for her on her own little spirit-lamp, nursing the baby, trying hard to persuade Kyra Sophoula to dress it American-fashion and release its little arms from the swaddling clothes, promising that she and none other should be its god-mother.

'What shall we name him, Myrto?'

'Whatever your nobility pleases,' had answered Myrto.

But her 'nobility' knew better.

'What was the name of Leftheri's father?' she inquired.

'Petro.'

'Then Petro it shall be, and if it be allowed, I will give him also the name of my own father, Paul.'

'Why,' cried Myrto, delighted, 'he will have the same name-day for both names, on the twenty-ninth of June.'

'That will be splendid. Peter Paul! It was a great painter's name too, but I suppose you do not care about that.'

It so fell out that on the morning Jim arrived, Katharine felt the need of open air, after having been cooped up one whole day and the greater part of another in a tiny house, and had started early, accompanied by Barba Stathi and his donkey, for Poseidon's Temple; descending, before the heat became too great, over the hills into the Monastery woods. There she stayed during the greater part of the afternoon, reading, talking to old Barba Stathi, exploring the chapel, even attempting to sketch the beautiful inner court, with its trellis of grapes and its tall palm tree in the centre.

About five o'clock they started for Poros by the Monastery road. But when they arrived at the big beach, where the fig trees grow, it occurred to Katharine that it would be far too early when she returned to the village to shut herself up in the hotel, so she explained to Barba Stathi that she would stay here by the sea, and return alone later on. She paid him generously, and dismissed him with a smile, and Kitso with a friendly pat, on their homeward way.

There is a tiny crescent-shaped beach after the big one, closed in by white-veined gray rocks, over which the little waves tumble and foam. Katharine sat down there and watched the sea washing in between the jutting rocks in a perfect semi-circle, leaving white fringes of froth as it retreated. Beyond the point of the rocks, far away to the left, she could just distinguish a little white house, a walled-in garden with tall cypresses towering above the lemon trees, and then the headland with the sunset glow on its pines. At the ex-

treme point two solitary trees stood out darkly against the pale pink of the sky. The red line of the Monastery road wound up through the pines, and below them the rocks dipped boldly into the purple sea. Then straight out from the rocks swept the line of the horizon, that perfect, pure blue line that surpasses any curve in beauty. The violet hills of the mainland opposite closed it in on the other side.

The whole scene was almost too perfect, its coloring too vivid. In a painting, Katharine was positive she would have criticised it as too conventionally beautiful in all its details. But in Nature the eye had nothing left to wish for. Katharine thought of her sister at Grindelwald. Not for all the snow mountains and foaming cataracts in the world would she have changed with her, though she knew Hester was convinced of the contrary, and must be contemptuously pitying her for staying behind to be broiled in Greece, without any necessity. She wondered what part of the brain or temperament it is that invests all lines and coloring of the South with such an intense charm for some people, a charm which they cannot always put into words, when lovers of the North complain so bitterly of the heat, the dust, and the monotony of constant sunshine. This made her think of the book she had with her, and open it. The author was not only a lover of the South like herself, but he put her love into words for her, for which she was profoundly grateful. The book was Rodd's *Violet Crown*, without which she rarely went anywhere in Greece. Not the verses of a great poet. She knew that. But of one who had written the most tenderly of the land she loved, and who had defined its charm more perfectly than any modern author.

She opened the volume at hazard, looking up at the end of each verse.

A hillside scored with hollow veins
Through age-long wash of Autumn rains,
As purple as with vintage stains.

Surely those were the hills opposite
her on the mainland! And then —

A shore with deep indented bays,
And o'er the gleaming waterways
A glimpse of islands in the haze.

Yes, there were two of them: San
Giorgio and the lion-shaped Modi, in
the distance.

When she came to the last verse,
she smiled to hear the goat-bells tinkle
on the slopes behind her, they fitted in
so perfectly.

A shepherd's crook, a coat of fleece,
A grazing flock; the sense of peace,
The long sweet silence — this is Greece!

As she put the book down, its leaves
fell open of their own accord at one
of the last pages, and she read once
more the verses she almost knew by
heart.

There is a spirit haunts the place
All other lands must lack,
A speaking voice, a living grace,
That beckons fancy back,
Dear isles and sea-indented shore,
Till songs be no more sung,
The souls of singers gone before
Shall keep your lovers young.

She had not read for many minutes,
but when she looked up again the glow
was already fading. The purple of the
sea turned to green as she watched, the
violet of the hills to a dull blue, and
over the rose of the sky a gray veil
seemed to be slowly drawn. The little
house in the distance stood out whiter
against the hill, and the pines darker.
A small brown fishing-boat shot out
behind the rocks on the right. The
two men in it sang as they rowed: a
monotonous chant which died away
as they disappeared round the rocks
to the left. The splash of their oars
came fainter and fainter for a few mo-
ments, and then ceased.

Katharine stood upright, shook her
skirt free of the pebbles she had col-
lected in her lap, picked up her basket
and book, and turned to go.

From the road behind the shore
came a series of short, sharp barks.

Surely, she thought, that was not a
sheep dog.

The next moment a wildly-excited
little white ball came tumbling down
the slope, and was followed a moment
later by a man in gray, walking rapidly
toward her. As soon as she caught
sight of the outline of his figure against
the sky, she stopped suddenly. For a
moment a darkness came before her
eyes, and her knees trembled. The lit-
tle dog jumped wildly about her, but
she did not heed him.

The man came nearer. As he came
he raised his hat, and just spoke her
name in a low voice: —

'Katharine!'

When she heard his voice, she started
forward, and her lips parted. But no
sound came from them. They only
trembled a little.

'Katharine!' he said again, hoarse-
ly, putting out his hands.

She came two steps nearer and
stretching out both her own, she laid
them in his, and stood before him, her
head bent so low that her face was
hidden.

The man's face flushed.

'No,' he said, almost roughly, 'no,
don't do that. Look at me. For God's
sake, look at me, Katharine.'

She raised her head, and their eyes
met.

'I have come, you see, as soon as you
sent for me, though — if you remember
— I swore I would never see you again.
Tell me now, if you can, what made
you say what you did to me at that
awful time? It was a brutal thing to
say to a man, Katharine!'

'Jim,' and she disengaged one hand
to wipe her eyes clear of the tears

which had gathered in them, 'it would be far harder for me to beg your forgiveness for the vile words I said, if I had wronged you in my thoughts for any length of time. But I never really believed them, Jim. I was angry, dear, blindly, furiously angry, and I just picked out the words I knew would hurt most terribly, as, had I been younger, I might have picked up a stone to throw at you.'

'I wish it *had* been a stone. It would have hurt much less.'

'Yes; I know that. Jim, you can *never* understand, however you may try, those moments of mad anger, of cruel anger. You are so different, so good, they never come to you. When they get hold of me, I *want* to hurt and to hurt badly. Afterwards, when you had left me, I tried to make myself believe what I had said, as a sort of justification. Jim, I know you will be loving and dear to me always, I know you will want me to forgive myself, to forget — but you, *you*, can you ever quite forgive? Can you ever forget that I wanted to hurt you? Can you ever wipe out entirely? Ah, Jim, Jim,' and her voice broke, 'Jim, we shall *always* remember. There is no forgiveness that can ever make cruel words unsaid.'

The tears rolled fast down her face. Jim lifted her hands to his lips and kissed them, very tenderly.

'No, dear, I am afraid there is n't.'

For a moment her face was convulsed. Then she lifted her head up and tried to smile bravely through her tears.

'Yes, Jim, I know. But we will try not to let them spoil our happiness, won't we?'

He pressed both her hands close to him and looked into her face. 'Dear,' he said, 'my own dear one, I know perfectly well that I seem a brute, and worse, not to say that no forgiveness

is needed; that everything you do or say is forgiven in advance; that it is all forgotten long ago. But it would not be true. I've suffered horribly, dear, and you would not believe me if I said I had not. Only this you must believe. I love you *so*, that if you were to hurt me ten times worse, I should come back to you again, whenever you sent for me. Katharine, I can't forget the pain all at once, dear, but I know you will take it away — and now, I only love you — I love you.'

His voice trembled as he spoke.

'If I live,' she said solemnly, 'I will take all the pain away. Oh, Jim, Jim, I don't deserve you should be so good to me.'

And then she put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

VI

'Look here, dear,' said Jim, presently, 'you know my Aunt Charlotte has been staying all last spring in Athens, at the Angleterre, don't you?'

'Yes, I met her one day last March, when I was out shopping alone, and she stopped and spoke so nicely to me. It was so lovely of her to do it, when she might have passed me by with the chilliest of bows. I could have hugged her for it.'

'She's really fond of you. So you won't be vexed, will you, that last night I told her about your letter and how things were all right with us again. You don't mind, do you?'

Katharine gave a little start, but she answered at once, 'Why, no, I don't mind. Did she seem pleased, Jim?'

'Pleased! Why she was so glad, she just sat down and regularly cried for joy. She's an awfully good sort, is Aunt Charlotte, and she promised, any time I wired to her, that she'd come out here and stay with us for as long as we

liked. How does that idea strike you? Better than returning to town just now, is n't it?'

'Let's go right away now and cable, shall we?'

Then as they got on the road again, she stopped a moment and laid her hand on his arm.

'Ah, Jim, just look! You have never been here before, I know. Look at that red road through the pines — we shall go there to-morrow. Look at that curve of the bay and the reflection of those pink clouds. Did you ever see anything so perfect? Jim, speak — is n't it glorious?'

'Pretty decent,' acquiesced Jim, after a hasty glance round; and then, 'Don't ask me to look at anything else but you for a few days yet; I've been too famished. And photos are no good after you've had them for some time. They get to look like themselves, and not like the real person at all.'

'I know,' agreed Katharine, laughing happily.

When they came in sight of the Naval School the lights were already lighted, and by the time they reached the Narrow Beach, night was upon them, the soft summer night of Poros, star-lighted and pine-scented.

VII

It was nearly a month later, in the early dawn. The sky in the east was very faintly tinted with pink. There was a pinkish reflection on the white walls of Myrto's little house, and every leaf of the old mulberry tree in the courtyard was clearly outlined on the pale morning sky.

'You stay outside, Jim. She may be asleep yet, poor thing.'

Jim, nothing loath, waited with Pat beside him, while Katharine, after tapping gently, pushed open the door and went in.

He heard voices at once. Evidently Myrto was awake. He could not catch the rapid Greek, but once he fancied he heard a sort of a gasp. Then silence. Then Katharine's voice again, low and pleading, then slightly raised.

At last the shutters of the low window were thrown open and he heard himself called.

Katharine was standing at the open window, framed in the vine that grew around it, with the little child in her arms.

'Jim, come and help me: I can't persuade her that she must go to him. She thinks he will not want her.'

Myrto staggered past Katharine and stood in the doorway, her hands tightly pressed against her breast. She looked very white, and her eyes were fixed.

'And if he should send me away from him?' she said in a choking voice.

Jim saw that Katharine was on the verge of tears, whereupon he summoned up his best Greek to come to the rescue.

'No,' he said, 'never will he send you away. He wishes to see you very much, so much that he fears to come to you.'

'He fears! — he fears!' she repeated. 'Oh, my man, my man!'

Suddenly she sank down beside the door-post, and began sobbing violently, hiding her face in her arms.

In an instant Katharine was bending over her, trying to make her cease, thrusting the child into her arms.

'Take it, Myrto. Take it and go. Take the wee creature to his father, who has never seen him. The boat stands out there near the Rock of the Cross. All the men left it last night. Only Leftheri remained on board. Go, I tell you, go!'

At last they persuaded her. She rose, tied her kerchief over her head, wrapped a shawl round the child. As she closed the door and turned toward

the sea, Katharine, who knew many of the island phrases, said, 'May his return be joyful to you.'

Myrto stopped and turned her face toward them, with the tears still streaming down her cheeks. 'Whether he return with me or not, God lengthen your years, you who have been so good to me, and may your eyes never see parting.'

They smiled their thanks and stood together, looking after her, and she went down the steep street with the soft burden in her arms.

She walked past the deserted square, past the market-place, where a few early sellers were setting out their wares, and straight along between the smaller houses of the village and the line of moored boats, toward the Rock of the Cross.

Three or four people looked after her, curiously, but she never saw them. A girl whom she pushed unconsciously out of her way, called out angrily after her, but she paid no heed to the cries. The child whimpered and she hushed it mechanically, without looking at it. Once she stumbled over a net, and the old man who helped her up, said, 'Surely the net is big enough before your eyes. And carrying a child, too! Are you blind, my good woman?'

But she never answered him.

The boat, a large, blue-painted one, with its sails spread open to dry, was moored close to the sea-wall. A broad

plank led from the shore to the low deck.

Myrto knew it at once for a Poros boat which often carried lemons to Constantinople.

A little yellow dog came to the edge of the boat, and barked at her persistently. He seemed the only live thing on board.

Without pausing, only holding the child a little closer to her, she placed her foot on the sloping plank and stepped firmly up, on to the little deck.

There she staggered and caught at a rope to steady herself. Her limbs were heavy and numb, and her head felt as though she walked in a dream.

At last it seemed to her that she heard a movement below, like the drawing of a wooden stool across the floor. She advanced noiselessly to the dark opening leading to the small cabin, and looked down.

A man was there alone, seated before a table, his head buried in his arms.

Suddenly Myrto seemed to awaken, and with an inarticulate cry, just as she was, with the child in her arms, she half climbed, half flung herself down the stairs toward him.

It was long after sunrise when the man and the woman, with their child in his arms, climbed up the steep cabin-stairs and stepped out together into the light.

UNDERGRADUATE SCHOLARSHIP

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

UNDERGRADUATE scholarship has been for some time, and not without reason, the object of special criticism in educational discussions. It is a matter of encouragement that criticism is beginning to advance toward the more direct and vital issues involved. Probably nine tenths of the critics, academic and non-academic, have attributed the deficiencies which they note to athletics, to fraternities, or to social distractions of various sorts — in a word, to the environment of the student. Such criticism is not uncalled for, but it is quite insufficient. It makes the problem too easy. No one, for example, who deprecates the effect of athletics upon scholarship would be willing to guarantee an advance in scholarship corresponding to a decline in athletics.

Due account must be taken of the reflex influence of environment upon the student; but any criticism of the undergraduate at so vital a point as scholarship, if it is to be really remedial, must concern itself with forces which are immediately and constantly directive, — forces in fact which are institutional. Undergraduate scholarship is the product of the undergraduate school, in a broad sense the exponent of its aim, whether the school be a department of a university, or an independent college. To the degree in which the ideal or type of scholarship aimed at, differs from that set forth by the preparatory, technical, or professional school, there must be, as compared with these schools, an equivalent

adaptation of means to end. At the same time equal attention must be given to those principles and methods in general practice, which are found to be most effective in stimulating scholarship.

It is to be further noted, at the very outset of this discussion, that undergraduate scholarship, though the product of the undergraduate school, is not altogether and exclusively under its influence. Other forces which cannot produce scholarship may greatly affect it. Some of these outlying forces are very active and very influential. Special attention will be called later to this outward environment of educational work, of which the critics ought to be more observant and critical, and with which all who wish for the increase of scholarship ought to concern themselves.

But to return to the undergraduate school, which is immediately responsible for the character and quality of undergraduate scholarship — where may its responsibility be increased or be made more controlling?

A student is admitted to college by certification or by examination. In either event, during his course of preparation, his instructors have had continually in mind the tests through which he must pass to enter upon further academic study. They know that they are to be held reasonably responsible for the results of their instruction. The certificate system is supposed to stand, and does stand, in increasing degree, for guaranteed fitness on the part of the

student certified. By the restriction of the privilege of certification to schools amply qualified to fit for college, and by the further restriction of the privilege, by the schools themselves, to students of high grade, a college is reasonably assured that authorized instructors have taken a proper responsibility for the training of the incoming student. The examination system throws a greater responsibility upon the college, but it in no way lessens the feeling on the part of the preparatory teacher that he is held to definite results from his teaching. Whichever the way by which the student is delivered to the college, he comes out of the hands of instructors who have accepted certain well-defined responsibilities for results.

Four years later the same student, if he enters a professional school, finds himself at work under like conditions. At the end of his course he must pass given tests, imposed from without — by Medical Boards, by Bar Associations, by Ecclesiastical Councils, in the case of medicine and law the State virtually determining the tests. Instructors in these schools know that their work is to be tested. The student in the graduate school (so called), at work for the doctor's degree, carries on his investigations independently, and yet in a kind of comradeship with his instructors.

The work of college instructors is not subjected to any tests, except to those which are self-imposed. The diploma of a reputable college will admit to any professional school, unless there is some specific requirement for admission called for; but a college diploma represents the minimum of attainment which a given faculty judges to be necessary for graduation. It is not a certification of the special fitness of the student who holds it to proceed with academic study. The majority

of college graduates do not carry their studies beyond graduation. This exemption of college instruction from such tests as are applied elsewhere, from outside the instructing body, has not always obtained in this country. In the days of oral examinations, boards of examiners were appointed by trustees, to pass upon the standing of students. The work of these boards, at the beginning at least, was not perfunctory. The rating of students was largely determined by these examiners, and the relative proficiency of instructors, as well as of students, was freely discussed in the reports which they submitted to trustees. With the necessary change from the oral to the written examination, and for the reasons attending the change, the principle fell into disuse. Trustees put the examination of students, as well as their instruction, into the hands of faculties.

Where the principle of separating examination from instruction survives, as in the English colleges, it is generally conceded that the separation is to the advantage of scholarship. On the one hand, the instructor is relieved altogether of the imputation of being a taskmaster, and becomes the intellectual helper and friend of the student in the accomplishment of a common task. And on the other hand, the substitution of an outside standard for one of his own making is a stimulus to the instructor, so far as his work with and upon the student is concerned with definite results. This phase of scholastic life in the English colleges is brought out at first hand very clearly in an article by Assistant Professor Reed of Yale, entitled 'Yale from an Oxford Standpoint,' in the *Yale Alumni Weekly* for October 7, 1910; and also in the editorial comment upon this article in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, under date of November 2.

Unfortunately, there has come of

late into our American colleges a method of separating examination from instruction which is antagonistic to the original principle, and in every way deleterious to scholarship. As this method was in use while I was engaged in college work, and as I was 'consenting to it' under the exigencies of administration, I feel justified in condemning it, as in so doing I condemn myself for any official support which I then gave it. The instructor is allowed, and in most cases provision is made in accordance with the allowance, to turn over minor examinations, and not infrequently a large part of the major examinations, to subordinates who have had no place in instruction. The equal, if not superior, work of examination is committed to the inferior person. The examiner, known as the reader, may have scarcely more attainment in the subject than the better student. What incentive has such a student to do his best in an examination-paper which never comes under the eye of a really competent examiner? As a relief to an over-worked professor, or to an over-burdened treasury, the method speaks for itself; but it also speaks for itself as a method to degrade the examination system, to make instruction more impersonal, and to remove one of the chief incentives to the highest scholarship. The results of scholarship, when it really becomes scholarship, require delicate handling. The student of good intention and hard work, who can never be classed among scholars, is no less entitled to the most discriminating and therefore stimulating treatment.

It is also to be considered that the dignity as well as the validity of an examination depends upon the safeguards which are thrown around it. But proctoring is irksome, if not repugnant, to many members of a faculty. Consequently there is so much difference in

the personal conduct of examinations as to affect at times the value of the result: and, what is of more account, the indifference or inefficiency of reluctant proctors lowers the general value and significance of the test.

The arrangement of the curriculum of the undergraduate school has a direct bearing upon the character of undergraduate scholarship. In general, it may be said that whereas the curriculum of the preparatory school is to a degree intensive and cumulative, and that of the professional school altogether intensive and cumulative, the curriculum of the undergraduate school is extensive and discursive. Some of the subjects which make up the curriculum are brought over from the preparatory school for advanced treatment. Whether specifically required or not, the further study of them is requisite as a condition to the choice of distinctively college subjects. The increasing variety of subject-matter consists in part in the introduction of new subjects, but more in the constant division and subdivision of subjects old and new.

In considering the effect of this confusing or tempting variety of subject-matter upon scholarship, account is to be taken chiefly of its effect upon those who have the aptitudes and desires of the scholar. The omnivorous scholar still exists. Every new subject whets his appetite. Practically all subjects are of equal interest to him. The scholar still exists who likes to play the game, even though competition has pretty much died out. He is not so much interested in the thing to be done, as in the way of doing it. If anything is to be done it can be done in one way only, and that the best way — this compulsion being with him quite as much a matter of taste as of conscience. Such scholars as these are not types: they are simply individuals.

Undergraduate scholars are for the most part of three types: the born specialist, taking everything within reach bearing upon his specialty, taking anything else only by compulsion; the student who works under the lure of the practical end, keeping as close as possible to the vocational subject; and the man who wishes to make himself familiar with the widest range of subjects practicable. It is evident that no one of these types can represent the highest degree of conventional scholarship. The undergraduate specialist is pulled down by the necessary, but undesired subjects: the practical student cannot make his whole course, or indeed any large part of it, vocational; and the man-of-the-world in college does not aim so much at supreme excellence as at ready attainments.

What is the effect of the college curriculum upon the scholarship of the average student? It cannot be said that it is a stimulus to competitive scholarship. Competition presupposes a common and restricted field of endeavor. Men do not compete in scholarship more than in other things for general excellence. The curriculum lacks the essential stimulus of concentrated and protracted interest. It tends rather to discursiveness, to a certain amount of experimentation, and to a conclusion of effort in secondary results.

It was assumed, and with good reason, that the elective system would prove to be a stimulus by individualizing scholarship: that somewhere within the range of personal choice the subject would 'find' the man. I think that it has in many cases justified this assumption. I have in mind not a few brilliant illustrations of its finding-power. But in fulfilling this purpose it necessarily allows much experimenting. As a result the majority, unaided (and too much aid is inconsistent with the principle), never get beyond the stage

of self-experimenting. They keep, that is to say, too closely within the range of elementary courses; and when they are through college they can look back only upon a series of unfinished jobs.

Certain correctives, like the group system, the system of majors and minors, and, best of all, the requirement making proficiency in some advanced courses essential to graduation, have been introduced with good effect; but still comparatively few students reach the satisfaction, the courage, the joy, of any great accomplishment. It is something, sometimes it is very much, to have gained a certain facility in foreign languages, to have found out some of the methods of scientific research, to have become familiar with some of the problems of philosophy and of the social sciences, but these results cannot be very well expressed in the terms of exact scholarship. The construction of a curriculum which shall be a surer guide and a more effective stimulus to scholarship, is one of the inner problems of college administration which is yet to be solved, if scholarship of the intensive and cumulative type is expected of the colleges. At present, the curriculum is set toward breadth rather than toward intensity, toward quantity rather than toward quality.

A much more serious difficulty, in its effect upon undergraduate scholarship, than either of the foregoing, is the difficulty of making right adjustment between the mind of the instructor and the mind of the student. In the other higher departments of the educational system this adjustment is more nearly complete. The sympathetic relation between a preparatory-school teacher and his students is usually very close. The most effective teachers in this department, the most effective because the most influential and stimulating, are what Phillips Brooks

used to call 'boys' men.' In the technical and professional schools the mental adjustment of instructor to student is almost complete, largely because the specific intellectual interests are identical. The medical student is as eager to understand, as his instructor is eager to explain, the last discovery in medical science. So far as intellectual interest is concerned, the gap between the immature and the mature mind closes rapidly when the professional stage is reached.

Probably there are no two states of mind within any educational group of persons more remote from one another than the state of mind of the average boy entering college, and the state of mind of the doctor of philosophy just leaving the graduate school to enter upon college instruction. These, of course, are the extremes in the college group, yet they meet there and have to be adjusted. The solution of the difficulty does not lie in any lessening of the intellectual authority of the instructor. College students take very little account of instructors who do not know their subject, who have to draw too hard upon their reserves in teaching. But contact between instructor and student comes about only through the mutual widening of their intellectual sympathies, and here the greater obligation rests upon the instructor. That is, at least, the practical part of his business.

The separating effect of specialized study cannot be overlooked. It is manifest in the intellectual life of any faculty. The tendency of personal interest is more and more from the general to the specific. A language club tends to break up into several groups, or a scientific club, or any other club, which starts with wide affiliations. Any general club, to be successful, must be altogether social in its aims. It is doubtful if many members of a faculty

take much interest in those parts of the curriculum which are unrelated to their own, but which make an equal claim upon the interest of the student. Probably the relative number of Phi Beta Kappa men among college instructors is less than formerly, not because the men are less intellectual, but because they are more specialized, caring more for the training of the graduate than of the undergraduate school.

Meanwhile the undergraduate is in the dilemma of working under a curriculum which is growing more extensive (through the constant division and subdivision of subject-matter), and under instructors who are growing more specialized in their intellectual interests. The curriculum bears the stamp of the college, the faculty bears the stamp of the university, many of them being on their way to university teaching, or having that before them as the goal of their ambition. Which stamp shall be put upon the student? Which type of scholarship shall he express, so far as he becomes distinctively a scholar? Or, if it be insisted that the inconsistency is not so great as it appears to be, how shall the spirit of scholarship be kindled and developed under these general conditions? When the question is thus simplified, it is quickly answered — the instructor must take the initiative. The student is the objective of the instructor, not the instructor of the student. The immediate objective of the student is the subject before him. If the instructor, who is, as he ought to be, an investigator, is to be a quickening force among undergraduate students, he must see to it that his intellectual sympathies widen as his intellectual interest intensifies. A recognized authority he must be at any cost, but this will not avail without some equivalent power of contact.

The adjustment between instructor and student through the principle of intellectual sympathy is substantially the process which is at work in the preceptorial system at Princeton. Undergraduates are grouped around an instructor, who is not only qualified to instruct, but is in sympathy with the method; and who is at an age when he can afford to take the time which the method demands. It is at least germane to the preceptorial system that an instructor shall have to do with two or three related subjects, thus neutralizing in some measure the effects of specialization. The retirement of President Wilson from Princeton while this most interesting experiment is going on, however great may be the ultimate advantage to the country, is to be much regretted from the educational point of view.

The questions which have been under consideration, suggested by the present state of undergraduate scholarship, are all inner questions, institutional, as being in and of the undergraduate school itself. Reversing the order of inquiry: How shall the right adjustment be effected between the mind of the instructor and the mind of the student? Which shall determine the type of scholarship in the undergraduate, the curriculum, or the intellectual interests of the instructor? Who shall examine the undergraduate? Shall examination be included in instruction, or shall instructor and student work together under the common stimulus of an outside test? These are questions which have an immediate bearing upon the scholarship of the undergraduate. On the one hand, the answer to them may relieve his mind of confusion as to the type of scholarship demanded of him. And on the other hand, the answer may determine more clearly the relation in which he stands to his instructor, and to his

examiner, whether these be one and the same or different persons. Other questions of like character are coming under discussion. The suggestive and encouraging fact is, as has been already intimated, that the college mind is becoming introspective. The turn of thought is that way. It is no longer satisfied with excuses, or explanations, or criticisms, which have to do chiefly with the environment of the undergraduate.

Neither is it content to abide in the gains which have defined the progress of the colleges during the past thirty years. From the strictly educational point of view, the great gain of this period has consisted in the introduction of the new and vast subject-matter of the sciences, physical and social, into the curriculum; in the reconciliation of this subject-matter with that already in place; and in the provision made for the adequate treatment of the new and the old, by methods equally essential to both. In the order of progress it was clear that the next gain must come from the utilization of the new material and the new methods in the advancement of scholarship. By a happy coincidence, in the case of several of the New England colleges, the opportunity for this specific result in college development comes at the same time with changes in administration. A group of relatively young men, of similar training, with like general views and purposes, and all imbued with the high spirit of modern scholarship, have entered upon their several tasks with a fine community of interest, and a clear definiteness of aim. Much in every way is to be expected from their individual and united action, much especially because their approach to their task has been singularly positive and direct in the endeavor to reach the springs of scholarship. Unlike many of the critics, they do not appear

to be overmuch concerned with questions of mere environment, while closer and more determining questions lie unsolved.

But what of the environment of the undergraduate as affecting his scholarship? Because it is not, as commonly interpreted, the determining influence, it does not follow that it is not a potent influence. There is a very definite, though very subtle, danger to scholarship in the environment of the undergraduate. It is important that no mistakes be made in the attempt to locate it. When a student enters college he goes into residence for four years in a somewhat detached community. This fact of protracted residence has gradually created an environment unlike anything which has preceded in the experience of the undergraduate, except as he may have come from a private school of long history; and unlike anything which will probably follow. The average professional student can hardly be said to be in residence. He may live anywhere; and, for that matter, anyhow. Careful provision has been made for the undergraduate in all that goes to make up his life in residence. College halls are halls of learning; they are equally the homes of men. This man lived or lives here, that man there. This life in residence, as it goes on from generation to generation, evolves its own environment of traditions, of associations and fellowships, of collective or organized activities, and, most subtle and powerful of all influences, of sentiment — college sentiment.

The ordinary effect of traditions is easily overestimated. In emergencies, or on occasions, the great traditions come out in commanding force. But the traditions which affect the daily life are quite ephemeral. Many of them disappear as quickly as they are formed. A graduate of ten years is surprised to

find, on his return, that most of the traditions of his time have been supplanted. Few customs, good or bad, persist under the force of tradition; and of those which do persist, few have any direct bearing upon scholarship.

The social life of the undergraduate seems complex and distracting, but the complexity and distraction are more in appearance than in reality. For one thing, the undergraduate has no social duties. A few functions like Junior Prom. are exacting. These are in contrast with the ordinary conventions. There is the constant opportunity to waste time agreeably. The temptation to loaf is always at hand, but so is the remedy — increase the requirement of work. As to fraternities and clubs, it is probable that men who belong to them rank in scholarship below those who do not. It is, however, an open question whether the lower rank is due to the fraternity or to the man. The unsocial man has the advantage over the social man in respect to the use of time. It is doubtful if this advantage is a sufficient compensation for real social losses. The college fraternity has the same reason in human nature as the club in the town-community. A lonesome mind is not the only mind fitted for study. Companionship is a proper setting for intellectual effort. For this reason it is doubtful if social intimacy between the members of a faculty and younger undergraduates can be real enough to be very helpful. Among mature undergraduates there is a sufficient social basis for any direct intellectual stimulus from those of a faculty who are inclined and qualified to make use of it.

It is only as we enter the field of the organized activities of undergraduate life that we find anything which comes into competition with scholarship. All else is merely diverting: athletics alone are competitive. Why are aca-

demetic athletics competitive with scholarship? Because they represent attainment, an attainment representing many of the qualities, and much of the discipline, which scholarship requires. At present, football is the only game which rises to the dignity of competition, largely because of its intellectual demands. It is a game of strategy quite as much as of force. The recent uncovering of the game makes this fact more evident. Baseball has become, for the most part, a recreation, and training for track events is an individual discipline.

An attitude of jealousy on the part of a faculty toward athletics, viewed as competitive with scholarship, is a weak attitude. Athletics, rising to the standard of attainment, and therefore of interest to a college at large, ought to be recognized, — in a certain way organized into the life of the college; or they ought to be abolished, that is, reduced to a recreation. Can the colleges afford to reduce athletics to a recreation? Would this course be in the interest of scholarship? What would take their place in supplying virility, physical discipline, and the preventive moral influence which they exert? What substitute would be introduced for protection against the soft vices? The alternative to athletics is to be feared. The virile sports must keep their place among us, lest there become 'dear to us,' as to the Phæacians of the *Odyssey*, 'the banquet, and the harp, and the dance, and changes of raiment, and the warm bath, and love, and sleep.'

Academic athletics have their drawbacks: there are personal liabilities from overtraining as from overstudy, there are tendencies to professionalism which must be carefully watched, there are rivalries which may become ungenerous, and which ought to be suspended; but, fundamentally, ath-

letics are a protection to vigorous and healthy scholarship far more than a detriment to it, as I believe would appear in no long time, if recreation were offered as a substitute for athletics. From the days of the Greeks till now, athletics have had a legitimate place in academic life.

Wherein, then, lies the danger to scholarship from the environment of the undergraduate? I reply at once, in college sentiment — the most subtle, constant, and powerful influence which comes upon the undergraduate out of his environment. College sentiment is at present negative toward scholarship. By contrast, it is positive toward one form of athletics. But, as has been argued, if the athlete were removed, it does not follow that college sentiment would become positive toward the scholar. We must look deeper for the reason of the lack of undergraduate enthusiasm for scholarship.

Any analysis of college sentiment will show, I think, two facts bearing directly upon the question. First, the undergraduate has learned to dissociate scholarship from leadership. Has learned, I say, for this is the result of his own observation within his own world. It is difficult to show an undergraduate that he is mistaken in his observation, for leadership is an unmistakable influence. Men feel it, and can tell from whence it emanates. The opinions and practices of the leading men in college virtually determine college sentiment. Leadership grows out of the combination of personality with attainment. The proportion of personality to attainment varies greatly, but neither one is sufficient of itself to make a leader. The loafer cannot become a leader, however agreeable he may be personally. The athlete cannot become a leader, if he is not essentially a gentleman, with some recognizable intellectual force. When the scholar fails

to reach leadership, the lack is somewhere in those qualities which make up effective personality—authority, virility, sympathy, sincerity, manners.

Probably the majority of real college leaders are to be found in the second grade of scholarship, adding a few athletes, who would be in that grade except for the exacting requirements of athletics at some one season of the year. These men have personality and attainment, but not attainment enough to make them influential scholars. If with one accord and with generous enthusiasm these men would add twenty per cent to their scholastic attainment, they would in due time convert the undergraduate to the idea of scholarship. This act on their part would require concentration of purpose, where now their energies are directed toward various kinds of attainment and accomplishment.

It would not be a difficult thing to effect this result were it not for the second fact which must be considered in this connection, namely, the fact that undergraduate sentiment regarding scholarship is the reflection, in large degree, of the sentiment of the outside world regarding it. Although it is true, as has been said, that the undergraduate lives in a somewhat detached community, still that community is very vitally and sensitively related to the world without, of which it is consciously a part. In this world into which the graduate passes, the scholar as such, with one exception which will be noted, has little public recognition and less public reward. In Germany the scholar is sure of reputation, if not of more tangible reward. This at least is the present fact. Whether the scholarship of the nation, which was developed during the period of its isolation, will maintain its relative place as the nation adjusts itself to the rising commercial instinct, and takes

the political fortune of a world-power, is yet to be seen. In England, the leaders of the nation are picked from the honor men of the universities. It is not necessary that they make connection with the public service through related subjects of study. It is enough that they prove themselves to be men of power by the ordinary tests of scholarship. In this country there is no sure and wide connection between scholarship and reputation, or between scholarship and the highest forms of public service. The graduate, as he takes his place in the outer world, must pass the tests which are applied to personality quite as rigidly as to attainment. In Germany, the personal element is of secondary account. In England, care is taken in advance to see that it meets public requirements, so far at least as it can be secured by good breeding. Among us, the scholar of insufficient or of untrained personality takes his chance in the world, and usually at his cost.

An exception, a marked exception to the unresponsiveness of the public mind to scholarship, appears in the recognition and appreciation of scientific research leading to utility. The president of a university has recently proposed to concentrate the work of his university, through a great endowment, upon scientific research as the only rewarding business of a university. This would mean, as he frankly admits, the elimination of students to whom the scientific stimulus could not be applied. This proposal suggests the changing, if not the lessening, area of contact between academic scholarship and the outer world. Science has done much, very much, to quicken and enlarge the intellectual life; but it has not as yet created a widespread culture of its own. Meanwhile, through the interest which it has aroused in its practical application, and in the

expectation which it is awakening of yet greater practical results, it has in a measure disconnected the mind of the world from the intellectual wealth of the past. Interest in the past has become of the same general kind with interest in the present and future: that is, scientific. The sympathetic attitude toward the higher experiences of mankind, resulting in a familiarity with the best things which men have said and done, has given place to the inquiring and investigating attitude. The humanities have not been discarded, but they have been discredited to the extent that no expression of human thought, outside the realm of poetry, is any longer taken at its face value. It is not too much to say that the current intellectual life is in a state of confusion, which makes it incapable of reacting in any very stimulating way upon that intellectual life in the colleges which is in the formative and developing stage. The intellectual life of the undergraduate cannot be considered apart from the intellectual life out of which he comes, and to which he returns.

There is a certain apologetic attitude in this country toward intellectual achievement, of which we are hardly conscious, but which is manifest in our desire to associate intellectual power with some conspicuously worthy end — an attitude of which the *Nation* has fitly reminded us in a recent editorial on 'Intellect and Service.' Acknowledging its full 'admiration of the man who makes his scholarship an instrument of service,' the editorial proceeds: 'We do not object to praise of the scholar in politics, or of the scholar in social betterment or in economic reform; we object only to the preaching of a gospel which leaves all other scholars out in the cold. If, on the one hand, you offer all the shining outward rewards of effort to those

who do not go into intellectual pursuit at all, and, on the other hand, you reserve all appreciation and praise for such intellectual achievements as bear directly on the improvement of political and social conditions, you cannot expect the life of the scholar and thinker and writer in other domains to present to aspiring youth that fascination which is the greatest factor in determining the direction of his ambitions. Exalt service by all means, but preserve for pure intellectual achievement its own place of distinction and regard. Do the one, and applaud it; but leave not the other undone or unhonored.'

The advancement, then, of undergraduate scholarship is to be considered, not merely or chiefly as a question of the environment of the undergraduate — his world of associations or activities, or even of sentiment, except as that is understood in its wide relations. Undergraduate scholarship is fundamentally related to the aim and purpose and actual operation of the undergraduate school, involving many questions of the kind which have been suggested. It is vitally related to those laws of human nature which insist upon personal power as an element in leadership, and which cannot be waived in favor of the scholar who persists in ignoring the requisite physical and social training. It is no less vitally related to the intellectual life of the whole community, committed as every college is, according to the measure of its influence, to the high endeavor of bringing order out of the present confusion; of elevating the intellectual tone of society; and especially of creating a constituency able to resist the more enticing, but demoralizing, influences of modern civilization, and able to support those influences which can alone invigorate and refine it. It is always best to take the real measure of an urgent problem, to dismiss all

impatience, to work on under the inspiration of the knowledge that the process of solution is long and hard, and that it widens as it advances; but to feel that delaying questions, which rise on the way, contribute to the assurance of a satisfying result. Some-

thing will have been gained in the present instance, if it has been made evident to the public that the problem of undergraduate scholarship is not so easy, so narrow, or so uninspiring a problem, as many of the critics would have us believe.

THE OLD BRIDGE¹

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ON the old, old bridge, with its crumbling stones
All covered with lichens red and gray,
Two lovers were talking in sweet low tones:
And we were they!

As he leaned to breathe in her willing ear
The love that he vowed would never die,
He called her his darling, his dove most dear:
And he was I!

She covered her face from the pale moonlight
With her trembling hands, but her eyes looked through,
And listened and listened with long delight:
And she was you!

On the old, old bridge, where the lichens rust,
Two lovers are learning the same old lore;
He tells his love, and she looks her trust:
But we, — no more!

¹ Freely rendered from the French of Auguste Angellier.

THE WAR AGAINST WAR

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

IN recent years a famous millionaire has presented a more than princely gift to the cause of peace. His action has been significant, not only because it has shown that a hard-headed man of business considers that the abolition of war is a cause in which he may profitably spend millions, but because of the attitude of the man in the street. Not so very long ago a millionaire who gave money for the cause of peace would have been regarded by the average man as an amiable faddist, perhaps touched by senile decay, who was attracted to the dream of Universal Peace as another might be attracted to a Hospital for Consumptive Cats or a Society for the Promotion of Vegetarianism in Greenland. But Mr. Carnegie's magnificent donation has to-day been generally received, quite seriously, as a noble effort toward the solution of a practical problem which is becoming acute.

There are, no doubt, special reasons why at the present time war, and the armaments of war, should appear an intolerable burden which must be thrown off as soon as possible. But the abolition of the ancient method of settling international disputes by warfare is not a problem which depends for its solution on any mere temporary hardship. It is implicit in the natural development of the process of civilization. As soon as in primitive society two individuals engage in a dispute which they are compelled to settle, not by physical force, but by a resort to an impartial tribunal, the thin end of the

wedge is introduced and the ultimate destruction of war becomes merely a matter of time. If it is unreasonable for two individuals to fight, it is unreasonable for two groups of individuals to fight.

The difficulty has been that while it is quite easy for an ordered society to compel two individuals to settle their differences before a tribunal, in accordance with abstractly determined principles of law and reason, it is a vastly more difficult matter to compel two groups of individuals so to settle their differences. This is the case even within a society. Hobbes, writing in the midst of civil war, went so far as to lay down that the 'final cause' of a commonwealth is nothing else but the abolition of 'that miserable condition of war which is necessarily consequent to the natural passions of men when there is no visible power to keep them in awe.' Yet we see to-day that, even within our highly civilized communities, there is not always any adequately awful power to prevent employers and employed from engaging in what is little better than a civil war; nor even to bind them to accept the decision of an impartial tribunal they may have been persuaded to appeal to. The smallest state can compel its individual citizens to keep the peace; a large state can compel a small state to do so; but hitherto there has been no guarantee possible that large states, or even large compact groups within the state, should themselves keep the peace. They commit what injustice they please, for

there is no visible power to keep them in awe. We have attained a condition in which a state is able to enforce a legal and peaceful attitude in its own individual citizens toward one another. The state is the guardian of its citizens' peace, but the old problem recurs, — *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

It is obvious that this difficulty increases as the size of states increases. To compel a small state to keep the peace by absorbing it if it fail to do so, is always an easy and even tempting process to a neighboring larger state. This process was once carried out on a complete scale, when practically the whole known world was brought under the sway of Rome. 'War has ceased,' Plutarch was able to declare in the days of the Roman Empire; and though himself an enthusiastic Greek, he was unbounded in his admiration of the beneficence of the majestic *Pax Romana*, and never tempted by any narrow spirit of patriotism to desire the restoration of his own country's glories. But the Roman organization broke up, and no single state will ever be strong enough to restore it.

To-day the interests of small states are so closely identified with peace that it is seldom difficult to exert pressure on them to maintain it. It is quite another matter with the large states. The fact that during the past half-century so much has been done by the larger states to aid the cause of international arbitration, and to submit disputes to international tribunals, shows how powerful the motives for avoiding war are nowadays becoming. But the fact, also, that no country hitherto has abandoned the liberty of withdrawing from peaceful arbitration any question involving 'national honor,' shows that there is no constituted power strong enough to control large states. For the reservation of questions of national honor from the sphere of law is as ab-

surd as would be any corresponding limitation by individuals of their liability for their acts before the law; it is as though a man were to say, 'If I commit a theft, I am willing to appear before the court and will probably pay the penalty demanded; but if it is a question of murder, then my vital interests are at stake, and I deny altogether the right of the court to intervene.' It is a reservation fatal to peace, and could not be accepted if pleaded at the bar of any impartial international tribunal with the power to enforce its decisions. The proposals, therefore, — though not yet accepted by any government, — lately mooted in the United States, in England, and in France, to submit international disputes, without reservation, to an impartial tribunal, represent an advance of peculiar significance.

The abolition of collective fighting is so desirable an extension of the abolition of individual fighting, and its introduction has awaited so long the establishment of some high compelling power, — for the influence of the Religion of Peace has in this matter been less than nil, — that it is evident that only the coincidence of very powerful and peculiar factors could have brought the question into the region of practical politics in our own time. There are several such factors, most of which have been developing during a long period, but none have been clearly recognized until recent years. It may be worth while to indicate the great forces now warring against war.

1. *Growth of international opinion.* There can be no doubt whatever that during recent years, and especially in the more democratic countries, an international consensus of public opinion has gradually grown up, making itself the voice, like a Greek chorus, of an abstract justice. It is quite true that of

this justice, as of justice generally, it may be said that it has wide limits. Renan declared once, in a famous allocution, that 'what is called indulgence is, most often, only justice'; and, at the other extreme, Remy de Gourmont has said that 'injustice is sometimes a part of justice'; in other words, there are varying circumstances in which justice may properly be tempered either with mercy or with severity. In any case, and however it may be qualified, a popular international voice generously pronouncing itself in favor of justice, and resolutely condemning any government which clashes against justice, is now a factor of the international situation.

It is, moreover, tending to become a factor having a certain influence on affairs. This was the case during the South African War, when England, by offending this international sense of justice, fell into a discredit which had many actual unpleasant results, and narrowly escaped, there is some reason to believe, proving still more serious. The same voice was heard with dramatically sudden and startling effect when Ferrer was shot at Barcelona. Ferrer was a person absolutely unknown to the man in the street; he was indeed little more than a name even to those who know Spain; few could be sure, except by a kind of intuition, that he was the innocent victim of a judicial murder, for it is only now that the fact is being slowly placed beyond dispute. Yet immediately after Ferrer was shot within the walls of Monjuich a great shout of indignation was raised, with almost magical suddenness and harmony, throughout the civilized world, from Italy to Belgium, from England to Argentina. Moreover, this voice was so decisive and so loud that it acted like those legendary trumpet-blasts which shattered the walls of Jericho; in a few days the Spanish gov-

ernment, with a powerful minister at its head, had fallen. The significance of this event we cannot easily overestimate. For the first time in history, the voice of international public opinion, unsupported by pressure, political, social, or diplomatic, proved potent enough to avenge an act of injustice by destroying a government.

A new force has appeared in the world, and it tends to operate against those countries which are guilty of injustice, whether that injustice be exerted against a state or even only against a single obscure individual. The modern developments of telegraphy and the press — unfavorable as the press is in many respects to the cause of international harmony — have placed in the hands of peace this new weapon against war.

2. *International financial development.* There is another international force which expresses itself in the same sense. The voice of abstract justice raised against war is fortified by the voice of concrete self-interest. The interests of the propertied classes, and therefore of the masses dependent upon them, are to-day so widely distributed throughout the world that whenever any country is plunged into a disastrous war there arises in every other country, especially in rich and prosperous lands with most at stake, a voice of self-interest in harmony with the voice of justice. It is sometimes said that wars are in the interest of capital, and of capital alone, and that they are engineered by capitalists masquerading under imposing humanitarian disguises. That is doubtless true to the extent that every war cannot fail to benefit some section of the capitalistic world, which will therefore favor it; but it is true to that extent only. The old notion that war and the acquisition of territories encourage

trade by opening-up new markets, has proved fallacious. The extension of trade is a matter of tariffs rather than of war, and in any case the trade of a country with its own acquisitions by conquest is but a comparatively insignificant portion of its total trade. But even if the financial advantages of war were much greater than they are, they would be more than compensated by the disadvantages which nowadays attend war.

International financial relationships have come to constitute a network of interests so vast, so complicated, so sensitive, that the whole thrills responsively to any disturbing touch, and no one can say beforehand what widespread damage may not be done by shock even at a single point. When a country is at war its commerce is at once disorganized, that is to say, its shipping, and the shipping of all the countries that carry its freights, is thrown out of gear to a degree that often cannot fail to be internationally disastrous. Foreign countries cannot send in the imports that lie on their wharves for the belligerent country, nor can they get out of it the exports they need for their own maintenance or luxury. Moreover, all the foreign money invested in the belligerent country is depreciated and imperiled. The international voice of trade and finance is, therefore, to-day mainly on the side of peace.

It must be added that this voice is not, as it might seem, a selfish voice only. It is justifiable, not only in immediate international interests, but even in the ultimate interests of the belligerent country; and not less so if that country should prove victorious. So far as business and money are concerned, a country gains nothing by a successful war, even though that war involve the acquisition of immense new provinces: after a great war, a con-

quered country may possess more financial stability than its conqueror, and both may stand lower in this respect than some other country which is internationally guaranteed against war. Such points as these have of late been ably argued by Norman Angell in his remarkable book, *The Great Illusion*, and for the most part convincingly illustrated. As was long since said, the ancients cried, *Vae victis!* We have learnt to cry, *Vae victoribus!*

It may, indeed, be added, that the general tendency of war, putting aside peoples altogether lacking in stamina, is to moralize the conquered. And to demoralize the conquerors. This effect is seen alike on the material and the spiritual sides. Conquest brings self-conceit and intolerance, the reckless inflation and dissipation of energies. Defeat brings prudence and concentration; it ennobles and fortifies. All the glorious victories of the first Napoleon achieved less for France than the crushing defeat of the third Napoleon. The triumphs left enfeeblement; the defeat acted as a strong tonic which is still working beneficently to-day. The accompanying reverse process has been at work in Germany: the German soil that Napoleon ploughed yielded a Moltke and a Bismarck, while to-day the German press is crying out that only another war — it has not the insight nor the honesty to say an unsuccessful war — can restore the nation's flaccid muscle. It is yet too early to see the results of the Russo-Japanese war, but already there are signs that, by industrial over-strain and by the repression of individual thought, Japan is threatening to enfeeble the physique and to destroy the high spirit of the indomitable men to whom she owed her triumph.

3. *The natural exhaustion of the warlike spirit.* It is a remarkable

tendency of the warlike spirit — frequently emphasized in recent years by the distinguished zoölogist, President David Starr Jordan — that it tends to exterminate itself. Fighting stocks, and peoples largely made up of fighting stocks, are naturally killed out, and the field is left to the unwarlike. It is only the prudent, those who fight and run away, who live to fight another day; and they transmit their prudence to their offspring.

Great Britain is a conspicuous example of a country which, being an island, was necessarily peopled by predatory and piratical invaders. A long succession of warlike and adventurous peoples — Celts, Romans, Anglo-Saxons, Danes, Normans — built up England and imparted to it their spirit. They were, it was said, 'a people for whom pain and death are nothing, and who only fear hunger and boredom.' But for over eight hundred years they have never been reinforced by new invaders, and the inevitable consequences have followed. There has been a gradual killing-out of the warlike stocks, a process immensely accelerated during the nineteenth century by a vast emigration of the more adventurous elements in the population, pressed out of the over-crowded country by the reckless and unchecked increase of the population which occurred during the first three quarters of that century. The result is that the English (except sometimes when they happen to be journalists) cannot now be described as a warlike people. Old legends tell of British heroes who, when their legs were hacked away, still fought upon the stumps. Modern poets feel that to picture a British warrior of to-day in this attitude would be somewhat far-fetched. The historian of the South African War points out, again and again, that the British leaders showed a singular lack of the fighting

spirit. During that war English generals seldom cared to engage the enemy's forces except when their own forces greatly outnumbered them, and on many occasions they surrendered immediately they realized that they were themselves outnumbered. Those reckless Englishmen who boldly sailed out from their little island to face the Spanish Armada were long ago exterminated; an admirably prudent and cautious race has been left alive.

It is the same story elsewhere. The French long cherished the tradition of military glory, and no people has fought so much. We see the result to-day. In no country is the attitude of the intellectual classes so calm and so reasonable on the subject of war, and nowhere is the popular hostility to war so strongly marked. Spain furnishes another instance which is even still more decisive. The Spanish were of old a preëminently warlike people, capable of enduring all hardships, never fearing to face death. Their aggressively warlike and adventurous spirit sent them to death all over the world. It cannot be said, even to-day, that the Spaniards have lost their old tenacity and hardness of fibre, but their passion for war and adventure was killed out three centuries ago.

In all these and like cases there has been a process of selective breeding, eliminating the soldierly stocks and leaving the others to breed the race. The men who so loved fighting that they fought till they died had few chances of propagating their own warlike impulses. The men who fought and ran away, the men who never fought at all, were the men who created the new generation and transmitted to it their own traditions.

This selective process, moreover, has not merely acted automatically; it has been furthered by social opinion and social pressure, sometimes very dras-

tically expressed. Thus in the England of the Plantagenets there grew up a class called 'gentlemen,'—not, as has sometimes been supposed, a definitely defined class, though they were originally of good birth,—whose chief characteristic was that they were good fighting men, and sought fortune by fighting. The 'premier gentleman' of England, according to Sir George Sitwell, and an entirely typical representative of his class, was a certain glorious hero who fought with Talbot at Agincourt, and also, as the unearthing of obscure documents shows, at other times indulged in housebreaking and in wounding with intent to kill, and in 'procuring the murder of one Thomas Page who was cut to pieces while on his knees begging for his life.' There, evidently, was a state of society highly favorable to the warlike man, highly unfavorable to the unwarlike man, whom he slew in his wrath. Nowadays, however, there has been a revaluation of these old values. The cowardly, and no doubt plebeian, Thomas Page, multiplied by the million, has succeeded in hoisting himself into the saddle, and he revenges himself by discrediting, hunting into the slums, and finally hanging, every descendant he can find of the premier gentleman of Agincourt.

It must be added that the advocates of the advantages of war are not entitled to claim this process of selective breeding as one of the advantages of war. It is quite true that war is incompatible with a high civilization, and must in the end be superseded. But this method of suppressing it is too thorough. It involves not merely the extermination of the fighting spirit, but of many excellent qualities, physical and moral, which are associated with the fighting spirit. Benjamin Franklin seems to have been the first to point out that 'a standing army diminishes the size and breed of the human spe-

cies.' Even in Franklin's lifetime that was being demonstrated on a wholesale scale, for there seems little reason to doubt that the size and stature of the French nation have been permanently diminished by the constant levies of young recruits, the flower of the population, whom Napoleon sent out to death in their first manhood and still childless. Fine physical breed involves also fine qualities of virility and daring which are needed for other purposes than fighting. In so far as the selective breeding of war kills these out, its results are imperfect, and could be better attained by less radical methods.

4. *The growth of the anti-military spirit.* The decay of the warlike spirit by the breeding-out of fighting stocks has in recent years been reinforced by a more acute influence, of which in the near future we shall certainly hear more. This is the spirit of anti-militarism. This spirit is an inevitable result of the decay of the fighting spirit. In a certain sense it is also complementary to it. The survival of non-fighting stocks by the destruction of the fighting stocks works most effectually in countries having a professional army. The anti-military spirit, on the contrary, works effectually in countries having a national army, in which it is compulsory for all young citizens to serve, for it is only in such countries that the anti-militarist can, by refusing to serve, take an influential position as a martyr in the cause of peace.

Among the leading nations, it is in France that the spirit of anti-militarism has taken the deepest hold of the people; though in some smaller lands, notably among the obstinately peaceable inhabitants of Holland, the same spirit also flourishes. Hervé, who is a leader of the Insurrectional Socialists, as they are commonly called, in opposition to the purely Parliamentary

Socialists led by Jaurès, — though the Insurrectional Socialists also use parliamentary methods, — may be regarded as the most conspicuous champion of anti-militarism, and many of his followers have suffered imprisonment as the penalty of their convictions. In France, the peasant proprietors in the country and the organized workers in the town are alike sympathetic to anti-militarism. The syndicalists, or trade-unionists, with the *Confédération Générale du Travail* as their central organization, are not usually anxious to imitate what they consider the unduly timid methods of English trade-unionists; they tend to be socialistic and anti-military. The congress of delegates of French trade-unions, held at Toulouse last year, passed the significant resolution that 'a declaration of war should be followed by the declaration of a general revolutionary strike.'

The same tendency, though in a less radical form, is becoming international; and the great International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen has passed a resolution instructing the International Bureau to 'take the opinion of the organized workers of the world on the utility of a general strike in preventing war.' Even the English working-classes are slowly coming into line. At a Conference of Labor Delegates held at Leicester last February to consider the Copenhagen resolution, the policy of the anti-military general strike was defeated by only a narrow majority, on the ground that it required further consideration and might be detrimental to political action; but as most of the leaders are in favor of the strike policy there can be no doubt that this method of combating war will shortly be the accepted policy of the English Labor movement. In carrying out such a policy the Labor Party expects much help from the growing social and polit-

ical power of women. The most influential literary advocate of the Peace movement, and one of the earliest, was a woman, the Baroness Bertha von Suttner, and it is held to be incredible that the wives and mothers of the people will use their power to support an institution which represents the most brutal method of destroying their husbands and sons.

The anti-militarist, as things are at present, exposes himself not only to the penalty of imprisonment, but also to obloquy. He has virtually refused to take up arms in defense of his country; he has sinned against patriotism. This accusation has led to a counter-accusation directed against the very idea of patriotism. Here the writings of Tolstoï, with their poignant and searching appeals for the cause of humanity as against the cause of patriotism, have undoubtedly served the anti-militarists well, and wherever the war against war is being urged, even so far as Japan, Tolstoï has furnished some of its keenest weapons. Moreover, in so far as anti-militarism is advocated by the workers, they claim that international interests have already effaced and superseded the narrower interests of patriotism. In refusing to fight, the workers of a country are simply declaring their loyalty to fellow workers on the other side of the frontier, a loyalty which has stronger claims on them, they hold, than any patriotism which simply means loyalty to capitalists; geographical frontiers are giving place to economic frontiers which now alone serve to separate enemies. And if, as seems probable, when the next attempt is made at a great European war, the order for mobilization is immediately followed in both countries by the declaration of a general strike, there will be nothing to say against such a declaration even from the standpoint of the narrowest patriotism.

If we realize what is going on around us it is easy to see that the anti-militarist movement is rapidly reaching a stage when it will be able easily, even unaided, to paralyze any war immediately and automatically. The pioneers in the movement have played the same part as was played in the seventeenth century by the Quakers. In the name of the Bible and their own consciences, the Quakers refused to recognize the right of any secular authority to compel them to worship or to fight; they gained what they struggled for, and now all men honor their memories. In the name of justice and human fraternity, the anti-militarists are to-day taking the like course and suffering the like penalties. To-morrow, they also will be revered as heroes and martyrs.

5. *The overgrowth of armaments.* The hostile forces so far enumerated have converged slowly on to war from such various directions that they may be said to have surrounded and isolated it; its ultimate surrender can only be a matter of time. Of late, however, a new factor has appeared, of so urgent a character that it is fast rendering the question of the abolition of war acute: the overgrowth of armaments. This is, practically, a modern factor in the situation, and while it is, on the surface, a luxury due to the large surplus of wealth in great modern states, it is also, if we look a little deeper, intimately connected with that decay of the warlike spirit due to selective breeding. It is the weak and timid woman who looks nervously under the bed for the burglar who is the last person she really desires to meet, and it is old, rich, and unwarlike nations which take the lead in laboriously protecting themselves against enemies of whom there is no sign in any quarter.

Within the last half-century only have the nations of the world begun to com-

pete with each other in this timorous and costly rivalry. In the warlike days of old, armaments, in time of peace, consisted in little more than solid walls for defense, a supply of weapons stored away here and there, sometimes in a room attached to the parish church, and occasional martial exercises, with the sword or the bow, which were little more than an amusement. The true fighting-man trusted to his own strong right arm rather than to armaments, and considered that he was himself a match for any half-dozen of the enemy. Even in actual time of war it was often difficult to find either zeal or money to supply the munitions of war. The *Diary* of the industrious Pepys, who achieved so much for the English navy, shows that the care of the country's ships mainly depended on a few unimportant officials who had the greatest trouble in the world to secure attention to the most urgent and immediate needs.

A very different state of things prevails to-day. The existence of a party having for its watchword the cry for retrenchment and economy is scarcely possible in a modern state. All the leading political parties in every great state — if we leave aside the party of Labor — are equally eager to pile up the expenditure on armaments. It is the boast of each party that it spends not less, but more, than its rivals on this source of expenditure, now the chief in every large state. Moreover, every new step in expenditure involves a still further step; each new improvement in attack or defense must immediately be answered by corresponding or better improvements on the part of rival powers, if they are not to be out-classed. Every year these moves and counter-moves necessarily become more extensive, more complex, more costly; while each counter-move involves the obsolescence of the improve-

ments achieved by the previous move, so that the waste of energy and money keeps pace with the expenditure. It is well recognized that there is absolutely no possible limit to this process and its constantly increasing acceleration.

There is no need to illustrate this point, for it is familiar to all. Any newspaper will furnish facts and figures vividly exemplifying some aspect of the matter. For while only a handful of persons in any country are sincerely anxious under present conditions to reduce the colossal sums every year wasted on the unproductive work of armament, an increasing interest in the matter testifies to a vague alarm and anxiety concerning the ultimate issue. For it is felt that an inevitable crisis lies at the end of the path down which the nations are now moving.

Thus, from this point of view, the end of war is being attained by a process radically opposite to that by which, in the social as well as in the physical organism, ancient structures and functions are outgrown. The usual process is a gradual recession to a merely vestigial state. But here what may perhaps be the same ultimate result is being reached by the more alarming method of over-inflation and threatening collapse. It is an alarming process, because those huge and heavily-armed monsters of primeval days who furnish the zoölogical types corresponding to our modern over-armed states, themselves died out from the world when their unwieldy armament had reached its final point of expansion. Will our own modern states, one wonders, more fortunately succeed in escaping from the rough hides that ever more closely constrict them, and finally save their souls alive?

6. *The dominance of social reform.* The final factor in the situation is the growing dominance of the process of

social reform. On the one hand, the increasing complexity of social organization renders necessary a correspondingly increasing expenditure of money in diminishing its friction and aiding its elaboration; on the other hand, the still more rapidly increasing demands of armament render it ever more difficult to devote money to such social purposes. Everywhere even the most elementary provision for the finer breeding and higher well-being of a country's citizens is postponed to the clamor for ever-new armaments. The situation thus created is rapidly becoming intolerable.

It is not alone the future of civilization which is forever menaced by the possibility of war: the past of civilization, with all the precious embodiments of its traditions, is even more fatally imperiled. As the world grows older and the ages recede, the richer, the more precious, the more fragile become the ancient heirlooms of humanity. They constitute the final symbols of human glory; they cannot be too carefully guarded, too highly valued. But all the other dangers that threaten their integrity and safety, if put together, do not equal war. No land that has ever been a cradle of civilization but bears witness to this sad truth. All the sacred citadels, the glories of humanity, — Jerusalem and Athens, Rome and Constantinople, — have been ravaged by war, and in every case the ruin has been a disaster that can never be repaired. If we turn to the minor glories of more modern ages, the special treasure of England has been its parish churches, a treasure of unique charm in the world and the embodiment of the people: to-day in their battered and irreparable condition they are the monuments of a civil war waged all over the country with ruthless religious ferocity. Spain, again, was a land which had stored up, during

long centuries, nearly the whole of its accumulated possessions in every art, sacred and secular, of fabulous value, within the walls of its great fortress-like cathedrals; Napoleon's soldiers overran the land and brought with them rapine and destruction; so that in many a shrine, as at Montserrat, we still can see how in a few days they turned a paradise into a desert. It is not only the West that has suffered. In China the rarest and loveliest wares and fabrics that the hand of man has wrought were stored in the Imperial Palace of Peking; the savage military hordes of the West broke in less than a century ago, and recklessly trampled down and fired all that they could not loot. In every such case the loss is final; the exquisite incarnation of some stage in the soul of man that is forever gone, is permanently diminished, deformed, or annihilated.

At the present time all civilized countries are becoming keenly aware of the value of their embodied artistic possessions. This is shown in the most decisive manner possible by the enormous prices placed upon them. Their pecuniary value enables even the stupidest and most unimaginative to realize the crime that is committed when they are ruthlessly and wantonly destroyed. Nor is it only the products of ancient art which have to-day become so peculiarly valuable. The products of modern science are only less valuable. So highly complex and elaborate is the mechanism now required to insure progress in some of the sciences that enormous sums of money, the most delicate skill, long periods of time, are necessary to produce it. Galileo could replace his telescope with but little trouble; the destruction of a single modern observatory would be almost a calamity to the human race.

Such considerations as these are, indeed, at last recognized in all civilized

countries. The engines of destruction now placed at the service of war are vastly more potent than any used in the wars of the past. On the other hand, the value of the products they can destroy is raised in a correspondingly high degree. But a third factor is now intervening. And if the museums of Paris, or the laboratories of Berlin, were threatened by a hostile army it would certainly be felt that an international power, if such existed, should be empowered to intervene, at whatever cost to national susceptibilities, in order to keep the peace. Civilization, we now realize, is wrought out of inspirations and discoveries which are forever passed and repassed from land to land; it cannot be claimed by any individual land. A nation's art-products and its scientific activities are not mere national property: they are international possessions, for the joy and service of the whole world. The nations hold them in trust for humanity. The international force which will inspire respect for that truth it is our business to create.

The only question that remains—and it is a question the future alone will solve—is the particular point at which this ancient and overgrown stronghold of war, now being invested so vigorously from so many sides, will finally be overthrown,—whether from within or from without, whether by its own inherent weakness, by the persuasive reasonableness of developing civilization, by the self-interest of the commercial and financial classes, or by the ruthless indignation of the proletariat. That is a problem still insoluble, but it is not impossible that some already living may witness its solution.

Two centuries ago the Abbé de Saint-Pierre set forth his scheme for a federation of the states of Europe, which meant, at that time, a federation of all the civilized states of the

world. It was the age of great ideas scattered abroad to germinate in more practical ages to come. The amiable abbé enjoyed all the credit of his large and philanthropic conceptions. But no one dreamed of realizing them, and the forces which alone could realize them had not yet appeared above the horizon. In this matter, at all events, the world has progressed, and a federation of the states of the world is no longer the mere conception of a philosophic dreamer. The first step will be taken when two of the leading countries of the world—and it would be most reasonable for those which have the closest community of origin and language to take the initiative—resolve to submit all their differences, without reserve, to arbitration. As soon as a third power of magnitude joined this federation the nucleus would be constituted of a world-state. Such a state would be able to impose peace on even the most recalcitrant outside states, for it would furnish that ‘visible power to keep them in awe’ which Hobbes rightly declared to be indispensable: it could even in the last resort, if necessary, enforce peace by war. There are other methods than war of enforcing peace, and these such a federation of great states would be easily able to bring to bear on even the most warlike of states, but the necessity of a mighty armed international force would remain for a long time to come. To suppose, as some seem to suppose, that the establishment of arbitration in place of war means immediate disarmament is an idle dream. At the recent Conference of the English Labor Party on this question, the most active opposition to

the proposed strike-method for rendering war impossible came from the delegates representing the workers in arsenals and dockyards. But there is, no likelihood of arsenals and dockyards closing in the lifetime of the present workers; and though the establishment of peaceful methods of settling international disputes cannot fail to diminish the number of the workers who live by armament, it will be long before they can be dispensed with altogether.

It is feared by some that the reign of universal peace will deprive them of the opportunity of exhibiting daring and heroism. Without inquiring too carefully what use has been made of their present opportunities by those who express this fear, it must be said that such a fear is altogether groundless. There are an infinite number of positions in life in which courage is needed, as much as on a battlefield, although, for the most part, with less risk of that total annihilation which in the past has done so much to breed out the courageous stocks. Moreover, the certain establishment of peace will immensely enlarge the scope for daring and adventure in the social sphere. There are departments in the higher breeding and social evolution of the race—some perhaps even involving questions of life and death—where the highest courage is needed. It would be premature to discuss them, for they can scarcely enter the field of practical politics until war has been abolished. But those persons who are burning to display heroism may rest assured that the course of social evolution will offer them every opportunity.

THE PROBLEM OF PRISCILLA

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

THE older children have gone their several ways out of the home. Tom took his bachelor's degree in the arts department of his university, spent two years in the law school and two in the office of an all-round practitioner, and then hung out his sign as an attorney and sat down to wait for clients. Sarah, almost immediately on leaving school, was claimed in marriage by a thrifty young business man who had been one of the big boys there while she was in the primary class, and had early marked her for his own. Emily kept at her studies longer, took a year of 'finishing' at the Lafayette Seminary for Young Ladies, and enjoyed a winter or two of social experience before settling down at home 'to take care of mamma and papa'; and then, without offering rhyme or reason to account for her change of purpose, one day decided to give herself for life to a physician several years her senior, whom she had first met at the bedside of a friend.

'And now,' says mamma, 'Priscilla is going on seventeen, and her father and I are wondering what we had better do with her.' For mamma is a rather old-fashioned person, who still cherishes the traditions of an era when parents were accustomed to 'do something with' their offspring. As an intimate of the family, I have been called into consultation, and I find that the question uppermost is whether or not to send Priscilla to college. 'More and more girls go every year,' mamma adds, presently. 'I don't know just why; but I dare say it is because so many more

young men go now than formerly, and it is only natural that a girl should wish to fit herself for intellectual companionship with her husband.'

'As we can't consult the taste of the still shadowy Mr. Priscilla,' papa interrupts, with a quizzical glance in my direction, 'we may dismiss this phase of the case from consideration. How about its larger aspects?'

It is an embarrassing problem to lay before me, and I tell them so; for I am not by profession an instructor of youth or a statistician, neither am I widely read on the subject of sex as related to the scholastic career. There is no escaping the fact that the college woman is here to stay, that she has become as well recognized an institution as taxation, and a factor in our social evolution as surely to be reckoned with as the annual death-rate. Yet my memory goes back to the time when she was a novelty almost inchoate, and when learned men wrangled fiercely over such mooted points as whether the female brain could stand the strain of four years of incessant exercise on the conventional curriculum; whether the higher education would not take all the bloom off girlhood, and leave its votaries defeminized and graceless; and whether the tendency of this mental over-stimulation of one half the human race would not be to reduce matrimony, the home, and posterity, to so many cold and colorless terms in a mathematical proposition. I never followed these debates so far as to sum up my own conclusions thereon; all

that I know — perhaps it would be more seemly to say, all that I think — about girls and the higher education, is the fruit of close observation of individual cases, of which I have studied not a few, and with ever-deepening interest.

Physically, certainly, Priscilla is as fit as any girl of my acquaintance; she is strong, well-nourished, active, fond of outdoor sports. But also, she has always been a trifle bookish, with a fair faculty of observation, an absorbent memory, and a little leaning toward hero-worship in a maidenly way, though she is too alive to be in any sense a prig; and how she browses on rainy days betrays itself now and then in conversation, when she cites Lubbock for an analogue or barsbs a moral with Lecky. So I tell mamma and papa that the first thing to ask, it seems to me, is how Priscilla herself looks at the matter.

A dear old friend of mine, lamenting his own deficiencies of learning, used to say that if he had forty sons he would send them all through college, even though he had to flog them through. That is mistaken zeal. By forcing a boy through college against his will, you risk spoiling a fair initiator to make a poor pedant. It is better to treat scholarship as we do morals: show by precept and example the practical wisdom of doing the right thing; but, if your pupil prefers penalties to rewards, let him taste the consequences of his waywardness. No adviser can take the place of experience.

Priscilla, it appears, although not averse to the idea of going to college, is not stirred to enthusiasm by it. She has talked over the subject with friends who have gone or are going, and finds a wide variety of motives inspiring their action. Amy has literary ambitions; Kate a taste for science; Elizabeth expects to earn her living by teach-

ing, and feels that a degree would be a valuable asset; Julia is going because Elizabeth is; Louise frankly declares that she is going for the purpose of having a good time, and intends to stay only as long as she gets that; while Ann desires a college course for the same reason that a baby reaches for the moon: she could n't tell exactly why — she justs wants it.

On the whole, Priscilla thinks that it would be 'rather nice' to go to college; so we turn our attention to the question, Where? which involves more considerations than any one has dreamed of. One leading institution, we find, makes a specialty of its training for domestic life; another is like a nunnery in its abjuration of male instructors, at least of any still in marriageable condition; a third goes to the opposite extreme, and employs men in every post of real responsibility; in a fourth, most of the studies are elective, and what passes for discipline is substantially student rule; and there are several other variants, unnecessary to catalogue here. Priscilla conscientiously assorts and regroups these manifold characteristics, and selects the college showing the broadest average, first discarding all coeducational projects on the theory that her sex would place her at a disadvantage there, regardless of her independent merits. At this point, we who are interested in her must pass from settled facts to prophecy or conjecture.

When a boy says that he would like to go to college, even though he may not show any strong thirst for erudition, we take it as a matter of course, and the only uncertainties have to do with ways and means. When a girl says the same thing, why does it occasion a flurry, or even surprise? Is it because there still lingers in so many minds a doubt as to the value of the investment proposed? Not that alone, perhaps; though the air yet rings with praises

of the wife and mother of the good old days, when homes were run with far less respect for sanitary precautions or executive method, and when grandma had a hand in everything in her domain, prescribed for most of the children's ills, and fed all her household, from baby to grandpa, on what they wished, rather than on what they ought, to eat. Woman, say the glorifiers of that era, was then the chief figure in the home, received the recognition which she had earned, and filled the place in our cosmogony for which Nature had designed her. There was no need, they insist, for the higher education of her mind, because she was devoting her best energies to the education of her character, which was of vastly more importance. The inevitable inference is that the two educational enterprises are so alien to each other as to be beyond harmonizing.

A moment's reflection will expose the fundamental fallacy of this view. One might as well assume that because Daniel Webster was a great lawyer in spite of a great failing, no lawyer with controlled appetites could hope for like success; or that, because Thomas Edison has wrested so many secrets from air and earth without a university course, the graduate contingent can never produce his equal. A more sensible reflection would be, how much greater Webster might have been without his weakness, or what might not Edison have accomplished if his native cleverness and grit had been armed with weapons sharpened in the college laboratory. There are kinks, too, in the logic of some preachers of the crusade for female education who take all discrimination between women and men as casting a constructive libel on the former. Is not a woman's brain as good as a man's, they demand. Undoubtedly. So is a machine for making envelopes as fine and useful an industrial

instrument as one for weaving barbed fence-wire; but it would be stupid to ignore the essential difference between them, as regards the care to be taken of each or the product to be expected of it.

The young of our species learn as much from rubbing elbows with each other as from their formal schooling. The little boy usually is turned out to find his own amusement with other little boys, while his sister is more cautiously guarded in her companionships. This, I suppose, is due to our instinctive presumption of a more delicate moral fibre in the girl and a keener sensitiveness to impressions. So she is apt to grow up with the hall-mark of her home always in evidence, while the boy has it pounded out of him. He may loyally believe that his father and mother are the wisest of human beings; but this faith finds its counterpoise as soon as he enters into controversy with a larger boy. He has the best of the argument logically when he makes affirmative assertions on the authority of his parents to which his adversary vouchsafes no more satisfying answer than 'Rats!' The next course on his argumentative *menu* is knuckles *au naturel*; and although no myriad of bruises and abrasions would convince him that his father and mother have borne false witness, he begins to realize that other persons may have views on the same topics which are worthy of examination.

Now, this preliminary trimming-down, coarse and sordid as it may seem, is of incalculable value to the boy when he passes the portal leading to young manhood and enters a class in college. He has, in a certain measure, already found himself. An oracular statement from one of the faculty he accepts as the depositor accepts the bank's footing of his account: 'errors and omissions excepted.' If it differs from what

he has been taught at home, he gives the benefit of the doubt, temporarily, perhaps, to the professor, as having come lately from the great sources of learning; but he is not ready to surrender the beliefs in which he has been reared, till they have had their fair chance in the open field of discussion.

This was Tom's attitude toward his new life when he entered college. Will it be Priscilla's? Probably not. Her protected existence up to this time cannot be brought into sudden contrast with the freedom of the collegiate atmosphere without an unsettling shock to her preconceptions in matters of authority. Obedient to the feminine impulse to cling to something within reach in whose strength she trusts, she is likely to transfer her intellectual allegiance from parents to professors. The faculty is always at hand; the home is far away. Her parents are the salt of the earth, and she loves them as deeply as ever; but they have put her into this institution for her mental improvement, and it would be ungrateful not to take full advantage of her privileges. Therefore, whereas formerly whatever papa said about the tariff or the Panama Canal, and all mamma's forthgivings on the ethics of human intercourse, were treasured for repetition to her mates as the last word on the subject, henceforward any comment of papa's is liable to be faced down with a citation from 'Professor Newfresh of our college — the most eminent living expert, you know, on social dynamics,' or what-not. Mamma's antique maxims, likewise, will be exploded by an echo from the last lecture of 'the Dean,' who once a week tells the undergraduate body what it ought to think about everything. It is immaterial that the Professor has never been heard of in the larger world in which papa moves, or that the Dean is a rather pompous person whose tragedy-queen manner

has done more to advance her career than any very solid merits; whatever either of these worthies says must be accepted as part of the eternal verities, and cuts off debate.

But let us not be disconcerted by all this. It is merely a surface froth, and will evaporate by degrees during Priscilla's passage from freshman to senior years, till, before the ink on her diploma is dry, her mental processes will have acquired such independence of action that she can smile charitably at some of the infatuations of her very immature youth. You will notice a like alteration in some other respects, notably in her companionships. To share her first vacation — if I know her good heart as I think I do — she will bring home a classmate whom, with all your hospitable prepossessions, you will not be able quite to make out. Priscilla will not fail to notice the unconscious reserves in your bearing which show that you do not look upon her friend as belonging in just the same stratum with herself. It may be necessary even for the dear child to remind you, in a moment of confidential chiding, that 'the scholastic world is a great democracy, where the lines of cleavage do not parallel those in the common world outside.' Before the fortnight is ended, however, your diminished heads will harbor a suspicion that she has found her guest no light load to carry; and this will harden into assurance as time goes on and you observe that the same classmate does not come back a second time, every succeeding vacation introducing a new visitor a shade more congenial than any who have come before, as if the young hostess were slowly finding her way out of a fog of altruistic sentiment and into the warmer glow of natural selection.

Nor should I wonder if mamma's old-fashioned soul received an occasional jar like that which beset the hen in the

barnyard fable on discovering a duckling among her brood of chicks. I knew one girl like Priscilla who terrified her elders by developing opinions on marriage and divorce. Though brought up in a home fragrant with love and the spirit of mutual helpfulness, she reached the conclusion that matrimony was a fetter to which no normal human being could submit without more or less discomfort; that, as soon as it becomes seriously irksome, either party should be able to break loose from it by an easy process of divorce, since to continue bound would be a progressive torment, paralyzing to all ambition and effort; and that the present system of life-contract is merely a scion of the barbarous twelfth century grafted upon the stock of the enlightened twentieth. She had the charity to admit that in a few instances, like that of her father and mother for example, uncommonly forbearing dispositions on both sides made the bond enduring; but for the race at large —!

‘And what would become of the children?’ her mother ventured to ask between gasps of horror.

‘They should be cared for by the state,’ was the prompt response. ‘As the family’s contribution to the commonwealth, they are more properly a public than a private charge.’

Are you affronted by my suggestion that Priscilla’s sweet, modest mind could ever be tainted with such dreadful doctrines? Pardon me. Your girl was a baby once, mamma, and rashes came out on her little body. They were not pleasant to look at, but you went into no panic over them; on the contrary, you took comfort in the reflection that every disagreeable thing on the surface meant one less inside. Bear in mind that the tongue is as faithful a safety-valve for sophistical humors as the skin is for those of the blood. The mind has to go through a certain round

of measles and chicken-pox and the like, about as uniformly as the body has; every one who reads and thinks, but lacks experience of the matters he thus studies in the abstract, is a victim first or last; and, at one stage of her life, a girl with a moral constitution as sound and a character as wholesome as Priscilla’s may babble all day about social problems whose premises she knows only by hearsay, without giving her parents reason for five minutes’ solicitude. Why, every man who has been through college will support me in saying that, even after their rougher preparation, the same phenomena may be observed among boys. During my own course, there swept across our adolescent firmament a Huxley fad, and a Swinburne fad, and a dozen others whose very names I have long since forgotten. Lads who had been reared in the literal belief that the creation of the universe began a little before Sunday morning and ended Friday night, locked themselves in their rooms and shudderingly peered into the blasphemies of modern biology; while others, who would n’t knowingly have trifled with the moral sensibilities of a ladybug, tucked ‘*Laus Veneris*’ under their pillows to read when they awoke in the night. Our generation was simply repeating the history of its fathers with Tom Paine and Lord Byron; it would be strange indeed if Tom’s and Priscilla’s should not repeat ours.

Mamma, who has followed me thus far with evidences of alternate dismay and relief, now interrupts to ask what I think will happen after Priscilla has been graduated. Well, a good many things may. You will introduce her to society, doubtless, in the same way in which you introduced your older daughters. She will greet your friends so prettily that they will be charmed with her. Then will begin the usual round of luncheons and dinners and

dances with which the town celebrates the advent of every year's crop of *débutantes*. Priscilla will try hard, for your sake, to keep up an appearance of enjoying her festivities; but if you could peep into some of the letters she is writing to her beloved classmates, now scattered all over the country, you would discover that her heart is not in the whirl, but back in the classic shades where they spent the happiest part of their girlhood; at least, that is the way she will express what is really not a longing for a return to the old conditions, but only a natural uneasiness in the process of adjusting herself to the new. For a while, every mention of college will bring a little lump into her throat; she will seize eagerly any opportunity that offers to run back there for a day or two; and if you cultivate her intimacy she may confide to you her conviction that she will never be able to build up any more friendships like those that she formed as an undergraduate.

But all this, too, will pass. One by one the intimacies of the campus will grow a little less intense. Amy, let us say, will become a librarian, and immerse herself in her work; Kate will go upon the stage, and, like other beginners, spend most of her time on the road, making correspondence difficult; Julia and Elizabeth will marry early, and be full of the excitement of starting homes; Louise will teach school; and Ann will become secretary to a man of science, and dabble a bit in research on her own hook. Scarcely one of them, I'll be bound, will follow the career she originally marked out for herself; but every one will, in her turn, strike her roots down into the day-by-day world and become so reconciled to it as to give up living in the past. Of course, Priscilla's turn will come like the others. Her long and satisfying association with her own sex exclusive-

ly may make her appear somewhat indifferent to men for a while; and during that period she will be open to the seductions of, say, some branch of benevolent work, for she must fill the gap left by the cessation of her student routine and the falling-off of her class correspondence. And here again, my friends, fortify yourselves against surprises.

To-day she may have just finished a course of lectures on applied philanthropy, only to fall to-morrow under the spell of a cult which deifies the Civic Uplift, denounces philanthropy as a drag upon progress, and declares the very word 'charity' odious. If her activities in this field bring her for the first time into close contact with the so-called working classes, she will view their condition only through the media which they hold up to her eyes; and trade-unionism, boycotts, picket-service, scab-stalking, may fill her thoughts by day and her dreams by night, till you are electrified, when a parade of the unemployed passes your house, to see her lean out of her window and shout her shrill huzzah for the Peerless Debs!

Pray muster your philosophy. I know what you will ask: Is this the child you have brought up in love of law and respect for the constituted authorities? Surely, none other. Did you ever run into a storm on shipboard in mid-ocean, and feel your stanch vessel leaning over so far on one side that you half expected her to turn turtle? Yet here you are, to tell the tale. On the whole, you have reason to be thankful that the ship yielded to the assault instead of presenting to it so stiff a broadside as to be broken in two. She need not have encountered any storm, if her master had been willing to let her lie still in port instead of ploughing the seas; but, being a ship and not a wagon, it is a good thing that she did

go through just such experiences of the harder phases of her calling. So with Priscilla. You have set out to make her an educated woman. If she is built of first-rate timber, and you have equipped her with suitable machinery, calked and trimmed her as you ought, and headed her for the right point on her chart, you may trust her in any sea, however tempestuous; confident that, though she may bend to the gale when it strikes her, she will right herself after all and go ahead, the surer of her own strength and worth the more for the experience.

The educated woman is, at her best, a woman seasoned in life as well as stored with knowledge. Priscilla's shortcomings, if you will take the trouble to analyze them, are due either to too generous impulses or to a belated maturity. The other daughters did not carry you through this sort of an ordeal, yet they are fine girls? True. Their continuance with their feet on the earth during her four years of sublimated segregation, will fit them, though not less pitiful toward human misfortune, to apprehend more readily than she the extent to which it is the fault of the unfortunates. With her trained boldness in attacking obstacles, leaping to the conclusion that the whole system on which the world now conducts its affairs must be wrong, she may ally herself for a time with some party which is trying to make everything over to its own taste. While its novelty lasts, she will be pretty thoroughly absorbed in this association. Be patient with her, and give the ballast of her common sense a chance to make itself felt.

Now, I fully realize that I am not casting the horoscope of any commonplace, phlegmatic miss, whose case would never present a problem after you had decided to let her go to college, and provided the wherewithal to

pay her term-bills. I am dealing with Priscilla, who is neither a plodder nor a wooden image, but a girl with an alert mind, high spirits, a good digestion, and a circulation that can be counted on to furnish seventy-two heart-beats to the minute. But I have heard more than one Priscilla of my acquaintance, who is at worst no more of an abnormality than the live-witted, mettlesome college boy, and whose most grievous sin has been her candor in following the lead of her individuality, used as an argument to prove the unwisdom of bestowing the higher education upon girls.

Do you know why this type is singled out for criticism in one sex and not in the other? Because the critics have got into the habit of looking for something different in a girl — more of the graces and less of the brawn, moral as well as physical, than in a boy. But I tried to show you, early in this paper, that the girl's start in childhood differs from the boy's. When he goes away from home he is already prepared to some extent for the change awaiting him; she, emerging from her shelter for the first time, is not. It is like a re-birth for her, and into a strange world. Her sense of perspective is still embryotic, and her judgment of relative weights and values is unawakened. Therefore, as new things loom on her horizon, she is without trustworthy tests to apply to them, and often novelty usurps in her estimate the place that belongs to merit.

If you could imagine the situation of a person who had always lived in some corner of the earth where disease was unknown, and, coming suddenly into a miasma-laden region, had had thrust under his notice a dozen patented nostrums, would you wonder if he fell a victim to quackery? By analogy you can explain what may have seemed to you a weather-vane quality

in Priscilla, as I have forecast the possibilities of her career. She will have to find out for herself later, what her brother found out long ago, that whoever resolves to overturn the existing social order and crush with one blow our well-crystallized code of conventions, had better think out his programme carefully in advance, and go a trifle slow at the outset.

Another phase of Priscilla's problem remains to be considered; mamma hinted at it in our first talk. What sort of home-maker will she be? I have heard undiscerning people sneer at college women for their lack of that incomparable something which we recognize, by sensibility rather than by the senses, as distinguishing femininity, wifehood, motherliness. So I have heard ministers as a class accused of a canting, physicians of a fawning, teachers of a didactic, and lawyers of a cut and-dried, manner. Such generalizations belong in the same category of absurdities with the claim that authors and painters can be picked out of a crowd by their neckwear, or leaders in high finance by their spats. There are persons whose calling is so much bigger than they are that it envelops them as with a cloak, and others so much bigger than any form of liveliness that they are men and women first, and ministers, lawyers, or artists only incidentally.

The same principle holds good of female college graduates. There is some human material cast in feminine mould out of which you could no more make the head of a real home than you could make a rose out of a dahlia. But sharpened intuitions, a large resourcefulness in the presence of difficulties, a deep-rooted sense of self-dependence, a fearless front to turn toward untried things, and a never wearying receptiveness for whatever can prove itself deserving: these traits do no more harm

to the womanly girl than to the manly boy; and, so far as a college course tends to encourage and develop them, let us commend it for either sex. Heaven forbid that any word of mine should be tortured into disparagement of that sturdy phalanx of wives and mothers and grandmothers who never saw the inside of a college hall, to whom Latin and Greek are not only dead but buried languages, and whose mathematical accomplishments leave them still a bit uncertain where to put the decimal point, but whose sunny souls and splendid lives entitle them to a high place on the world's honor-roll! Let us not, however, drop into the easy error of assuming that Priscilla, if made of the same stuff as they, will be the worse for an education which will empower her to begin her lifework where theirs has ended.

It is possible that Priscilla may take longer about making up her mind to marry than her sisters did. She may not draw any better prize in the lottery than either of them, but I'll venture to say that she will be able to analyze more clearly the considerations which govern her in holding out till she is sure. On his part, her future husband will not choose her, consciously at least, for her 'intellectual companionship'; if that is his desideratum, he will find it cheaper to marry a Carnegie Library than a woman. I will not deny that her cultivated responsiveness may add greatly to her attractions. But what will happen to this young man is what happens to most of us male creatures: he will conclude one day that Priscilla is the only girl he knows with whom he would like to spend the rest of his life, and he will tell her so, in phrases so far from intellectual that they would n't parse. If such things, my friends, were of the mind and not the heart, those clever old Greeks would have clad Minerva in a pair of

infantile wings and armed her with a bow-and-arrow.

Sarah and Emily are good house-keepers, and understand the art of making a modicum of the world's wealth go a long way. There is no reason why Priscilla should not do as well as they, and perhaps with less expenditure of effort. She may not be so ready to accept advice or the reported experience of others, until she has got at the underlying principle involved and assured herself that it is sound; but, once convinced to the point of trying a plan, she will keep turning it over in her mind as she used to turn her algebraic puzzles, adding and eliminating till she has become an inventor instead of a mere learner.

Her children will not be neglected like those of the blue-stocking in the comic weeklies, or dosed and swaddled, punished and hardened by rule of thumb, as children were in the good old times we love—to read about. They will draw out of her all that is instinctively motherly, seasoned with the salt of an enriched intelligence; and her discipline of them, like her handling of her servants, will command the respect of those on whom it is exercised because it will be based on her study of the psychology of every situation rather than on its surface indications.

But, then, suppose Priscilla does

not marry? A good many women do not. Probably the proportion of marriages worthy the name would be found, if we could make an accurate census, as large among college women as among others. It is not a college course that takes a woman out of the marrying class, but something with which her education has rarely anything to do — native traits, or domestic responsibilities, or the lack of a calling for matrimony, or accident, or any of a thousand things which might have diverted the current of your career and mine without our voluntary complicity. In that event you will find, dear papa and mamma, that you have in your daughter no dead weight to carry. Whatever she is not, you may be assured of her being a busy woman, and of her putting her full strength and a brave spirit into the work to which she settles down. Though a home of her own may have been the centre of your ideal career for her, she will make a not less important success in yours; or, if her interests take her elsewhere, in the activities of her chosen field. At any rate, you will have given her the chance to live her own life, and on the highest plane accessible to her; and the solution of Priscilla's problem need not be the less complete because the road to the result is not the one you first surveyed.

THE ORDER OF THE GARDEN

BY ELIZABETH COOLIDGE

LATE in life I have come into an experience which is to me a very new and fundamental one, although doubtless trite enough to many of my sisters. Advisedly I call them sisters, for my new experience is nothing less than the joining of a sisterhood, — the Order of the Garden. I hesitate to speak of gardens, well appreciating the strain that has already been put upon the reading public by the constantly increasing body of gardening-authors. For years I was myself a member of that public, and vividly enough I remember my own unsympathetic state of mind at the time. But I now live in the country; my home demands the ornament of a garden, and my name is Elizabeth. These facts have proven too compelling for me, and I have indeed joined the Order of the Garden.

The patience which to-day you are putting at my disposal, however, I should not abuse by delivering a technical horticultural treatise, even were such a feat an intellectual possibility on my part. Fascinated as I myself have been by the 'cultural notes' of the nurserymen's catalogues, and credulously as I have gloated over their impossibly illustrated wonders, I think it well, nevertheless, at once to assure my listeners that my enthusiasm is as yet purely visionary, and that the garden I speak of consists to-day of nothing but a few hundred feet of earth, buried under tons of mountain snow; and of a pile of text-books, almanacs, manuals, seed-lists, drawings, and charts, which represent to me a

Great Cause. In short, it must remain, until planting-time, purely a Mind-Garden, — a hot-bed of Ideas, — one of those Eternal Values to which I have only recently given my assent.

As such, it is to me a fresh testimony to Truth and Beauty; it is a vehicle of future Perfection. Existing until spring merely as an ideal, nothing is impossible to it. No beauty of color-scheme but may be mapped out in its plan; no bewildering profusion and length of bloom that cannot be entered upon its charts, assigned a certain number of square feet of soil (scale, ten feet to an inch), or alphabetically listed in my seedling mail-orders. To me, at present, it is perfectly logical to assume the ownership of the most beautiful garden in Berkshire. Everything lovely can be made (on paper) to agree with everything practical, in a marvelous synthesis of horticultural beauty.

I almost dread to plant my little Garden of Eden; the entire authority which I now exercise over its every detail (on paper, again) will, I fear, but ill fit me to deal with the stubborn self-assertion of a firmly-rooted plant, vigorously engaged in its individual struggle for life. It is one thing to wipe out, with a ruthless hand, a border of pansies in a chart, and firmly to replace it by a border of candytuft, in order to balance my purples and whites; it may be a very different matter to discipline a purple pansy that insists on being yellow, or to coerce a bed of hyacinths to stop blooming in time to let me put into the same bed my verberna seed-

lings, while they are still amenable to transplantation. That is why this period of idealism is so glorious. With time and enthusiasm, almost any desirable fact can be verified by some authority or other, and theory can be adjusted to fit the most beautiful garden-scheme in the world. At all events, such a one I mean to enjoy, up to the very moment of committing my precious seeds to the earth.

My novitiate in the Order of the Garden has been to me an experience of mental, moral, and spiritual discipline; in order to become worthy to enter that sisterhood, I have found myself undergoing the education of almost all the faculties that I have, and the development of others that were, to say the least, very, very latent. Perhaps you will pardon the personality of my topic if, instead of describing to you (as I should adore to do) the immanent glories of my future phlox, or the ravishing combination of my hypothetical white lilies with my potential blue delphiniums, I tell you of the surprising crops of a different nature which my garden has already produced in my character.

Blooming beside the asters and hollyhocks of my imagination, I have discovered the shoots of many spiritual perennials which I had not deemed essential to a well-planned hardy border. I have found it necessary to include these, one by one, in my grouping; to foster their culture and provide them with nourishment, in order that I might the better understand their kinship to other varieties of more concrete 'habit.'

Thus, I have discovered that one of the most invaluable backgrounds to a good garden is a mixed growth of Enthusiasm and Patience. The soil and climate of my temperament have ever been friendly to the former, so it has not been at all difficult to sow the

seeds and raise a large bed of Enthusiasm. Indeed, I soon found that the crop needed a decided thinning-out if space were to be left for anything else, and that a mixture of the blooms of Patience would be a very pleasant relief to the eye. This latter culture has involved a great deal of effort. Patience is an exotic plant in my soul; much cultivation and weeding, careful mulching and pinching back have been necessary in order to induce it to grow; but when I found how much more lovely my beautiful flower-beds would be if set off against them, I determined to coax the tender young Patience-plants into the semblance of a sturdy growth, and the mixture with Enthusiasm proved very helpful to both.

Prudence, too, I found it wise to add as an edging; without it I might have been tempted, by the alluring advertisements I saw, to experiment with totally impracticable and very strange novelties indeed. *Dimorphothea aurantiaca*, 'a rare and showy annual from South Africa'; *eryngium amethystium*, 'fine for winter bouquets'; or *cyperus artemifolius*, 'excellent for growing in water and damp spots' (my garden being designed for the sunny slope of a hill!), would, but for the Prudence, probably have attracted me by their unusual merits. 'Pocket-like flowers' and 'spiny foliage' would have sounded irresistibly interesting; and the very superlativeness of such names as *heli-chrysum monstrosum*, *gomphrena superba*, *kermesina splendens*, or *celosia plumosa thompsonii magnifica*, would have exercised a fatal fascination upon my imagination. But having planted my Prudence, I chose to go with it a selection of pinks and poppies and petunias and pansies, which will bloom anywhere and involve no risk.

I never knew, before I had this mind-garden, that the pursuit of horticulture, even in the most amateurish way,

even, I might say, in a purely abstract way, was a tremendous stimulus to the cardinal virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Pray how is one to put one's trust in the seed-catalogues (which one's friends unanimously declare to be mendacious); or to glow over pictures and descriptions that one knows to be romance; or actually to write out money-orders with hands trembling in eagerness, money-orders for packets and ounces and dozens and hundreds, — without faith? Faith in man, faith in Nature, faith in seeds, and faith in print? Hope, too, receives the same vivifying stimulus; and Charity, most of all, is necessary if one would plan a pretty garden; the charity that believeth all things and hopeth all things, and must be ready to endure and forgive all things, when Nature and the Garden take things into their own control. Without charity for the misinforming guides I have consulted, and still more charity for my own invincible and happy credulity, I should not dare to face the failures of next summer; but *with* charity, I go gladly forward, feeling that to seek and learn the truth about my own dear garden will be to me a precious soul-experience, even though the most conspicuous truths of all should prove to be the mistakes.

The history of my paper-garden runs thus. Duly incorporated into a central scheme for the creation of a new home, — thrown in, as it were, with the general outlay of plans for the house, the driveways, the fences, the garage, the planting of thickets, the grading and drainage of the land, and the general overhauling of old neglected acres, — came from the hands of the architects the casual drawing of a little formal flower-garden. It was brightly colored with chalks and its delicate pencilings showed forth charming possibilities of arbor and bench, pool and

pergola. But it had to be laid away in our pigeon-hole of 'perhapses' and 'some-days' until one year should have completed the roadways, another the vegetable garden, another the miles of fence, and another the out-buildings. Once in every six months, or thereabouts, it was taken out of the pigeon-hole and affectionately regarded as the promise of a vague future happiness; or its destined rôle in the general scheme was explained to an interested friend, much as one might explain the topography of Carcassonne. But then it was put back again, among the other perhapses, and we went on with the fence.

Last October, however, when we had planted the last of dozens of small trees between our windows and a reeking brewery chimney, we realized that most of the really necessary perhapses had come true; that the some-days had gone by, adding one touch to another, until at last the Garden Some-day stood at our threshold with the alluring crayon plan in its hand. We recognized that instead of a paper Perhaps it might become a fragrant, blooming Certainty. Joyfully we looked our happiness in the face, and, with the intrepidity of ignorance, prepared to lay the garden out immediately, and to plant it in the spring. As usual, I decided to do the deciding. (If I were writing in the popular garden-author idiom I should label the other members of my family in some such way as this, — the Man of Trustfulness, or the Youth of Reposefulness; indicating that they were the ones to regard and admire, I the one to do and to dare; but I prefer to summarize our case by repeating that I, as usual, decided to do the deciding.) So I began to map out the beds as they were designed to lie, in front of our south terrace, allowing the yellow chalk-marks to indicate yellow lilies; the blue spots,

canterbury-bells; and the pink patches, poppies and hollyhocks.

Here began the first term in my new course of education. The flower-beds showed such a marked inclination to lay themselves out that, in order to get the paths in the middle, the grass-plots of equal size, and the beds running at right angles and parallel to the house, I was obliged to grope my way fumblingly back to the rudiments of geometry and arithmetic. To what I had imagined I could do in a few hours, I devoted several days, growing ever more enthusiastic as I noted the transition from pencil-marks to clothes-lines, from clothes-lines to rows of sod, and from these to actual flower-beds in the solid earth.

Meantime, when wind and labor and happiness had tired me to the point of a retreat indoors, I sat down to make out a list of plants which should carry out the promise of the colored chalks, for I had been told that it was well to order early, against the first spring warmth and rains.

I selected blue canterbury-bells to fill in a bed which was visible from my favorite sofa; and here began my repolishing of another branch of mathematics, — algebra: to let x represent the square space to be filled, and y the size of a canterbury-bell, and find z , the number of plants I should need, — knowing absolutely nothing of canterbury-bells, except that my friend's vases of them had enchanted me, and that I had been the recipient of a beautiful blue bunch one day last April, — or was it October? I remembered that they illumined my blue dining-room upon the occasion of a luncheon-party; and by that token I knew that it must have been in June. But perhaps they had come out of a greenhouse?

I realized that I must really inform myself about these flowers. To that

end I looked up some old and slighted seed-catalogues and began my researches. With shame I now recall the depths of ignorance, in spite of which I gayly undertook the disposition of my garden space. Why! I could not even *find* the canterbury-bells until I stumbled upon a preposterous lithograph of their familiar faces, and through this clue discovered them to be *campanulæ*. So Latin was to be added to my curriculum! My pretty bouquets of pinks and baby's-breath were henceforth to be gathered from beds of *dianthi* and *gypsophilæ*; my daisies and lilies became bunches of *bellis perennis* and of *longiflori rubri*; a double flower claimed the adjective *plenissimum*, and the colors changed from blue and white and pink to *ceruleum*, *album*, *roseum*. It was all very interesting; soon my tired sense of humor began to be roused. I found myself laughing at the mixed assembly who had stood godfathers to my plants — especially the Latinized Irishmen, Scotchmen and Germans; the O'Brieni, the MacArthuri, the Kuhli, the Hoopesi, the Smalli, the Shorti. I began to think of my dearest friends as Jonesi, Browni, and Dickensonii.

I felt as I used to feel when I and the other small girls in the neighborhood indulged in what was known to us as 'pig-Latin.' And when, at night, my overcharged brain attempted to sleep, I fancied myself to be Ophelia, distractedly scattering my treasures before the Danish monarchs and singing, 'There's *rosmarinus officinalis*, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is *viola lutea splendens*, that's for thoughts . . . There's *phaniculum vulgare* for you, and *aquilegiæ cæruleæ hybridæ*; there's *thalictrum paniculatum*; . . . you must wear your *thalictra* with a difference. There's an *arctotis grandis*; I would give you some *violæ odoratæ*,

but they withered all when my father died.' Poor Hamlet and his poor crazy love! What might not a Berkshire garden have done for them!

But further in regard to my canterbury-bells. I think I can no more vividly picture to you my complete horticultural ignorance than by telling you that I used often to wonder what there was to be done in a garden in the autumn; was not the out-of-door period almost over? The astonishing information that my pretty *campanulæ* should have been planted early in October (and then not by seeds, but with well-started little plants) was somewhat disquieting, as it was already the middle of that month, and the ground was not even ready. I had been supposing that all that was necessary was to deposit my seeds next April, and to pick my flowers next June; whereas they should have been started at least three months ago! My disappointment would have been very great had I not found comfort in my catalogues, which assured me that the nurserymen had previously dealt with unprepared amateurs, and had raised, for my benefit apparently, young plants all ready for their second season of existence.

In determining not to be caught unawares again, I acquired a new sense of the value of Foresight, a virtue which I had hitherto somewhat underprized, along with thrift and caution, as being of too utilitarian a nature to be strictly beautiful or noble. Spontaneity is to me so much more charming, always, than calculation! Generosity so much more lovable than prudence! But my little prospective blue-bells were teaching me many things, and this was one of their most emphatic lessons, — that foresight is morally and æsthetically more dependable than impulse; and that painstaking may be duller than ardor, but that it produces more and longer bloom.

The moral course of discipline thus connected with my novitiate ran side by side with the mental. While Patience, Prudence, Foresight, Faith, Hope, and Charity had all been pressed into the service of my future garden, I had been reviving at the same time my disused talents for Arithmetic, Geometry, Algebra, and Latin. Now it became necessary to take up Chemistry and Climatology in order that my little seedlings might have the proper kind of soil, and that they should be chosen with regard to the mountain-climate which was their destined environment. The subject of fertilizers (who would ever have thought it!) became to me an engrossing fad. My sisters of the Order, who seem to possess an *a priori* knowledge of the proper proportion of sand and leaf-mould, of sunshine and shade, of dampness and dryness, requisite to the needs of their various gardens, can hardly imagine the reassurance which I found in the statement that such and such an enticing plant was 'perfectly hardy in any soil'; or my discouragement in learning that I had selected an alluring variety which could thrive only in the Southern States. A new world of unheard-of fascinations was opened up to me through the insidious pages of those seedmen's lists!

As an aid to the assimilation and quick application of so much undigested and recent information, I finally drew up a series of colored maps and tables; for the thing was growing so complicated to my mental grasp that I needed visual assistance in classifying the colors, heights, periods of bloom, lengths of life, and methods of culture, of my prospective garden-products. To verify the conflicting statements of different text-books, to tabulate this mass of contradictory statistics, and then to draw and color the plans and order the seeds, — for these labors all

my faculties were marshaled into service: imagination and business acumen, technique, and creative impulse.

My charts demanded toll of Art, Science, and Philosophy, with an uncompromising peremptoriness that no live garden would ever inflict. One little growing plant that fails to bloom cannot have much significance in a big flower-bed; but one little error in the reckoning of its distance apart from its neighbors may make a difference of hundreds of plants and thousands of blossoms. One small discrepancy in the statistics of the blooming period of some particular plant, upon which one has depended to supply a pink patch in an otherwise colorless bed, — say the tulip bed after June, — may give rise to an elaborate revision of the whole color scheme, when, for instance, one textbook tells you that it blooms all summer, and another that it blooms from July sixteenth to August twelfth.

But, close as my concentration was obliged to be, I felt that it was good for my relaxed mind. Even if to-day I did not confidently hope to see my dear posies where I now see but a water-color drawing, I should thank them (or my visions of them) for the beneficial discipline which my mind and heart have undergone in their imaginary behalf.

My acquaintance with flowers, hitherto, has been mainly conducted through the medium of the botanist or the florist; as though one should seek to acquire a pleasant circle of friends by studying their physiology and anatomy, or by visiting an ethnological exhibit! I intend henceforth to make friends with my family of plants, and am already taking much delight in learning to speak the language of their domestic life. Certain words and phrases which I have but recently heard or understood I now can never

speak without an exultant feeling of intimacy which belongs to the inner circles of the Order of the Garden. Such a term is 'mulch,' which seems to me to signify a sort of poultice; another is 'pinching back'; still another is 'a habit of growth.'

According to the dictum of modern analysis, it is habit of growth that actually makes a personality; our habits lay the very corner-stone of our mental, moral, and physical selves; so that it would be quite justifiably profound to say, 'by men's habits shall ye know them.' As, in my researches, I was constantly meeting the application to plant-life of this term 'habit,' I perceived that a very nice appreciation of values might be displayed in the choice of the plants which one is thinking of introducing into one's own garden. This choice involves the imparting, or the not imparting, of a certain moral tone to the garden. A well-defined individuality seems to inhere in a plant which is described as 'very dwarf in habit.' When I remember the pettiness, the closeness to earthy things, the low spiritual stature, that go with a dwarf habit of mind outside our flower-gardens, I think I will not have, in my own, very many plants of that kind. Then I think of the 'dense, bushy habit' of certain other people; the 'spreading' habit, the 'trailing, drooping' habit, and even the 'weeping' habit; and turn instinctively toward the plants whose habits are said to be 'branching and free,' 'stately,' 'erect,' 'feathery and graceful,' or 'neat and compact'; realizing that one flower differeth in glory from another even as do one's other friends; and that in the garden of plants, as in the garden of Life, one may be fastidious without learning to be unkind.

There are also other traits in plants which, although they may not exactly have a moral bearing upon our regard

for them, may, nevertheless, remind us of secret affinities or exasperations existing between us and our fellow-perennials. Do you not feel, in regarding a seed which requires six months to germinate (as in the case of certain violets), that you have had the same sensation before? Perhaps in the presence of a leisurely friend whose irritating delays and procrastinations are always forgotten and atoned for by the violet-like freshness and aroma of her personality? Or when you are told that other seeds, like those of the morning-glory, will be greatly facilitated and hastened in their sprouting, if given a night's soaking in warm water, do you not recall a friend with symptoms?

Do not the splendid varieties of poppies and larkspur labeled 'hybrid' and glowing among their aristocratic, but uninteresting, relatives of purer descent, remind you of a glorious western girl in Boston? And by the habit, color, perfume, and generosity of bloom, in fact, by all the excellences of its species which are foretold upon its label, I find much to symbolize the best and pleasantest of American society, in a packet of seeds catalogued as 'specially-selected double-mixed.'

My heart expands to meet the little

flowers that shall some day bloom for me, as I think of all that I want them to do for me. I must be ambitious if I am to associate with their teeming, striving life; but also very calm when I come into their silence, their still rapture in the hot sunshine, their patient endurance of drought, their quiet, steadfast growth. They must free me from envy if my neighbor's garden outshines mine; when their own superiority gladdens my eyes, they must make me very magnanimous; and I must be tender and helpful toward their struggles and weakness. Freely they will have received their bounty from sun and wind and bee and bird; freely they will spill their perfume for me, their only rivalry lying in their endeavor to be the more alive, the more abundant, the more responsive, to the universal life about them. So they must make me very generous. I want them, too, to bring me their own health of soul and body; to teach me to love their unconscious, open-air freedom, their joy in the common soil and the skyward gaze of their faces. Let their honest clamor for light and warmth teach me to love the vivid, innocent life of the senses. Let my imagination see in them the poetry and religion of the summer world.

LEE AND JACKSON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

JACKSON was a born fighter. In his youth he fought poverty. He fought for an education at West Point. There he fought his way through against prejudice and every disadvantage. Fighting in Mexico he thoroughly enjoyed himself. As a professor at the Virginia Military Institute he probably did not. When the war came, it was a godsend to him; and he fought with every nerve in his body till he fell, shot by his own soldiers, at Chancellorsville.

For purely intellectual power he does not seem to have been remarkable. He learned what he set out to learn, by sheer effort. What interested him he mastered. Without doubt his restless, active mind would have fought abstract problems, if it had found nothing else to fight. But I do not imagine he loved thinking for itself, or had the calm breadth to study impersonally the great questions of the world and flash sudden, sharp illumination on them, as did Napoleon.

And Jackson had no personal charm. He was courteous, but with a labored courtesy; he was shy, abrupt, ungainly, forgetful, and apt to be withdrawn into himself. His fellow students admired him, but shrank from him. His pupils laughed at his odd ways and did not always profit by his teaching. This, before his star shone out. And it is strange to contrast such neglect with the adoration that pressed close about his later glory. In Martinsburg the ladies 'cut every button off his coat, commenced on his pants, and at one time threatened to leave him in the

uniform of a Georgia colonel — shirt collar and spurs.' Nothing similar is recorded of Lee—even humorously.

It must not be supposed that, though unsuccessful in general society, Jackson lacked warmth or human kindness. He was sensitive, emotional, susceptible. He felt the charm of art in all its forms. He read Shakespeare, and quoted him in a military dispatch, — 'we must burn no more daylight,' — as I cannot imagine Lee doing. When he was in Europe, he keenly enjoyed painting, and architecture, and loved to talk of them after his return, entertaining the *Times* correspondent with a long discussion of English cathedrals, — partly, to be sure, to avoid talk on things military. When in Mexico, he was charmed by the Mexican girls, so much so that he fled them, as Dr. Johnson fled Garrick's ballet. In his youth he was even a dancer. When age and religion came upon him he used still to indulge, for exercise, in an occasional polka; 'but,' as Mrs. Jackson remarks, deliciously, 'no eye but that of his wife was ever permitted to witness this recreation.' In his family he was tender, affectionate, playful, sympathetic. 'His abandon was beautiful to see, provided there were only one or two people to see it.' His letters to his wife are ardent and devoted, full of an outpouring and self-revelation which one never finds in the printed letters of Lee.

In short, he was a man with a soul of fire. Action was his life. To do something, to do high, heroic things,

to do them with set lip and strained nerve and fierce determination — to him this was all the splendor of existence. In his youth he had not learned Latin well, and it was questioned whether he could do it in age. He said he could. He was set to teach matters that were strange to him, and some doubted whether he could do it. He said he could. Extempore prayer came to him with difficulty, and his pastor advised him not attempting it, if he could not do it. He said he could. 'As to the rest, I knew that what I willed to do, I could do.' Such a statement has its foolish side and takes us back to what I said above about Jackson's intelligence. Pure intelligence sees insurmountable difficulties, too many and too plain. Jackson, if ever any man, came near to being pure will.

It seems that his courage, flawless as it was, was courage of will rather than of stolid temperament. He visited the hospitals less often than he wished, because, he said, when he was in cold blood, his nerves could not endure the sight of wounds and torture. 'It was not unusual to see him pale and trembling with excitement at the firing of the first gun of an opening battle.' Yet his power of concentration was so enormous that when he was thinking out a military problem he forgot bullet and shell and wounds and death. 'This was the true explanation of that seeming recklessness with which he sometimes exposed himself on the field of battle.'

Also he had the magnetic faculty of extending to others his own furious determination. He could demand the impossible of them because he performed it himself. 'Come on,' he cried in Mexico, 'you see there is no danger.' And a shot passed between his legs spread wide apart. His soldiers marched to death, when he bade them. What was even worse, they marched at

the double through Virginia mud, without shoes, without food, without sleep. 'Did you order me to advance over that field, sir?' said an officer to him. 'Yes,' said Jackson. 'Impossible, sir! My men will be annihilated! Nothing can live there! They will be annihilated!' 'General,' said Jackson, 'I always endeavor to take care of my wounded and to bury my dead. You have heard my order — obey it.'

What was there back of this magnificent, untiring, inexhaustible will and energy, what long dream of glory, what splendid hope of imperishable renown? Or was it a blind energy, a mere restless thirst for action and adventure, unceasing, unquenchable? Something of the latter there was in it doubtless, of the love of danger for its pure nerve-thrill, its unrivaled magic of oblivion. 'Nothing is more certain than that this love of action, movement, danger, and adventure, was a prominent trait in his organization,' says one of his earlier biographers. 'I envy you men who have been in battle. How I should like to be in one battle,' he remarked in Mexico; and he confessed that to be under fire filled him with a delicious excitement.

Nevertheless, he was far enough from being a mere common sworder, or even the gay, careless fighter who does the day's work and never looks beyond it. In his youth there can be no doubt that he dreamed dreams of immense advancement, of endless conquest, of triumph and admiration and success. During the war some one expressed the belief that Jackson was not ambitious. 'Ambitious!' was the answer. 'He is the most ambitious man in the Confederacy.' We have his own reported words for his feelings at an earlier date. 'The only anxiety I was conscious of during the engagement was a fear lest I should not meet danger enough to make my conduct

conspicuous.' And again, 'To his intimate friend he once remarked that the officer should make attainment of rank supreme, within honorable bounds, over every other consideration.'

Very little things often throw a fine light on character and difference of character. On one occasion, as the troops were marching by, they had been forbidden to cheer, lest the noise might betray them to the enemy. When Jackson's own brigade passed their general, however, their enthusiasm was too much for any prohibition, and they cheered loud and long. Jackson smiled as he listened, and turning to those beside him, murmured, 'You see, I can't stop them.' Whether Lee had any ambition or not, it is difficult to imagine him betrayed into such a naïve expression as this. The smile might have been possible for him, the words never.

So in Jackson's younger days his devouring ardor fed on worldly hopes. Then religion took possession of him, not suddenly, but with a gradual, fierce encroachment that in the end grasped every fibre of his being. Like a very similar nature in a different sphere, John Donne, he examined all creeds first, notably the Catholic, but finally settled in an austere and sturdy Calvinism. Not that his religion was gloomy or bitterly ascetic; for it had great depths of love in it, and sunny possibilities of joy. But it was all-absorbing, and he fought the fight of God with the same fury that he gave to the battles of this world. There must be no weakness, no trifling, no inconsistency.

'He weighed his lightest utterance in the balance of the sanctuary,' writes one who knew him well. Christians are enjoined to pray. Therefore Jackson prayed always, even in association with the lightest act. 'I never raise a glass of water to my lips with-

out lifting my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life.' They must remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Therefore Jackson not only refrained from writing letters on Sunday; he would not read a letter on Sunday; he even timed the sending of his own letters so that they should not encumber the mails on Sunday. It was the same with a scrupulous regard for truth. Every statement, even indifferent, must be exact; or, if inexact, corrected. And Jackson walked a mile in the rain to set right an error of inadvertence.

The wonder is that a man of such temper accomplished anything in the world at all. I confess that I feel an unsanctified satisfaction in seeing the exigencies of war override and wither this dainty scrupulousness. It is true that they cannot do it always. 'Had I fought the battle on Sunday instead of on Monday I fear our cause would have suffered.' But then again, the Puritan Lee writes to the Puritan Jackson: 'I had hoped her own [Maryland's] citizens would have relieved us of that question, *and you must endeavor to give to the course you may find it necessary to pursue the appearance of its being the act of her own citizens.*' How many leagues the praying Jackson should have walked in the rain to correct the fighting Jackson's peccadilloes?

And now how did Jackson's ambition and his religion keep house together? His admirers maintain that religion devoured the other motive completely. 'Duty alone constrained him to forego the happiness and comforts of his beloved home for the daily hardships of a soldier's life.' But certain of his reported words in the very closing scene make me think that the thirst for glory was as ardent as ever, even if it had a little shifted its form. 'I would not agree to the slightest di-

minution of my glory there [in heaven], no, not for all the fame which I have acquired or shall ever win in this world.' It does not sound quite like the chastened spirit of a son of peace, does it?

No, the early Jackson and the later Jackson were the same Jackson. The blare of trumpets, the crash of guns, the cheers of an adoring army, were a passionate delight to him, and would have been as long as he walked this fighting world. But that will, which by itself was mighty enough, was doubled and tripled in power when it got the will of God behind it. To gratify personal ambition the man might have hesitated at destruction and slaughter. But to do his duty, to carry out the designs of Providence, that mission must override all obstacles and subdue all scruples. In face of it human agony counted simply as nothing.

Henderson, who is reluctant to find shadows in his idol, questions the authenticity of Jackson's interview with his brother-in-law, as reported by Mrs. Jackson; but I am perfectly ready to believe that the hero of the Valley declared for hoisting the black flag and giving 'no quarter to the violaters of our homes and firesides.' Certainly no one denies that when he was asked how to dispose of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, his answer was, 'Kill them, sir! kill every man!' And again, when some one deplored the necessity of destroying so many brave men, 'No, shoot them all; I do not wish them to be brave.'

Such a tremendous instrument as this might have gone anywhere and done anything, and if Jackson had lived, his future defies prevision. 'No man had so magnificent a prospect before him as General Jackson,' wrote Lawley, the correspondent of the London *Times*. 'Whether he desired it or not, he could not have escaped being

Governor of Virginia, and also, in the opinion of many competent judges, sooner or later President of the Confederacy.' But this regular method of ascent would have been slow. When things went wrong, when politicians intrigued and triumphed, when the needs of the army were slighted and forgotten for petty jealousies, Jackson would have been just the one to have cried out, 'Here is man's will, where is God's will?' just the one to have felt God's strength in his own right arm, to have purged war-offices, and turned out Congresses, and made incompetent presidents feel that they must give up to those who saw more clearly and judged more wisely. There would have been no selfishness in all this, no personal ambition, because it would have been just doing the will of God. And I can perfectly imagine Jackson riding such a career, and overwhelming every obstacle in his way except one — Robert E. Lee.

When Jackson and Lee first met does not appear. Jackson said early in the war that he had known Lee for twenty-five years. They may have seen something of each other in Mexico. They may have seen something of each other in Virginia before the war. If so, there seems to be no record of it. At any rate, Jackson thought well of Lee from the first, and said of him when he was appointed to command the Virginia forces, 'His services I regard as of more value to us than General Scott could render as a commander. . . . It is understood that General Lee is to be commander-in-chief. I regard him as a better officer than General Scott.'

From that beginning the lieutenant's loyalty to his chief grew steadily; not only his loyalty, but his personal admiration and affection. I like the elementary expression of it, showing unconsciously Jackson's sense of some of his own deficiencies, in his remark to

McGuire, after visiting Lee in the hospital: 'General Lee is the most perfect animal form I ever saw.' But illustrations on a somewhat broader plane are abundant enough. 'General Lee has always been very kind to me and I thank him,' said Jackson simply, as he lay on his death-bed.

The enthusiasm of that ardent nature was ever ready to show itself in an almost over-zealous devotion. Lee once sent word that he should be glad to talk with his subordinate at his convenience on some matter of no great urgency. Thereupon Jackson instantly rode to headquarters through the most inclement weather. When Lee expressed surprise at seeing him, the other answered, 'General Lee's lightest wish is a supreme command to me, and I always take pleasure in prompt obedience.' If we consider what Jackson's nature was, it is manifest that he gave the highest possible proof of loyalty, when it was suggested that he should return to an individual command in the Valley, and he answered that he did not desire it, but in every way preferred a subordinate position near General Lee.

Jackson's personal affection for Lee was, of course, intimately bound up with confidence in his military ability. Even in the early days, when Jackson had been in vain demanding reinforcements and word was brought of Lee's appointment to supreme command, Jackson's comment was, 'Well, madam, I am reinforced at last.' On various occasions, when others doubted Lee's judgment or questioned his decisions, Jackson was entirely in agreement with his chief. For instance, Longstreet disapproved Lee's determination to fight at Sharpsburg, and Ropes and other critics have since condemned it. Jackson, however, though he had no part in it, gave it his entire and hearty approval.

I do not find anywhere, even in the most private letters, a disposition in Jackson to quarrel with Lee's plans or criticize his arrangements. On the contrary, when objections are made, he is ready to answer them, and eagerly, and heartily. 'General Lee is equal to any emergency that may arise. I trust implicitly in his great ability and superior wisdom.'

Jackson had plans of his own and sometimes talked of them. He was asked why he did not urge them upon Lee. 'I have done so,' was his answer. 'And what does he say to them?' 'He says nothing. But do not understand that I complain of this silence; it is proper that General Lee should observe it. He is wise and prudent. He feels that he bears a fearful responsibility and he is right in declining a hasty expression of his purpose to a subordinate like me.'

Again, some one found fault with Lee's slowness. Jackson contradicted warmly: 'General Lee is not slow. No one knows the weight upon his heart, his great responsibility. He is commander-in-chief, and he knows that if an army is lost, it cannot be replaced. No! There may be some persons whose good opinion of me will make them attach some weight to my views, and if you ever hear that said of General Lee, I beg you will contradict it in my name. I have known General Lee for twenty-five years; he is cautious; he ought to be. But he is not slow.' And he concluded with one of the finest expressions of loyalty ever uttered by a subordinate, and such a subordinate: 'Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man I would follow blindfold.'

After this, who can question the sincerity of the words spoken on his death-bed: 'Better that ten Jacksons should fall than one Lee!'

And what did Lee think of Jackson? As always, Lee's judgments are more

difficult to get at. In spite of all respect and all affection, I cannot but think that his large humanity shrank a little from Jackson's ardors. When he told a lady, with gentle playfulness, that General Jackson, 'who was smiling so pleasantly near her, was the most cruel and inhuman man she had ever seen,' I have no doubt it was ninety-nine parts playfulness, but perhaps there was one part, one little part, earnest. As late as after Antietam Lee's military commendation of Jackson was very restrained, to say the least. 'My opinion of the merits of General Jackson has been greatly enhanced during this expedition. He is true, honest, and brave, has a single eye to the good of the service, and spares no exertions to accomplish his object.' No superlatives here. Sharp words of criticism, even, are reported, which, singular as they are, seem to come with excellent authority. 'Jackson was by no means so rapid a marcher as Longstreet and had an unfortunate habit of never being on time.'

Yet Lee's deep affection for his great lieutenant and perfect confidence in him are beyond question. It has been well pointed out that this is proved practically by the fact that the commander-in-chief always himself remained with Longstreet and left Jackson to operate independently, as if the former were more in need of personal supervision. Lee's own written words to Jackson are also — for Lee — very enthusiastic: 'Your recent successes have been the cause of the liveliest joy in this army as well as in the country. The admiration excited by your skill and boldness has been constantly mingled with solicitude for your situation.'

Jackson's wound and death and the realization of his loss produced at a later time expressions of a warmth so unusual as to be almost startling. 'If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettys-

burg, I should have won that battle.' 'Such an executive officer the sun never shone on. I have but to show him my design, and I know that if it can be done it will be done.' The messages sent to the dying general are as appreciative as they are tender. 'You are better off than I am, for while you have only lost your left, I have lost my right arm.' 'Tell him that I am praying for him, as I believe I have never prayed for myself.' (Yet if the words are correctly reported, note even here the most characteristic Lee-like modification, '*I believe.*') And only those who are familiar with Lee can appreciate the agony of the parting outcry: "'Jackson will not — he cannot die!'" General Lee exclaimed, in a broken voice, and waving every one from him with his hand, "he cannot die."

The study of the practical military relations of the two great commanders is of extreme interest. Lee does not hesitate to advise Jackson as freely as he would any other subordinate. 'It was to save you the abundance of hard fighting that I ventured to suggest for your consideration not to attack the enemy's strong points, but to turn his positions at Warrenton, etc., so as to draw him out of them; I would rather you should have easy fighting and heavy victories. I must leave the matter to your reflection and cool judgment.' He even frequently gives a sharp order which approaches sternness: 'You must use your discretion and judgment in these matters, and be careful to husband the strength of your command as much as possible.' And again: 'Do not let your troops run down, if it can possibly be avoided by attention to their wants, comforts, etc., by their respective commanders. This will require your personal attention.'

Jackson seems usually to have accepted all this with unquestioning submission. It is true that Longstreet is

said once to have accused him of disrespect because he groaned audibly at one of Lee's decisions. But Longstreet was a little too watchful for those groans. Also, on one occasion, when Lee proposed some redistribution of artillery, Jackson protested, rather for his soldiers than for himself: 'General D. H. Hill's artillery wants existed at the time he was assigned to my command, and it is hoped that artillery which belonged to the Army of the Valley will not be taken to supply his wants.' But, for the most part, the lieutenant writes in the respectful, affectionate, and trustful tone which he adopted at the very beginning of the war and maintained until the end. 'I would be more than grateful, could you spare the time for a short visit here to give me the benefit of your wisdom and experience in laying out the works, especially those on the heights.'

Jackson's complete submission to Lee is the more striking because, although a theoretical believer in subordination, he was not by nature peculiarly adapted to working under the orders of others. Some, who knew him well, have gone so far as to say that 'his genius never shone under command of another.' This is absurd enough considering his later battles; but it seems to me that some such explanation may be sought for his comparative inefficiency on the Peninsula, as to which almost all critics are agreed. 'It was physical exhaustion,' says Dabney. 'It was poor staff service,' says Henderson. Is it not possible that, accustomed hitherto to working with an absolutely free hand, his very desire to be only an executive and carry out Lee's orders may for the time, to some extent, have paralyzed his own initiative?

However that may be, there is no doubt that Jackson did not take kindly to dictation from Richmond. It is said

that on one occasion he wrote to the War Office requesting that he might have fewer orders and more men. It is certain that he complained bitterly to Lee of the custom of sending him officers without consulting him. 'I have had much trouble resulting from incompetent officers being assigned to duty with me, regardless of my wishes. Those who have assigned them have never taken the responsibility of incurring the odium which results from such incompetence.' And very early in his career he had a sharp clash with Secretary Benjamin who had attempted to interfere in the detail of military arrangements. Jackson sent in his resignation at once, explaining that his services could be of no use, if he was to be hampered by remote and ill-informed control. The fact of the resignation, which was withdrawn by the kindly offices of Johnston and Governor Letcher, is of less interest than the spirit in which Jackson offered it. When it was represented to him that the Government had proceeded without understanding the circumstances, he replied, 'Certainly they have; but they must be taught not to act so hastily without a full knowledge of the facts. I can teach them this lesson now by my resignation, and the country will be no loser by it.' Was I wrong in saying that this man would have ridden over anything and anybody, if he had thought it his duty? Such summary methods may have been wise, they may have been effective: they were certainly very unlike Lee's.

Now let us turn from Jackson's superiors to his inferiors. The common soldier loved him, — not for any jolly comradeship, not for any fascinating magnetism of personal charm or heroic enthusiasm. He was a hard taskmaster, exacting and severe. 'Whatever of personal magnetism existed in Stonewall Jackson,' says his partial bio-

grapher, 'found no utterance in words. Whilst his soldiers struggled painfully toward Romney in the teeth of the winter storm, his lips were never opened save for sharp rebuke or peremptory order.' But the men had confidence in him. He had got them out of many a difficulty, and something in his manner told them that he would get them out of any difficulty. The sight of his old uniform and scrawny sorrel horse stirred all their nerves and made them march and fight as they could not have done for another man.

And then they knew that though he was harsh, he was just. He expected great things of them, but he would do great things for them. He would slaughter them mercilessly to win a victory; but when it was won, he would give them the glory, under God, and would cherish the survivors with a parent's tenderness. 'We do not regard him as a severe disciplinarian,' writes one of them, 'as a politician, as a man seeking popularity — but as a Christian, a brave man who appreciates the condition of a common soldier, as a fatherly protector, as one who endures all hardship in common with his followers, who never commands others to face danger without putting himself in the van.'

But with his officers it was somewhat different. They did indeed trust his leadership and admire his genius. How could they help it? It is said that all the staff officers of the army liked him. And Mrs. Jackson declares that his own staff were devoted to him, as they doubtless were. Yet even she admits that they resented his rigid punctuality and early hours. And there is no doubt that in these particulars, and in many others, he asked all that men were capable of and sometimes a little more. 'General Jackson,' says one of his staff, 'demanded of his subordinates implicit obedience. He gave orders in his own peculiar, terse, rapid fashion,

and he did not permit them to be questioned.'

General Ewell is said to have remarked that he never 'saw one of Jackson's couriers approach him without expecting an order to assault the North Pole.' On one occasion he had given his staff directions to breakfast at dawn, and to be in the saddle immediately after. The general appeared at daybreak — and one officer. Jackson lost his temper. 'Major, how is it that this staff never will be punctual?' When the major attempted some apology for the others, his chief turned to the servant in a rage: 'Put back that food into the chest, have that chest in the wagon, and that wagon moving in two minutes.'

Also Jackson had a habit of keeping everything to himself. This was doubtless a great military advantage. It was a source of constant amusement to the soldiers, who even joked their general about it. Jackson met one of them one day in some place where he should not have been. 'What are you doing here?' 'I don't know.' — 'Where do you come from?' 'I don't know.' — 'What command do you belong to?' 'I don't know.' When asked the meaning of this extraordinary ignorance, the man explained. 'Orders were that we should n't know anything till after the next fight.' Jackson laughed and passed on.

But the officers did not like it. Jackson made his own plans, and took care of his own responsibilities. Even his most trusted subordinates were often told to go to this or that place with no explanation of the object of their going. They went, but they sometimes went without enthusiasm. And Jackson was no man for councils of war. Others' judgment might be as good as his, but only one judgment must settle matters, and his was, for the time, to be that one.

Hence his best officers fretted, and he

quarreled with nearly all of them. And when things did not go right, with him it was the guard-house instantly. All five regimental commanders of the Stonewall Brigade were once under arrest at the same time. The gallant Ashby, just before his last charge and death, had a sharp bit of friction with his commander. When Gregg lay dying, he sent to the general to apologize for a letter recently written 'in which he used words that he is now sorry for. . . . He hopes you will forgive him.' Jackson forgave him heartily; but he could not have death-bed reconciliations with all of them.

In some of these cases Lee was obliged to interfere, notably in that of A. P. Hill. Hill was a splendid soldier. Lee loved him. By a strange coincidence his name was on the dying lips of Lee and Jackson both. But he was fiery and impetuous, and did not hesitate to criticize even the commander-in-chief with hearty freedom. He chafed sorely under Jackson's arbitrary methods. Lee, in recommending him, foresaw this and tried to insinuate a little caution. 'A. P. Hill you will, I think, find a good officer, with whom you can consult; and, by advising with your division commanders as to your movements, much trouble will be saved you in arranging details, and they can aid more intelligently.'

It was quite useless. The two fiery tempers clashed till the sparks flew. Jackson put his subordinate under arrest more than once. In the *Official Record* we may read the painful but very curious correspondence in which the two men laid their grievances before Lee, and Lee with patient tact tried to do justice to both. 'If,' says Hill, 'the charges preferred against me by General Jackson are true, I do not deserve to command a division in this army; if they are untrue, then General Jackson deserves a rebuke as notorious as the

arrest.' It is said that Lee at last brought the two together, and 'after hearing their several statements, walking gravely to and fro, said, "He who has been the most aggrieved can be the most magnanimous and make the first overture of peace." (This wise verdict forever settled their differences.' Forever is a long word, but surely no verdict of Solomon or Sancho Panza could be neater.

Lee's relations with Jackson as to strategy and tactics are no less interesting than the disciplinary. Some of Jackson's admirers seem inclined to credit him with Lee's best generalship, especially with the brilliant and successful movements which resulted in the victories of the second Bull Run and of Chancellorsville. Just how far each general was responsible for those movements can never be exactly determined. The conception of flank attacks would appear to be an elementary device to any military mind. Lee certainly was sufficiently prone to them, and urged them upon Jackson at an early stage. It is in nice and perfect execution that the difficulty lies, and in the delicate adjustment of that execution to the handling of the army as a whole; and in this Lee and Jackson probably formed as wonderful a pair of military geniuses as ever existed.

As to Lee's initiative, it can be easily shown that even in the first Valley campaign he had, to say the least, a most sympathetic and prophetic comprehension of Jackson's action. If Jackson may possibly have conceived the plan of operations which led to the second Bull Run, it was Lee who designed the movements of Gaines's Mill, which Jackson failed to carry out. At a later date, just before Fredericksburg, when Jackson was again operating in the Valley, his biographer, Henderson, in the absence of authentic data, assumes that the lieutenant was

anxious to carry out some flanking conception of his own, and that Lee assented to it. This may be so, but a few weeks later still, when the battle was imminent, Lee expresses himself to a very different effect: 'In previous letters I suggested the advantage that might be derived by your taking position at Warrenton or Culpeper, with a view to threaten the rear of the enemy at Fredericksburg. . . . As my previous suggestions to you were left to be executed or not at your discretion, you are still at liberty to follow or reject them.'

The case that has aroused most controversy, one of those problems that can be always discussed and never settled, is that of Chancellorsville. The facts, so far as they can be gathered from conflicting accounts, seem to be as follows. On the night of May 1, Hooker had withdrawn to Chancellorsville. Lee and Jackson met and talked over the state of things. Examination had shown that to attack Hooker's left and centre was out of the question. On the other hand, reports received from the cavalry made it appear that the right might be assailed with advantage. Lee therefore decided on this, and ordered Jackson to make the movement. Jackson then secured further information, elaborated his plans accordingly, and acted on them with Lee's approval.

Evidently this statement leaves many loopholes, but it is impossible to be more definite, or to say just where Lee's conception ended and Jackson's began. If we turn for information to the two principal actors, we shall not progress much. 'I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy,' says Lee; but this passing of compliments means no more than Jackson's general acknowledgment: 'All the credit of my successes belongs to General Lee; they were his

plans, and I only executed his orders.' Jackson's special comment on Chancellorsville is not more helpful: 'Our movement was a great success; I think the most successful military movement of my life. But I expect to receive more credit for it than I deserve. Most men will think that I planned it all from the first; but it was not so.' — 'Ah,' we interrupt, 'this is magnanimous. He is going to give the credit to Lee.' — Not at all; he is only going to give it to God. Nor does Lee's letter to Mrs. Jackson make matters much clearer: 'I decided against it [front attack] and stated to General Jackson we must move on our left as soon as practicable; and the necessary movement of troops began immediately. In consequence of a report received about this time from General Fitzhugh Lee . . . General Jackson, after some inquiry, undertook to throw his command entirely in Hooker's rear.'

What interests me in the controversy is not the debated question, which cannot seriously affect the greatness of either party concerned, but the characteristic reserve of Lee, as shown in the last sentence above quoted, and far more in the letter to Dr. Bledsoe, written, says Jones, in answer to 'a direct question whether the flank movement at Chancellorsville originated with Jackson or with himself.' Lee's reply is so curious that I quote the important part of it entire.

'I have however learned from others that the various authors of the life of Jackson award to him the credit of the success gained by the Army of Northern Virginia where he was present, and describe the movements of his corps or command as independent of the general plan of operations and undertaken at his own suggestion, and upon his own responsibility. I have the greatest reluctance to say anything that might be considered as detracting from his well-

deserved fame, for I believe no one was more convinced of his worth or appreciated him more highly than myself; yet your knowledge of military affairs, if you have none of the events themselves, will teach you that this could not have been so. Every movement of an army must be well considered and properly ordered, and every one who knew General Jackson must know that he was too good a soldier to violate this fundamental principle. In the operations around Chancellorsville, I overtook General Jackson, who had been placed in command of the advance, as the skirmishers of the approaching armies met, advanced with the troops to the Federal line of defenses, and was on the field until their whole army recrossed the Rappahannock. There is no question as to who was responsible for the operations of the Confederates, or to whom any failure would have been charged.'

The more I read this letter, the less I understand it. It does not answer Bledsoe's question at all, makes no attempt to answer it. Instead, it tells us that Jackson did not rob Lee of the command or the responsibility or the glory. Who ever supposed he did? And why did Lee write so? Did he wish to leave Jackson the credit of initiative in the matter? It sounds as if he wished the precise contrary, which is quite incredible. Or did he miss the whole point, which seems equally incredible? This letter, like some others, goes far to reconcile me to the loss of the memoirs that Lee did not write. I feel sure that, with the best intentions in the world, he would have told us very little that we desire to know.

It is hardly necessary to say that in a comparison of Lee and Jackson, the question of just how far either one originated the military designs which

covered both with glory, is not really very essential. I hope that I have already indicated the difference between them. Perhaps in their religion it is as significant as in anything. To both religion was the cardinal fact of life; but in Lee religion never tyrannized, in Jackson I think it did. Lee said that 'Duty was the sublimest word in the language.' Nevertheless, if he had heard Mrs. Jackson's remark that her husband 'ate, as he did everything else, from a sense of duty,' I think he would have smiled, and observed that it might be well occasionally to eat for pure pleasure. It would be most unjust to say that Jackson's was a religion of hell; but it would be nobly true to say that Lee's was a religion of heaven. Perhaps it would be fairer to both to speak of Jackson's as a devouring fire, of Lee's as a pure and vivifying light. Indeed, especially in comparison with Jackson, this idea of light satisfies me better for Lee than anything else. His soul was tranquil and serene and broadly luminous, with no dark corner in it for violence or hate.

And, although I speak with humility in such a matter, may we not say that the military difference between the two was something the same? It is possible that Jackson could strike harder, possible even that he could see as deeply and as justly as his great commander. I think that Lee had the advantage in breadth, in just that one quality of sweet luminousness. He could draw all men unto him. What a splendid mastery it must have been that kept on the one hand the perfect friendship and confidence of the high-strung, sensitive, and jealous Davis, and on the other the unquestioning loyalty, affection, and admiration of a soul so swift and haughty and violent as that of Jackson!

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR BOYS?

BY WILLIAM T. MILLER

THE Boy, like the Tariff, the Football Rules, and the Suffragette, is an eternal problem. He is a never-ending source of discussion at teachers' conventions, family councils, and sociological conferences. He is blamed for many things which he has nothing to do with; and is sometimes, though rarely, given credit for things he does not do. Usually, however, the criticism of the Boy is adverse. Where there is one optimist to see his good points, there are ten pessimists to bewail his faults.

Perhaps the strongest and most unprejudiced adverse criticism at the present time comes from the field of business life. It is very common for a business man to complain about the boys that come into his employment. They can neither write neatly, spell correctly, nor cipher accurately; their personal habits are none too admirable, and they have little politeness or respect for superiors. So say many large employers of boy-labor. If these statements are all true, surely there is something wrong with our boys.

Now, with remarkable unanimity of opinion, the critics lay the blame for this assumed deterioration of the boy at the door of the school. Magazines and newspapers seeking information on this vital subject from business men find almost universal dissatisfaction with present-day boys, and an equally universal belief that the trouble is not so much with the boy himself as it is with the system under which he is educated. If these beliefs are correct diagnoses of conditions, then it behooves

educators to do some pedagogical house-cleaning.

But there are several things to be said in explanation and extenuation. In the first place, it is a mistake to assume that the inefficiency of boys in the lower levels of business life means a general deterioration of the boy in general. Comparisons, especially of persons, are dangerous arguments. When we compare, for instance, the business efficiency of present-day boys with that of the boys of thirty years ago, we should take into account that the average store- or office-boy of to-day is decidedly lower in natural ability and mental calibre, regardless of his school training, than the boy in a similar position thirty years ago. The reason for this is that undoubtedly these boys come to-day from a lower level of boy life. Business has broadened and expanded tremendously, making necessary a vast army of boy-workers where before but few were required. This creates the demand; now for the supply. There are wide individual differences in boys. Those of a high order of natural ability usually wish to gain as much education as possible. Each year the opportunities for cheap and convenient higher education increase; each year more and more boys who are mentally and morally strong go into the higher schools (both secondary and collegiate), and are thereby withdrawn from the supply needed to fill the places created by the commercial demand. Hence these places must be filled by a lower type of boy. In other words, the boy

who would formerly have been in the store and the office is now in the high school. Figures alone do not prove much, but it is interesting to note that as late as 1889 only fifty per cent of the grammar-school graduates entered high school in Boston, while in 1908 sixty-eight per cent entered. Obviously it is not logical to make a general deduction in regard to the character of the boy by comparing the lowest type of to-day with the high or middle type of the past.

Another reason why the boy of the business world to-day is of a lower type than his predecessor of the sixties is found in the glamour of commercial employment as contrasted with the undesirable features of industrial or trade work. In a store or office the boy can wear good clothes, keep in touch with the outside world, and usually manage to get along without working very hard. Therefore a great many who, on account of their peculiar traits and aptitudes, should be engaged in manual work, struggle up, above their level, into business life. An interesting proof of this statement is the present lack of skilled artisans in many trades. When business was less extensive, and the demand for boys was correspondingly slight, only the higher type as a rule secured these business places, while the lower types filled the industrial positions which are now considered undesirable, and in some of which there is an actual scarcity of supply.

The proper adjustment of talents and abilities to social and economic needs is one of the great problems of to-day. It is to be hoped that the present agitation in favor of vocational guidance will encourage boys and young men to look into conditions of supply and demand in prospective occupations before they decide on a life-work. Careful and scientific selection of vocations would bring about a better

equalization of workers between professional and commercial fields; and a large percentage of the inefficient boys now in business would find their proper place in the ranks of industrial and skilled labor.

The school, which is compelled by popular opinion to shoulder the entire blame for many of the deficiencies of youth, for which the home is equally responsible, is already at work on this vocational problem. In Germany, indeed, the solution has been almost worked out, but in America we are only just beginning to see that the efficiency of our social machine depends upon the proper balancing of the various forces entering into its complex action. This means that if we see to it that boys get into that class of work for which they are best fitted, both by inclination and personal aptitude, they will do better work, and the whole community will benefit. There is, it is true, much room for argument regarding many details and phases of the vocational movement. Especially should its advocates guard against any action which would hamper the individual initiative of the boy. One prominent schoolman has gone so far as to state that, in his opinion, 'vocational guidance is another nail in the coffin of initiative.' This is rather strong language, and probably the opinion grew out of a misconception of the real meaning and scope of vocational guidance. In its true and only defensible sense, this means the investigation by boys and girls, under suitable direction and wise guidance, of the various kinds of employment open to them, with the requirements, possible rewards, and relative chances for steady work, so that they may be able themselves to choose that line of work in which they will be most likely to succeed.

The great development of city life has helped to accentuate the need for

this vocational direction. Usually, when the city boy has the choice of several positions, he takes the one which pays the best, entirely regardless of his own fitness or even his liking for that particular line of work. This haphazard procedure results in constant dissatisfaction on the part of both the employer and the employee. The former is not getting the kind of work he wants, and the latter is not doing the kind he likes. The large city, by the great development of its agencies for distribution, such as retail department stores and wholesale jobbing-houses, narrows rather than broadens the vocational horizon of a boy. In many large cities there are, it is true, great factories producing a multitude of articles; but boys, as a rule, know next to nothing of the manufacturing industries of their own city. The story is a familiar one of Benjamin Franklin's being taken by his father to visit all the different shops in Boston, so that the future philosopher might see all the trades then practiced there, with a view to selecting a suitable one for his own attention. It illustrates a real need of our boys at the present day. They lack experience; they do not know the opportunities and requirements of the various occupations carried on in their own cities. Their horizon is very narrow, and must remain so until intelligent and sustained effort is made to acquaint them with vocational facts. This effort the school must make.

It is the verdict of many close observers that our boys do not work hard enough. This does not mean necessarily that they are lazy, but rather that they have not acquired what may be called the habit of work. In this respect the city boy is at a disadvantage, for there is nothing to equal the farm chores as a means of developing habits of hard work. Of course there are city boys who do chores and are encouraged

by their parents to form habits of industry; but for the most part, especially in the so-called well-to-do classes, the boy's chief aim in life is the pursuit of pleasure, with useful work and study tolerated by him as unimportant side-issues.

It is a great pity that so many things which used to be looked upon as the proper work of the boy are now thought to be beneath his dignity, and are performed by servants or left undone. Again, the development of flat-life, the janitor system, and kindred metropolitan 'improvements,' have all helped in the emancipation of the boy from useful labor. The result is that most of our boys lack that habit of industry which makes it easy to work, whether it be at manual labor or in the culture of the mind.

Practical teachers often deplore the lack of care and effort bestowed upon lessons assigned in school to be studied at home. The trouble usually arises from the fact that the careless pupils do not know what hard, sustained, and careful work means. This is as much the fault of the home as it is of the school. It is often forgotten that the school has the boy only about five hours out of every twenty-four, and that habits developed in so short a period will be lost unless the home coöperate with the school. We are very familiar with the adage about all work and no play, and its dire effect on Jack's character; but nowadays there is more danger that 'all play and no work may make Jack a lazy boy,' as well as a dull one. The habit of work makes a boy more thorough in his lessons, and the result is better spelling, writing, ciphering, etc., when he goes into the world. The accuracy and care which the business man so longingly seeks can only come from a solid foundation of continuous hard work. The boy who has been trained to work at home and

at school will naturally be an active and ambitious clerk or artisan; for industry becomes a habit.

The power to think independently, and to make decisions unaided by a superior, is a very valuable possession, and it must be begun and developed in school, otherwise the boy will be under a heavy handicap. The boy who cannot think or decide crumples up under responsibility of any kind. It is largely responsibility and experience which develop this power of judgment. Here again, the country boy, with his animals to care for and his tasks to manage, has an advantage, for he simply must learn to plan and to think. In the city practically everything is taken for granted, and unless he learn to think in the school, the city boy is helpless. Whether he learns in school or not, depends chiefly on the individual teachers. The best course of studies in the world can be so stupidly administered that the mental activity and free thought of the child are effectually and utterly throttled. On the other hand, a very dead, uninteresting course may, in the hands of a good teacher, result in lively, spontaneous, thoughtful work.

But, regardless of where the fault lies, many observers agree that this lack of ability to think is one of the great deficiencies of our boys of to-day. It is to be feared that certain subjects which have been pressed recently into the curriculum of our elementary schools have served to deaden thought somewhat. We do not say this in disparagement of the subjects themselves, but rather of the methods by which they are commonly taught. Let us take, for example, Painting (not drawing, but water-color work), Weaving, Clay-Modeling, and Nature-Study, variously known (according to the point of view) as 'fads,' 'frills,' 'fillers,' or 'culture' studies. We do not wish to

take the utilitarian point of view that no study is of any value unless it can be coined into wages — or 'salary'; we believe that the end of education is not merely to earn 'a living,' but to gain more abundant life, which implies some ability to grasp the meaning of beauty in art and nature. Besides, even these so-called 'culture' studies have a disciplinary value if properly taught.

If Painting is a mere imitation, it becomes valueless daubing, but the true teacher will make the blending and harmony of colors an exercise of the judgment, developing powers of perception, comparison, and expression. In Weaving, if designs are simply wrought out blindly, the task is a waste of time educationally, however useful the finished product may be. But if the design is carefully planned by the individual child, and if difficulties are met and decisions made by him on his own responsibility, such work is undeniably stimulating to mental alertness. Nature-Study has been the butt of much ridicule, and it does seem a waste of time to look at pictures of birds, tear flowers apart, or play with chips of stone. The net result of much of this work in our schools is the learning of the names of a few specimens, promptly forgotten. And yet, properly taught, elementary science (for that is what true Nature-Study really is) offers an ideal opportunity for the cultivation of careful observation, accurate description, and systematic arrangement, — all demanding strictly original thought. The fallacy of jumping at conclusions, or arguing from defective induction, is not indulged in by the boy who has enjoyed some real objective teaching in elementary science.

It is unfortunate, however, that this same subject is at present taught, for the most part, in a very humdrum, lifeless, second-hand manner. When specimens are inadequate or entirely ab-

sent; when facts are pointed out by the teacher, instead of being discovered by the pupil through independent investigation; when conclusions are derived from the teacher or text-book, instead of being arrived at by the pupil's reasoning power, the study of elementary science is a waste of golden minutes.

But it is not only in these culture studies that poor teaching retards mental development; even in such accurate and exact studies as arithmetic and grammar, slipshod or dictatorial methods often result in blind, halting work, with no real independent power underlying the operations.

Beyond a doubt, education is far more widely diffused now than it was thirty years ago; and for that reason our boys ought to be better educated now than ever before. Probably they are; but that should not blind us to the deficiencies of our school-training which lessen the ability of the boy to do the work of the world. Education is not to be appraised by quantity; its value depends on the power it develops. If our boys lack the habit of work, the schools should see to it that, in school at least, they shall do more work, and do it more

carefully and continuously. The home must help, of course; but the school, and above all the individual teacher, must see to it that the boy does not sit back and absorb an education, but that he makes a vigorous personal effort to secure it. Teachers must work hard themselves, for the spirit of work is contagious; but they must not do the pupil's work for him.

By expert vocational guidance the school must broaden the experience of the boy, in order to remedy the present random method of doing the world's work. By revision of courses, and by careful training and supervision of teachers, the schools must do more for the development of the power of independent thought and self-reliant initiative. There is nothing very seriously wrong with our boys, nor with our schools either; but the three defects noted above must be met at once by corrective policies, both in the school and the home; or we shall soon find our boys at a standstill. When our boys are at a standstill, our outlook will be a dark one; for the only safe foundation for a strong and prosperous national future is the progressive education of the youth of the present.

THE COUNTRY MINISTER

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

To business men of a country town the minister appears to lead an easy life. 'Just think of it,' they say, 'nothing to do but prepare two sermons a week — and all the remainder of the time to enjoy himself!' The merchant who spends ten hours a day, six days of the week, at desk or counter; the professional man with his long hours of study and anxiety; the laborer with weary home-comings — all think such duties much less than their own. Not until the preacher is followed from Sunday to Sunday is it realized how far from complete is the showing.

To-day religious effort is systematized through church organization, and its leaders take on responsibilities commensurate with the larger field. As he comes down town Monday morning, stopping at the postoffice for a chat, at the corner for a greeting, or dropping into the newspaper office to look at the exchanges, the minister knows no moment when he does not feel himself a link in his church's onward movement.

He may be called to defend his profession in most unexpected places. The other day, on a slow-moving freight train, hours behind time, dragging its rumbling length over a branch railway, the passengers gathered at the end of the ill-smelling coach and talked as friends in discomfort. Somehow, the conversation turned to religious affairs, and a cattleman delivered some ponderous remarks concerning Bible history, highly colored with disbelief. After he had held the floor for some

time a quiet young man came forward and asked, as if for information, 'My friend, can you read Hebrew?'

'No, I never studied things like that,' admitted the cattleman.

'How about Latin and Greek?'

'Never went to college,' was the grudging answer.

'Have you read Plutarch or Herodotus in translation?'

'N-no.'

'Well, I have studied the Scriptures in three languages and have spent years on ancient history. It seems to me that you ought to learn something before you presume to criticize.' Then he gave the little audience a straightforward talk on the Word, taking up every assertion of the unbeliever's argument and disposing of it. At the end the passengers applauded, and the cattleman was heard no more. The quiet young man was pastor of a little church in a prairie village, but he dwelt in an atmosphere of study and militant religious effort.

Doubtless the pastor of a country church to-day does escape some of the hardships that attended the position a half-century ago. The work of the country-town minister to-day is greatly changed from that of the old-time itinerant, seedy of appearance, who expected to gain full reward for faithfully performed labors in the next world rather than in this. As in other professions, new elements have entered, and the minister has advanced with the times. He fills a different place in the community life; his field has enlarged

with the broader civilization and the myriad new problems.

Most important of all is the extension of organization, for there has been as vast an increase in organization in religious activities as in business. Be it conference, synod, or association, to which he pays allegiance, the pastor is no more an independent worker. This does not mean a lack of the missionary spirit that has animated men since the beginning of time. For instance: a young man and a young woman graduated together from a small college, married, and went out to their chosen work. In a two-room sod house, eight miles from town, on a homestead, with their three small children, they live close to Nature. The husband has charge of four widely separated congregations, driving his circuit with a sturdy pony and a cart. How they exist is a wonder, yet he gave cheerful testimony: 'There is so much good to do for these people — it is a blessed work for them and my church.' With him always is the zeal for the larger association and the thought of its advancement.

But his hardship is exceptional. In older-settled communities the country minister may live among his people, but there is no isolation, for farms are small and neighbors near. In newer states the ministers, for the most part, live in town; congregations in rural districts are served by going to them, rather than by locating with them. It is the opinion of many that there are too many church organizations represented in the American village. The directory of one typical western city shows a population of forty-four hundred. In it are fourteen church organizations, all but one having church buildings and maintaining paid pastors. With the attendance from the surrounding country districts, less than a thousand families are served, includ-

ing those with no church affiliations. Outside three leading denominations, the pastors have small salaries and speak to small congregations. Yet none would for a moment consider consolidation, whatever might be the argument for greater efficiency and power. The missionary spirit must abide with the larger part of these workers, else there could not be sustained effort. Occasionally a preacher grows weary of the struggle to make grocery bills and salary checks meet, resigns and moves away — but there is always another to carry on the task.

If the country minister remains a few years in a community he becomes a father-confessor to many families. In this age of unrest, of varying fortunes and of soaring ambition, two individuals especially are sources of advice to the family — the banker and the pastor. The one is consulted from necessity, the other from choice. Through the week the burdens of the heart-broken, of the desolate, of the discouraged, of the perplexed, come to the ears of the pastor. His sympathies are drawn upon and his assistance is asked in the most momentous affairs of life. He may wreck a promising career, he may lift a fainting soul to heights of usefulness. If he be a man of judgment and courage, he exerts an influence that cannot be measured, and leaves an impress that witnesses to his own usefulness. He carries with him a sense of accountability of which the business man in his narrow channel of daily interests knows nothing, and of which none but himself can have full understanding. His is a life of consecration to community-interests. The minister who loses ground does so because he fails to view his calling from this plane of everyday relations to his people and confines himself to his appearance in the pulpit, often the least of his opportunities for helpfulness.

Not every man is qualified to be a community-adviser, and fortunate is the congregation that possesses a pastor gifted with honesty of purpose and great common sense. He will be called on to settle many things — most of them affairs of which the outside world never hears. There are the father and mother, with a daughter for whose future they are anxious. Shall she be sent to college at the sacrifice of family funds, or shall she seek employment in store or office? Shall the son go to the city to make his own way, or shall he be kept at home? The pastor listens to all the arguments, reads in the parents' words the longing of their hearts, but knows the children, too. He is certain that the daughter will not use the college education wisely, that the son needs the utmost guardianship of the home — but what shall he say? The widow who needs advice is less of a problem than the unhappy wife who asks for guidance in her marital affairs. Perhaps a family can be saved by the right word at this time. It requires much knowledge of the heart to say it.

The stranger within the town's gates goes first to the parsonage. He is penniless, has rich relations or money coming to him; can he be helped? The city preacher is not the only one who is misled by tales of hard luck. Frequently his country brother yields to persuasion and contributes money which he sorely needs himself and which, when he finds he has been duped, he deeply regrets — for there is small recompense for misplaced charity in the consciousness of attempted Christian service. The agent who desires his approval of a set of books is a caller. On the pastor's recommendation perhaps many families will buy. Shall he be encouraged out of good-nature? These and other problems come before him, and he has no position isolated by formality

into which he may retire; he must meet all his parish face to face to-day and to-morrow, must receive the criticism and take the blame if he follows the wrong course. Little wonder that his daily walk is far from the popular idea of a flower-strewn way, 'with nothing to do but prepare two sermons a week.'

If the country minister is burdened with the trials of families already formed, he is made a part of the joy attending the starting of a new household. The bashful couple that knocks at the parsonage door on a summer evening, and in the little parlor, with the minister's wife as witness, enters the married life, is but one and perhaps the least interesting phase of this pleasant part of the pastor's work. Nor does the town wedding, with its pomp, its bridesmaids and groomsmen, its decorations and its formalities, furnish the only cheer.

One day the telephone calls and a voice comes from the farmer's line, ten miles away: 'Will you marry me the fifteenth of next month?' The name and place follow. Smilingly he replaces the receiver. On the appointed date a buggy drives to the parsonage. A farmer boy, uncomfortable in unaccustomed 'store clothes,' is ready to 'take out the preacher,' a distinguished honor. The affair is an important event — all weddings are important, but none more so than the one in the country. The family of the bride has lived long in the community; every neighbor for miles around is invited. The furniture has been set out of doors to make room for the guests. The crowd fills every available spot from kitchen to parlor. The bride's mother is nervously effusive, the father is doing his best to make himself useful. A score of questions await the minister's decision: Where shall the bridal couple stand? What shall be the order of precedence?

A hurried rehearsal is held in the upstairs bedroom, the bashful groom stumbling over every possible obstacle, the bride answering at the wrong place in the service. In the bay window of the parlor a bower of lace, vines, and rugs has been arranged. The organist of the neighborhood is playing a soulful love-ballad. Deftly, from much experience, the minister guides the palpitating bridal party from stairway to window-nook and performs the ceremony.

The gowns are unostentatious, there are no trains, no dress-suits — but there is a sweet simplicity sometimes lacking on more elaborate occasions. Then come congratulations. The pretty bride is kissed by every young man of the neighborhood, despite her frantic efforts to avoid it. There is laughter and hearty good-will. The minister sits at the head of a long table; supper is served — a bounteous, over-whelming supper, with all the skill of an expert housewife's effort expended on its preparation. It is rich with the product of farm, garden, and dairy, satisfying in every feature. It may lack cut glass and solid silver, it is not served by trained waiters, but it has a homelikeness that appeals to every guest. Following may come songs and a good old-fashioned visit, for the neighbors do not often come together on social occasions.

Suddenly breaks out the inevitable charivari — what would a country wedding be without it! Tin pans, shot-guns, yells, and every noise that healthy country boys can devise, make the night hideous. The groom pretends to be much vexed, the bride appears frightened — but at heart they feel that it is in a way a tribute to their popularity. They know how to stop it — the serenaders are taken to the kitchen and given the 'treat' they had expected.

By and by the bride and groom drive away. They have gone, as the local paper will say in its report next week, 'to the groom's fine farm, where has been fitted up for them a commodious residence.'

The preacher and his wife are taken back to town by their former driver, and as they jog over the country roads the sound of the company's parting dies; they talk of the hospitality enjoyed, of the fine young couple launched on wedded life, and of the good people they have met. At home the preacher takes from his pocket a ten-dollar bill, lays it on the dresser and considers the evening well spent.

Other duties come that have a more sombre side. Sorrow as well as joy is shared with the minister. When death comes to the farm home it means experiences not met when there is death on the avenue. The little dwelling is far from town, the family is perhaps crowded for room. The roads are rough and the storms severe. Again the neighbor-boy drives to town for the minister to conduct the service. If it be held at the house there is no possibility for the flower-laden, softening atmosphere of the city parlor. Family and friends are gathered around the coffin. The singers are beside the minister. Or there is service in the little country church, and the friends and neighbors sit on wooden benches, listening to words of sympathy and consolation. It is expected that there will be a sermon — it would seem out of place to have a short and formal service. So the minister fulfills that duty fully. Then he waits until all have filed in single row past the coffin, each attendant stopping for a long look at the form lying silent.

It is a slow ride to the last resting-place. No matter what the weather, no matter how unaccustomed to biting winds the preacher may be, he heads

the procession that travels, perhaps for miles, to the graveyard. Desolate is the country cemetery! Often it is bare of trees, and seems a neglected spot whose space the farms begrudge. If out on the plains, its boundary is a barbed-wire fence, its sod the original prairie grass that once knew the footprint of the buffalo. The care and adornment that mark the town cemetery are seldom found in it — yet around it centres the same love and tenderness. The minister is conscious of all this as he stands with bared head performing the final rites. He knows that there is left a family that must go back to a farmhouse to face a keen intensity of loneliness. Then comes the long ride back to town, and he reaches home chilled and weary.

If he be popular and has been long a resident of the place, he pays the price in scores of such trips during the year. Sometimes they come in such frequency that he has scarcely time in which to prepare his pulpit addresses. He exhausts his supply of nervous energy as well as his reserve of consoling words. Seldom is there financial recompense. The newer sections of the country have not yet reached the point in their development when their people expect to remunerate a minister for a funeral service. Of course he does not make a charge; he is willing to do his best to fulfill his priestly office in time of grief; but he sees the undertaker paid, the other expenses of the occasion met, and sometimes as he rests from a long, soul-disturbing afternoon he wonders if he also ought not to have some other recognition than thanks. When it does come he appreciates it, not for the money itself, but because it expresses in a concrete way the sentiment of those he has served. Some day there will be recognized the same obligation to the minister who officiates at a funeral as is unquestioningly felt

toward him who is the representative of church or state at a wedding — and the country minister is willing that that day shall arrive.

Even with the service his task is not always ended. There may be a request that he write a lengthy obituary for the local paper, and that he have published a card of thanks 'to all the kind friends and neighbors who assisted us in our late bereavement.' When he has fulfilled these requests he may be excused for feeling his responsibilities exceedingly well performed and for hoping that he may receive therefor a heavenly reward.

The necessity of calling on the members of his church occupies a vast portion of his time, and robs him of many hours needed for study. The city pastor, with his card-case, a carriage and driver, may make twenty calls in the afternoon. His country brother cannot so simply do his duty. Every family must have at least one visit during the year, not to mention one or two formal calls, if possible. The preacher and his wife must spend the evening or a part of the afternoon in a formal stay when the men are at home. The history and experiences of every member of the family are rehearsed — the time when Willie had the measles, the pain grandpa endured when his team ran away and broke his shoulder, and the adventures of Uncle Jim in the army. 'I have one hundred and forty families in my church,' said a conscientious pastor. 'I take out of the year one hundred and forty evenings for visits, which means about every available night when weather is suitable. Did I not do it, my people would fail to keep up their interest in the work and my board would ask an accounting.'

Owing to the complexity of church organization, the minister is of necessity the vehicle through which every order from higher authorities is trans-

mitted to his congregation; likewise he carries the message from his subordinate laborer to the people. He must meet with the committees on prayer meeting, Sunday school, missions, and various other activities, present their plans and put them into operation. He is almost certain to be afflicted with a stubborn deacon who can always find excuse to start trouble, who 'allows' that 'th' sermon was n't quite up to the mark to-day,' or bemoans the fact that somebody was offended by plain speaking. However, the deacon is more easily borne than the over-officious sister who feels called upon to report to the aid society all the shortcomings of the pastor's wife and household, and whose visits partake of the nature of licensed inspection. Years of service may accustom the minister to these visitations, but he never learns to welcome them.

Along with other duties the country-town minister must do his share in the general social activity of the community. Should he refuse, it means that he loses much in standing and usefulness. Does the Ancient Order of Trustful Knights have a banquet, who but the preacher is so fitted to deliver the principal address on the good of the order? Does the Ladies' Literary Club have an open meeting, who else can so well occupy the evening with an address on 'The Renaissance of Greek Poetry'? Is there a mass meeting for a charitable object, who but the preachers are to make the appeal from the stage of the opera house? Who else is to conduct the lecture course, see that the Carnegie library is managed satisfactorily, and take part in the exercises of flag-raising and public holidays? To accomplish all this calls for a large fund of information and familiarity with the world's doings. The minister cannot be a mere bookworm, buried in his study of Biblical literature — he

must be an active force among men. He fills a place that the old-time country preacher knew not in so large degree.

Out of all this activity he gains greater hold on the community, enhances the work of his church, and increases his own power. He realizes this, but sometimes wonders if the diversion of his talents in many directions is best after all. When he has spent a particularly wearing week in multifarious calls, he comes to the pulpit with some misgivings. He is thankful that he does not have to face a critical audience. To be sure, there are probably several college graduates before him, but they, too, have been busy and are sympathetically inclined. It is one of the solaces of the cultured minister that wherever he goes he finds men and women who have reached high planes of thought. In the unpretentious farmhouse may be found on the parlor wall a university diploma, instead of a steel engraving of Washington Crossing the Delaware, or a view of Napoleon's Tomb. He meets in his rounds earnest students who have not forgotten their Latin and psychology, who read the best books and periodicals. 'They must be nice people — they take such good magazines,' was the report of a rural carrier when asked regarding a new family just moved to a western farm. So the minister is inspired to live up to the best that is in him; whether speaking in a country schoolhouse or in his comfortable church, he is ever cognizant of unceasing appeal to the best that is in him.

Whether or not he have strong political opinions, it is necessary that there be some attention given to affairs of state; but the wise minister refrains from expressing extreme sentiments. Should he forget himself and go deeply into a campaign, he is likely to regret it after election. This does not, however,

prevent him from belonging to one of the national parties, and he holds the respect of the men of his church when he frankly takes his position. Endeavoring to conceal political preference for fear of giving offense, is poor policy, and few ministers adopt it. With the matter of secret societies and lodges it is different. 'I have allowed my membership in several lodges to lapse,' said one country minister, 'not because of any fault with the organization, but because I found that to be an active member meant the withdrawal of a certain amount of energy from my church work in which it is needed.' On the other hand, many ministers say their lodge associations help them in church work by bringing them in touch with the men of the community in a place where all meet as equals. The idea of rivalry between lodge and church has largely passed away, and the two are understood as supplementing each other in the accomplishment of good things for the community-life.

So with the Sunday school, which is depended upon to recruit the church membership, and in the country town outstrips the maturer congregation in members. It holds forth in the country schoolhouse during a part of the year, then rests until there comes another season of interest. The farmer and his family may maintain this school, but the minister must be there sometimes if it is to be established with any certainty of good. So on Sunday afternoon he drives out and gives a talk to the children. In his home church he is expected to take an active interest in this part of the work — and if his wife does not teach a class she is by some considered as falling below the proper measure of a helpmate. At every religious festival the minister must assist in the Sunday-school celebration, and always he must advise and counsel with the superintendent. The school's

progress depends, in the last analysis, on the pastor's tact and his ability to set strong men and women to work.

In this age of varied directness of religious effort, the minister is likely to seek methods of adding to the uplift of his parishioners through the introduction of semi-worldly enterprises. The organization of brotherhoods, with their impetus toward good citizenship, social betterment, and the physical development of their members, is but one of the more popular of these methods. They are aimed at securing the attention of the men — the women will come of their own accord.

'The hardest problem of the country minister,' said one who is an enthusiast in such matters, 'is to secure the presence and coöperation of the men. Out of the large number who nominally belong to the congregation, comparatively few can be reached and held. It is not that, as in the city, there are many counter-attractions, — for these are less numerous in a country community, — but because of an indifference that is difficult to analyze and to overcome. The demand for the church's assistance in a prosperous country town, with no vicious criminal classes, no slums, no tenement districts, no great crying field for charity, — simply the exposition of every-day Christianity, — does not make to many men a strong appeal. It lacks the spectacular, and perhaps that accounts in some degree for the inertia. It is not hostility; it is merely unwillingness to act; but it can be aroused when needed to carry on any good work.'

So the minister, with his desire to build up the congregation and to meet the competition that exists because of the many others working to the same end, strives to interest the men. He dislikes to feel that any of his members are, as one expressed it, 'loafing on the

job.' He knows that the end of the year will bring a necessity for meeting obligations — not alone his own salary, which is none too munificent, but the benevolences of the church. When he packs his suit-case and starts for the annual convocation of his synod or conference, he is conscious of a justifiable satisfaction if he can report that every fund has been filled.

The itinerant evangelist is one of the agents used to bring new activity into the religious life of the town. He is usually accompanied by a singer, and for a week or a month exhorts and calls to repentance. When he comes with a wholesome message, with enthusiasm and the ability to present his cause in a winning way, he does much good. He puts new life into the work, starts the town to talking about religious things, and brings many to a sense of responsibility toward the church and its mission. But he may be of the sensational variety, seeking self-glorification as well as the accomplishment of reform. Then he writes for the local papers glowing reports of his own sermons and takes delight in a wholesale denunciation of whatever he considers the town's chief faults. This makes leading citizens angry, but he cares not. He preaches one sizzling sermon on dancing and another on card-playing, and he is the topic of conversation during his stay. A census of conversions is published daily, and at the end a handsome contribution, nearly equal to the pastor's salary for a year, is presented to him.

Thereupon the professional revivalist moves on, and the hard-working minister resumes his task. After a few weeks comes relaxation. One sister gives a bridge-whist party, and some of the young folks indulge in a ball. So the burden is back on his own shoulders; he it is who must hold the church to its accustomed standard, and be re-

sponsible for its ultimate success — a duty far different from that of the evangelist, calling for more sustained power and for established consistency in word and act.

Every minister has an ambition to leave his church better than he found it. If the building be scant in proportions, he strives to inspire his congregation to build a new one or to enlarge the present structure. That means a great deal of money. It must come usually not from the congregation alone, but from many outside contributions. The business men, feeling that it is a good thing to strengthen religious work, are liberal givers. So the contract is let when a part of the money is raised, and when the work is completed, the minister and his helpers struggle to complete the payment. Sometimes it is easy — sometimes not. When one denomination takes this course, others are convinced that it is their duty to do likewise. One church after another is reconstructed, and only those immediately concerned with the finances realize just how difficult is the task.

Of late years, with greater prosperity among the members, church contributions have increased. The minister is better paid; he depends less on donation parties, with their heterogeneous collection of undesirable provender, and receives his salary with greater regularity. He shares in the prosperity of his parishioners, and is able to conduct the business end of his profession with more system. This enhances his self-respect, makes his service more efficient, and gives him a position in the community that enables him to accomplish larger things. Needless to say he does not lay up riches in this world. With a yearly stipend that may reach \$1200, and a parsonage, he manages to pay the family bills — and little more. This is not the usual figure, however;

when the wage falls to \$800 or \$600, the struggle with his bank-account is perpetual. The minister and his wife must dress well enough to be presentable in any company; their home must be fit for the visit of any parishioner; indeed, it is a stopping-place for many a wanderer who ought to have tact enough to go to a hotel.

The attitude of the business men toward the ministers, even though there be more churches than are really needed for the size of the town, is one of encouragement. To all the multifarious calls they are found willing givers within their ability. If detailed to a special work, they do it gladly so far as their power extends. Occasionally in the membership are one or two families of wealth that unquestioningly make good all deficits, but generally the population of the country town is pretty much on a level. Good times are diffused over all; business depression is felt uniformly.

Because of this common level the minister is called on to lead few crusades. He has no benighted districts into which he must carry personal warfare against bitter opposition. There may be, and frequently are, times when he joins with the good citizen in curbing an evil tendency, and often he is met by unforeseen outbreaks of lawlessness that call for quick action, level-headed judgment, and courage. If he be not content to take a moderate view and be inclined to force special ideas, it is likely that he will not remain a country minister, but will find his field in the service of some reform work of different scope. The pastor's work does not call for perpetual display of fireworks; it requires rather sympathetic helpfulness for men and women who are doing their daily task with anxiety for material success, often against odds, and who are willing to be assisted but cannot be coerced.

The country press gives to the minister and to the church ungrudging aid. The minister seldom finds in the local paper the embarrassment met by his fellow worker in the city, where sensational reports and more sensational headlines may exploit some trivial statement or unimportant action into undesired prominence. His publicity department is his own, and with it he can accomplish much. He may be the author of the reports of his weddings, his funerals, his special services — the editor asking only that he furnish legible copy.

Occasionally a country minister, nervous and high-strung, feels hampered for a time by this yearly round. He wonders why he cannot arouse in the community the enthusiasm he imagines follows the efforts of city preachers whose portraits and interviews occupy liberal space in city papers. He longs for more action, more excitement, and rebels at the weight of his burden. After he has become acquainted with his people, after he knows intimately their daily life and learns their merit and limitations, his view changes. He knows then that the country neighborhood, or the country town, has a high level of morality; that if it does not glow with exaltation, neither does it descend to depths of degradation; that instances of marked wickedness are isolated, that the men and women as a whole are well-behaved, trying to be good citizens and to bring up their families in honor and good-will. Because he can assist them in this, and can fill so large a place in their daily life, the man with consecration in his heart and good sense in his head, has a rare opportunity. It depends entirely upon himself how much he shall accomplish. He may remain in his study; he may polish his sermons in preference to improving his acquaintance with the everyday folk of congregations.

gation and neighborhood; he may assume extreme dignity and dwell aloof; but if he does so he is the exception, for the country minister of to-day is a man among men, filling a man's place in the civic life while occupying the position of a representative of a higher calling.

As his children grow up, the minister seeks a change to a college town where they can obtain an education while living at home. He is thankful for the abundance of small colleges; it gives him better opportunity to secure this boon. Sometimes he leaves the ministry at this period and goes into business to secure a competence for the possible rainy day. Not always does he succeed; the profession he has followed so many years has given little training for money-making, and he is exceptional if he be a success in his new field. Perhaps gifted with his pen, he manages to earn extra money by contributing to church papers or to the magazines. His success here depends largely on his ability to group helpful suggestions and timely topics in attractive prose. Usually he looks forward to the fund for the superannuated as a pension in his old age. Finally he gives up caring for a reg-

ular charge, and 'supplies' a pulpit now and then, enjoying a well-earned rest.

The demand is always for a higher class of men in the country ministry. The graduates of theological schools get in the country their training for larger fields. They learn what it means to care for the spiritual welfare of a people while filling a large place in the social and civic life. The rewards are not liberal, expressed in dollars and cents, but measured by the chances for usefulness and for development of character they are limitless. It is a preparation for the fulfillment of hopes, the accomplishment of ambitions. Even if the call does not come to a higher position, the field offers its own recompense. It is something for the minister to know that careers of usefulness have been begun because of his unselfish advice; that his counsel is cherished by successful men and women filling their own place in the world; that laid away in bureau drawers are scores of cherished newspaper clippings, reports of weddings and funerals at which he officiated, obituaries he penned. Looking back on such years of service, the country pastor has ample reason to rejoice.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Do you remember, from the dim delight
Of long ago, the dreamy summer night,
So full, so soft, when you, a sleepy child,
Lay in your faintly star-light room, and smiled
Responsive to the laughter of the folk
Who sat upon the porch below and spoke
From time to time, or sang a snatch of song?
Do you remember still across the long
Years' way the perfume from the flower beds
Wafted in gusts of sweetness, as the heads
Of drowsy blooms were shaken by the wind?
And wistful, do you still hold in your mind
The myriad doings of the summer night?
The tree-toads, and the cricket's chirp, the flight
Of fireflies, those burglars of the dark,
Who flash their lantern light, then veil its spark;
The breathless calling of the whip-poor-wills,
A sobbing screech-owl off among the hills?
Then — cobweb visions over dreamy eyes —
Do you remember how in mystic guise
Sleep 'gan to wave her mantle o'er your head?
Now far, now near, the shadowy folds she spread,
Slow, and more slow, until at last they fell
And wrapt you in their slumb'rous heavy swell —
And so, close gathered into happy rest,
Sleep caught you fast against her fragrant breast,
Then set her velvet pinions wide in flight
And bore you through the wonder of the night.

THE PORTRAIT INCUBUS

BY HELEN NICOLAY

THERE is a book yet to be written — an intimate sort of book, not for the drawing-room, but for the closet. It will seem a little like a book of devotions, but much more like a *Housekeepers' Manual*. Purely scientific in spirit, it will be wholly reverent, even a bit ceremonial in expression; and its title will be *A Guide to the Decorous Destruction of Ancestors*.

We may hesitate to admit it, but can we truthfully deny that at some time each one of us, deep down in his or her heart, — particularly *her* heart at house-cleaning time, — has longed for such a volume? We may even have been unconscious of the longing; or, acutely conscious, have smothered the thought in horrified haste, crushing it madly back into the Pandora's box of evil suggestions that each is fated to carry about with him through life, but must strive to keep shut, with what success he can, for the good of Society. I confess the thought was no stranger to me when I suddenly came face to face with it the other day in a Boylston Street curio-shop.

It was a dismal place, that shop, full of the odds and ends that congregate in every such eddy of trade, — lame highboys, frivolous Empire tables, pieces of Sheffield plate, Mayflower chairs of doubtful parentage, and all the dusty, pitiful riff-raff of smaller objects that have once been precious, but are now discarded and utterly forlorn. Huddled together awaiting purchasers, jostled about the shop by a great demon of a porter, black as the

pit from whence he was digged, and presided over by a callous young clerk, insensible alike to their pathos or their artistic merit, it was — if inanimate things have feelings of their own — a very inferno.

Hanging on the wall, in one corner overlooking the clutter, was a portrait. Not a very good portrait, even as portraits go (and, goodness knows, portraits go rapidly from bad to worse!) but a portrait with compelling gaze that caught the eye and would not be denied. Technically, it was a marvel of simplicity, a thing of flat tints and few colors, points connoisseurs rave over. But unfortunately these flat tints were laid on with the flat finality of the sign-painter, instead of palpitating with hidden form as do the flat tints of a master. Presumably the picture was painted by some village artisan, some untaught genius whose days were spent in manual toil, but whose dreams and scanty holidays were held sacred to the goddess he could not openly woo. Of its two colors, one was a dull and faded blackish gray, resembling stove-polish, which once stood for dark blue. The other, a leathery yellow, was used impartially for the complexion and for touches of gold that enlivened the sombre material of the sitter's uniform.

For this was a military portrait, showing a man not quite young, but very far from old. A man with thoughtful face, clean-shaven save for a slight moustache, thin cheeks, arched brows, rather long black hair sweeping away from a high forehead, and eyes that

gazed out over a lapse of fifty years. The costume, that of a major in the early days of our Civil War, would have supplied the date had that been necessary, but the date was cut deep in every line of the sensitive face, carved there by the tools Nature reserves for her greatest triumph of mind over matter — when she moulds features and expression in whole generations of forceful men into consonance with some governing idea.

This was the student, the dreamer, of 1861, a face that the next four years were to change utterly; either blotting it from the earth, to halo its place with a martyr's crown, or infusing it with an energy that removed it forever from the ranks of those who dream.

Meanwhile it was typical: a man American to the core, nervous, spare, highly strung, a trifle romantic, wholly earnest; the kind to respond to a great duty or a magnificent idea, no matter how repugnant it might be to the fibre of his being, and once enlisted in a cause, to follow it, even to the grave. Therefore, though he deprecated war, he wore a uniform, this saddest of all types of soldier — an officer without the lust of battle, who could lead his command unfalteringly to honorable death, but never, unaided, inspire it to headlong victory. Fortunately, other types marched with him in that hour, shoulder to shoulder; men in whose veins the red blood of magnetic leadership ran riot, whose courage fused with his own in the heat of combat to make the annals of those dark days glow like an epic from the Homeric past.

But what of the portrait's history? How came it to be looking down on the dreary remains in this Boylston Street furniture-morgue? It is easy to divine the first chapters of its story. The small persistent daily self-denials that built up the sum required for this canvas, painted from a *carte-de-visite* after

its original rode away and was swallowed up by that insatiable, all-consuming monster called the Army of the Potomac. Further weeks of economies went into the tarnished bit of gilt magnificence in which it was framed. One can see the shaded parlor where it hung; and if one is quite shameless, linger there to spy on the adoring, anxious, suffering eyes that gazed at it daily from the threshold, gathering courage from this sweet torture, to endure and hope on to the end.

What was the end? Was his one of the lives snuffed out, or did he come home broken in health but superb in spirit, his eagle's glance not to be dimmed by age or pain? In either case the picture was no longer true. It lacked the nimbus, or the eagle's eye. And forty-odd years have passed since that time. After the gentle soul to whom it was both torment and solace looked her last upon it, what happened? The frame seems to tell a tale of poverty and decay. Did the family slide down and down through grades of want until a last great sacrifice was demanded, and a pitiful procession of household gods passed under the hammer? Or did the family fortunes rise instead by leaps and bounds, soaring on inflated stocks until its younger members were wafted into a region where only 'true' art can be endured? Did they shudder at this fallow unvarnished old kinsman of theirs, and finally cast him out on the tender mercies of the ragman? Does a questionable Sir Joshua, or a blatantly prismatic Sorolla, hang in the white-and-yellow drawing-room that long ago superseded that shadowy best parlor, with its mid-Victorian walnut and dark green window-shades?

And if — Oh, there are so many ifs!

First of them all is this: If we keep abreast of the times, accept modern

notions about matter and development and all that (and nobody in this day questions the industry of germs, whatever secret animosity he may cherish toward Higher Criticism), are we not galloping on two horses at once, precariously near a fall, if we still cling blindly to worn-out conventions regarding our ancestors? After all, why should we be specially polite to those old worthies, we, who never saw them, never asked to be born, had no part in the passions that created us, and owned not a single share, either for gain or loss, in their great joint-stock company called the Past?

We should 'honor our fathers and mothers'? Certainly; and love our brothers and sisters and, if we can, our uncles and aunts and cousins, and sundry isolated individuals in the third and fourth generations back of us — all of our ancestors in fact that we have known in the flesh. But behind them stretch indefinite lines and files and platoons of forebears, growing hazy in mortal outline, until they drop human semblance altogether, to take on grotesque forms of beasts and birds and prehistoric monsters, and finally sink to the less terrifying though equally potent protoplasm. What a collection of gargoyles our family portrait-gallery really contains!

No. Our obligations lie not so much in the dim past as in the vague and quite as indefinite future. And, granted that as a race we have outgrown some ancestors, does n't it follow that we may as individuals outgrow others? And if this is so, is n't it manifestly unfair to those who come after us, to saddle them with a lot of antiquated lumber for no better reason than that it bodies forth, more or less inaccurately, the mortal shapes of some dead and gone kinsmen?

Doubtless in the beginning there was excellent reason for treasuring and

venerating family portraits; just as there was good solid reason for most of the customs that have hardened and caked into illogical conventions of twentieth-century life. Very likely self-preservation lay at the bottom of this one; since there was a time when right made might, and family glorification was part of the game. No, not of the game, — part of the grimly desperate struggle away from the beast toward higher things. Family arrogance made for supremacy. Family portraits were convenient, portable family history, evidence in tangible shape of family pride and power.

We have inherited the convention, and the arrogance. We have also invented the camera. And who can look upon a collection of family blue-prints as tangible evidence of anything except fatuous imbecility. Think of the tons of paper, blue, black, and brown, under which our family archives groan. And of their effect on the minds of an unprejudiced posterity! Uncle Lionel, at the age of seven weeks, clutching his nursing-bottle, is not calculated to inspire sentiments of valor, though Uncle Lionel grown to manhood, wielding a pen or a scalpel, or with his hand on the lever of a sky-soaring machine, may prove braver than all the heroes of antiquity rolled into one.

After all, however, it is not fair to hold the camera responsible. The mere march of years did it, and the *coup de grâce* really fell when portraits, like ancestors, became too numerous.

Take for instance, the Six gallery at Amsterdam. Its chief treasure, Rembrandt's portrait of Burgomaster Six, with his reddish hair and glorious red cloak, is a priceless family monument, but infinitely more interesting as a record of the friendship of a great artist for a sturdy man. In the same gallery hangs the portrait of the Burgomaster's mother, a dear fat old dame,

on whose broad bosom one could willingly lay one's head to rest, or weep. Then, scattered through the different rooms are half a dozen pictures of Dr. Tulp, the Burgomaster's son-in-law, chiefly remarkable for their unlikeness to Rembrandt's famous portrait of him in the Anatomy Lesson, and for the side-light they throw on his popularity, and his willingness to be 'done in oil.' In the hallway, where, fortunately, it is difficult to see it, hangs a likeness of the girl he married, painted when she was a very little maid. Let us hope it does her injustice. A modest portrait of the present Baroness is also in the collection. But if every Six, from the old Burgomaster down to his latest daughter-in-law, were represented, it would long ago have ceased to be a picture gallery and have become a multiplication-table!

This is not an argument against the manufacture of portraits. Let everybody be painted. The more the merrier! Artists must live. Family affection must find expression; private grief, if possible, be assuaged. Let every one who longs for a portrait of 'dear Annie,' or 'dear Mother,' or 'cute little Joe,' have the desire of his heart satisfied. Though many are painted, few are saved — from final destruction. But, when the choice comes, let it, in Heaven's name, be made on some more rational ground than the fetich of ancestor-worship. On what ground? Ah, that is another story. Our present concern is with the portraits that do not endure.

After the last person who personally cares for them is gone, — mind you, not until then, — and when they have become a burden to the artistic conscience, or a dead weight on the house-keeping instinct of those whose duty is to make homes for the living, it is time, high time, to get rid of these atrophied remains of a dead past. The question

is, how to do it. We should go about it decently and quietly, even as Nature does when she undertakes a like task.

Shall the pictures be burned? I knew a family of girls, children of a dark-eyed, energetic western father, who was something of a political force in his state and day. A man he once befriended showed his gratitude by painting a life-sized portrait of his benefactor, and presenting it to the family. It had blue eyes, and was putty-faced, and about as unlike him as could well be imagined, but it was a gift, and a 'portrait,' and the family suffered under the incubus for several years, moving it from place to place about the house, to ease the pain. Finally the politician received his reward, and was translated to Washington, as good politicians sometimes are. Preliminary to the family flitting, there was a grand clearing-out of household rubbish. A great bonfire heap was made in the side-yard, and when the eldest daughter came upon her mother hesitating before this picture, she seized it firmly by the frame, a younger sister lent a willing hand, and the two bore it joyously forth and laid it on top of the pile.

Then the torch was applied, and the family of girls joined hands and circled slowly about it, singing a dirge, and waiting for the picture to burn. But it would n't ignite, and would n't, although the flames crackled merrily underneath. One of the girls, almost hysterical, got a long pole, and poked it viciously in the ribs. Then it caught, and they circled faster and faster about the pile, watching it writhe and twist in the blaze like a tortured thing. The blue eyes rolled up and glared at them. A sudden draft took one slowly-consuming fist and shook it in their faces; and at that moment one of them raised her head and saw the donor coming up

the driveway. With a shriek she fled, and the others vanished after her; all but the eldest, who stood her ground with very red cheeks, and the long pole clasped in a plucky if trembling hand.

There must be better ways than burning old pictures.

Another friend endured in silence as long as she could. Her incubus was a group portrait with spacious botanical background, showing two dropsical darlings of a great-aunt-by-marriage. The children died in infancy three quarters of a century ago. Their mother, in the last years of her pathetic boarding-house existence, begged, as a special favor, to have the precious canvas stored in her nephew's attic. And although she herself had long passed away, her niece-by-marriage continued to dust and care for the picture with New England thoroughness. At last one day when things were very still, and her heart very rebellious, she armed herself with a pair of huge shears, and mounting to the top of the house, cut that canvas into inch bits, feeling the while more criminal than Herod. And even after the deed was done, there were the fragments, hundreds of them, to be disposed of.

Clearly, cutting is not the way.

Nature has kindly moth, soft velvet rust, and silent caressing corruption in endless forms, to aid her in such under-

takings. Human methods seem so crude in comparison.

Shall the pictures be sold? Strange, is n't it, what effects certain combinations of words have on the adult mind? For example, those five short monosyllables, 'His own flesh and blood.' A sense of warmth, of possession, of protecting care, flows through one at the very sound of them. Prefix three other monosyllables, equally short and harmless—make it, instead, 'He would sell his own flesh and blood,' and outraged nature responds with a thrill of horror—possibly also of secret admiration for such thorough-paced villainy—comparable to nothing short of the tingle that goes through infant veins at the incantation, '*Fee, fi, fo, fum.*'

Shall cast-off family portraits be sold? No; a thousand times no! That was what happened to the Boylston Street soldier.

Then what can be done? They *ought* to be destroyed, irrevocably, utterly; but there must be reverence and dignity in the act. Fire is too savage; cutting too brutal; selling is not to be thought of, and Nature's kindly moth and corruption are agencies too slow and too subtle for our needs.

Surely there is a place in the world for that book I long to see,—that thin, prim little volume on whose title-page those who seek it may read: *A Guide to the Decorous Destruction of Ancestors.*

THE ABOLITION OF THE QUEUE

BY CHING-CHUN WANG

THAT a new style in the cut of the hair may mean, on the one hand, a saving of millions of dollars a year to a whole people, involving the destiny of a nation, and on the other hand, the most disastrous derangement of economic conditions, even to the extent of dislocating great industries of a whole nation, may not have occurred to those who have noted recently that the Chinese are cutting off their queues. The queue itself is insignificant; but its abolition means incomparably more than the mere removal of a few feet of hair. The significance of the economic as well as moral meaning behind this reform can hardly be overestimated.

The queue and the Chinese have become synonymous. To mention the Chinese immediately suggests the queue, and to mention the queue at once reminds one of the Chinese. Indeed, the Chinese without the queue are inconceivable! It is no wonder, then, that the recent Imperial Edict of the Chinese Emperor ordering all the Chinese diplomatic officers to cut off their queues, has at once aroused world-wide interest. The far-reaching effect and significance of this reform, however, cannot be estimated aright without some knowledge of the origin and singular meaning of this peculiar form of wearing the hair, which has been the mark of ridicule on the one hand, and a sign of refinement on the other.

After noting the great fondness which the Chinese in the United States have for their queues in the face of much inconvenience and embarrass-

ment, one can hardly believe that this style of tonsure was once forced upon them, with the sword, as a mark of subjection. Nevertheless this was the case. Before the advent of the present Dynasty in 1644, the Chinese wore their hair long, usually tied up in a knot on the top of their heads. The present Dynasty, on conquering the previous ruling house, imposed by martial law upon every male in the country the Manchu style of the queue. Official barbers, with full power either to shave the hair of every one whom they could catch, or, on his refusal, to cut off his head, were said to have been stationed in many parts of the country. It was inevitable that such a conspicuous and tangible mark of subjection should have been bitterly resisted even to the death by large numbers of the Chinese. Stories abound to the effect that many people during those years preferred to lose their heads rather than to shave their hair. But, as Dr. Arthur H. Smith remarked, the rulers 'showed how well they were fitted for the high task they had undertaken, by their persistent adherence to the requirement, compliance with which was made at once a test of loyalty.'

Time and dexterous policy have worked a complete change. Not only have the Chinese people long forgotten the rancorous hostility of their forefathers toward the queue, but they have become more proud of it, perhaps, than of any other characteristic of their dress. To an average Chinese young man, a fine long queue is of

more importance for his social prominence than the choice neck-tie, the smart cut of the coat, the crease of the trousers, and all other similar points of style combined, of his American brother. Indeed, to be born a Chinese boy without a wealth of hair for a good queue sometimes is regarded as more unfortunate than to be born an American girl prone to many freckles on the face, and hair of an unbecoming shade. Thus what was originally a badge of servitude has ended by becoming an object of pride and solicitude.

Such has been, and to a large extent is, the affection of the Chinese for the queue. During the last two centuries, scarcely any one ever thought of changing the queue, much less of abolishing it. Indeed, it seemed as if the queue were to remain a part of the Chinese people as long as China should remain a nation.

With the beginning of intimate intercourse with the West, however, there gradually sprang up a feeling against the queue, which has grown, not because of any lack of loyalty to the Dynasty, but because of the conviction of the inconvenience of the queue itself. But nothing appreciable had been done toward its removal until after the Chino-Japanese war, when the Emperor Kwanghsu, along with the other reforms which he was about to introduce, was reported to have favored the removal of the queue. But the ambition of that enlightened Emperor was cut short by the *coup d'état* of 1898, after which everything returned to its former course, and no further talk of this reform was heard until 1900. In that year it was reported in some quarters that the advance of the allied forces into Peking meant the end of the queue. This, however, did not prove to be the case; and the queue prospered as ever, in spite of all the violent changes in China.

In the mean time, the popular feeling against the queue has grown in proportion to the increase of foreigners coming into China, as well as to the unprecedented exodus of Chinese travelers and students into other countries. The law requiring the wearing of the queue also gradually relaxed in severity. Not many years ago, the cutting off of the queue would have been dealt with as a criminal act, while to-day members of the Imperial Household go without it. Before 1900 a Chinese in the United States without a queue was a rare exception, but now the reverse is the case. Not long ago the queue, if considered at all, would have been cited as an essential badge of civilization, 'a *sine qua non* of even a moderately intellectual ascendancy'; while to-day, in the Chinese capital itself, the queue is condemned as a nuisance. The fact that thousands upon thousands of Chinese young men have cut off their queues, without any permission from the Government, clearly shows that the once severe law governing the wearing of the queue has virtually become a dead letter.

In spite of the silent change of public opinion in regard to the queue, the Government, being too deeply absorbed in other reforms, did not pay much attention to the queue until His Excellency Wu Ting-fang, the late Chinese Minister to the United States, presented his memorial. Minister Wu's experience in foreign countries and his keen observation of the conditions of the Chinese people, especially those in America, convinced him of the uselessness of the queue. So, in spite of the warning of his staff that his agitation for the abolition of the queue might prove disastrous to his official career, he did not hesitate to present to the Throne, at the beginning of 1910, his memorial setting forth his convictions. He fearlessly stated that he found that

eight or nine tenths of the Chinese in America had removed their queues, and that the remainder, while retaining them, were at pains to conceal this appendage, which they found at once inconvenient and derogatory. He went still further. He even urged the abolition of the queue on general principles, and boldly pointed out to the Throne that it had nothing to do with loyalty, and was entirely unsuited to modern conditions.

To the surprise of many, the memorial actually received considerable favorable discussion in Peking. But, on the clever plea of the conservatives that the removal or retention of the queue did not belong to the realities of reform and had no bearing on the strength or weakness of the country, Minister Wu's memorial was 'shelved.'

The abolition of the queue, however, had become too burning a question to be stopped by this adverse attitude of the Peking authorities. No sooner was Minister Wu's memorial made known than the Chinese ministers to Italy and Holland presented similar memorials pleading for the abolition of the queue, only with more emphasis. In fact, the latter was so opposed to the wearing of the queue that he had cut off his own, without waiting for any instruction or even permission from the Throne, which act fifteen years ago would have cost him his life.

Just about this time Prince Tsai Tao, uncle of the Emperor and brother of the Prince Regent, returned from his world tour. This young, energetic prince was so convinced of the uselessness of the queue, that he personally urged the Prince Regent again and again to abolish it. He even made compliance with his request a condition of his remaining in office. The strenuous advocacy of this prince supplied the strength that had been lacking in the proposals of China's diplomatic officers. Follow-

ing his lead, other princes and members of the Imperial Family and anti-queue officials took new courage, and for a while flooded the Throne with pleas and memorials advocating the change. In fact, all other reforms which rightly came up for discussion in government circles were for the time being held in abeyance, owing to the absorbing interest attached to this problem.

Moreover, the question had also become the general topic of conversation throughout the whole empire. All classes of people seemed to take a personal interest in the matter. The conservatives exerted their best efforts to maintain their last stand, while the progressives seized every opportunity to carry out their policy.

To the outsider, it appears mysterious, if not ridiculous, that there should be so much opposition and higgling against the removal of an appendage which has been universally recognized as inconvenient and derogatory. To understand this, one should first of all bear in mind that the queue has grown up with the people for over two hundred and fifty years, and has become a universal custom or fashion. 'Custom, like human speech, once established resists change,' and fashion defies reason. This is especially true in China, where the people have the greatest respect for the past, and where a proverb says, 'Old customs may not be broken.' If one recalls the complete failure of the 'bloomers' in spite of their undeniable and unmistakable convenience and practical superiority over the skirt, he will readily understand why the Chinese cling so fondly to the queue. The memory of the feeling which the writer experienced in cutting off his queue is still fresh. The sound of the scissors sent a peculiar thrill through his system that it is impossible to describe. He knew the queue was useless and must be cut off,

he wanted to have it cut off, but, nevertheless, he hated to see it go!

Aside from the intense dislike of the Chinese for changing the 'established customs of our ancestors,' which alone has defeated many reforms, there still remain numerous practical and tangible difficulties to be overcome. In the first place, it was taken for granted that with the removal of the queue the present national costume must disappear, and that the change of costume would necessitate the abolition of the Kowtow — the most sacred form of worship in China. This change will dislocate all China's ancient traditions and established principles of propriety, as well as the teachings of her sages. Not long ago, this difficulty would have proved insurmountable. To-day, however, it has proved comparatively harmless. In fact, many did not hesitate to say that, after the adoption of the western costume, it might be just as well to substitute the shaking of each other's hands in greeting for the shaking of one's own, or the polite bow for the Kowtow.

But the strongest obstacle was the fear of the inevitable economic derangement. It is recognized that as Chinese goods are not suitable for the European style of dress, any sweeping change of costume would consequently necessitate the importation of enormous quantities of foreign goods. This would at once throw thousands of Chinese weavers and other laborers out of work, to say nothing of the waste of the stock of goods on hand. Thus it is admitted that such an important and sweeping change in Chinese economics as would be involved by the change of costume would necessitate a great loss of money to, and probably ruin of, the innumerable silk-merchants and clothiers of the country. In fact, the Hangchow hatters, who, 'like Demetrius of Ephesus,' feared their craft 'in danger

to be set at nought,' have already protested strongly against any change of the sort. The Chekiang silk-manufacturers have also raised a loud cry. That a sweeping change of costume will result in much loss and misery hardly admits of any doubt. For these and other reasons the simultaneous change of the costume and the queue was thought impracticable.

Under such circumstances, it was suggested that China should adopt a partial change: that she should remove the queue and retain her costume. The argument was that the removal of the queue and the change of costume are two entirely different things, and should not be confused in the solution of the problem. Since the two reforms cannot be carried out at the same time, it is but appropriate to remove the queue only, without adopting any new costume. By taking this middle course the Kowtow and other sacred forms of worship may be continued, and the danger of economic derangement may also be avoided.

This at once appeared a logical solution of the problem. Moreover, the best opinion concurs that there is no need of discarding the Chinese costume. On the contrary, it would be a mistake if China should adopt, wholesale, the European dress in place of her own. The senseless adoption of the dress of another people is likely not only to introduce all the bad points of the new, but to banish all the good points of one's own. Moreover, the erroneous idea that the removal of the queue must necessarily imply a similar change of costume cannot be demonstrated more clearly than by the fact that the Japanese, as well as other peoples, except a small minority among them, still retain their national garb, notwithstanding their cropped hair; and they certainly do not appear the worse for the change.

Some people, especially foreign residents in China, also advance a plea for the retaining of the Chinese costume for æsthetic reasons. They say the Chinese look 'elegant and picturesque' in their present costume. The Chinese, however, although called a 'nation of æsthetes,' find no time to take æsthetics into consideration in their reforms. The pendulum of public opinion against the former attention to æstheticism is now swinging to such an extreme that there is every reason to believe that the elegance of the Chinese dress will hasten its abolition rather than retard it.

The real objection to the partial change of cutting off the queue and retaining the costume, however, lies in the fear that it will give an appearance of half-heartedness, which might prove disastrous to the whole programme. The past teaches that such signs of half-heartedness on the part of the government have been repeatedly the principal cause of failure of reforms, and should, therefore, be avoided at all events. Moreover, such a partial change would not help much in bringing about conformity to the present universal fashion, which was the principal purpose of the change. Therefore it was urged that the removal of the queue and the change of costume must come together.

To meet all these objections, another proposal was made, to the effect that the removal of the queue and the change of costume should be made simultaneously; but should be confined only to those classes of people who come into contact with foreigners and those whose occupations require such change. The diplomatic officers, for instance, must first of all be compelled to make the change. Then the police, the soldiers, and the students, must follow in their order. As the number of men in these classes is comparatively small, the danger of economic disturb-

ance may be avoided on the one hand, and the real purpose of a genuine, complete change, so as to conform with other peoples, may be achieved on the other.

This at first appeared logical. But those who made the proposal overlooked the fact that the soldiers serve only a limited number of years in the army, and that the policemen do not remain policemen all their lives. The same is true about the students and the diplomatic officers. If the great majority of the people were permitted to wear queues and Chinese dress, while only those few who happened to be police or soldiers were compelled to adopt the western fashion, then the latter few, upon their change of occupation, would be subjected to much embarrassment, and at once become objects of curiosity. Therefore, the proposal, perfect as it appeared, has already proved impracticable, as in the case of the Imperial Body Guard, where, on the application of this theory, desertions actually took place.

Thus, it appears that there was objection from every direction. To remove the queue without changing the costume is regarded as half-hearted and hence dangerous; to change the dress and queue of certain classes of people is impracticable; and to compel all classes to adopt the changes is perilous. For a while it seemed as if there were no hope of accomplishing anything.

China, however, always seems able to find a way of doing things slowly, and this case was no exception. She recognized that her subjects may be divided into four categories: namely, those who are enthusiastic for the change, those who are in need of it, those who are opposed to it, and those who are indifferent. Therefore, she thought fit to conduct the reform systematically, first by ordering those in need of the

change to adopt the reform, as has already been done in the case of the diplomatic officers, and at the same time to encourage those who are willing. In addition the members of the Imperial Family must also set the example, by adopting the change themselves. By so doing, within a few years the European costume may be adopted without any disturbance by those only who are willing or in need of the change, and the queue may disappear as magically as it came into existence.

This is evidently what China has begun to do. Reports say that after the experiment with the diplomatic officers the government will soon impose the reform upon the army, the navy, and the students, and finally will proclaim the complete abolition of the queue throughout the country, and will leave the question of costume to each individual. The general attitude of the masses, the strong conviction of the leading classes, and the sincerity shown by the government in carrying out the reform, make it apparent that those who want to see the Chinese queues will have to go to China within the next five years.

The significance of this change can hardly be overestimated. When the whole country is taken into consideration, the benefits and saving from doing away with the queue are enormous. For instance, the combing and braiding of the queue takes every day at least fifteen minutes of the best hours of every man in China, and perhaps twice that much of the barbers' time, which could be applied to productive purposes. Although time is cheap in China, it is worth at least ten cents a day on the average. According to this rate, each queue costs about one cent every day for combing. Multiply this by the number of males above fifteen in the country, which is placed at about 100,000,000 and then by the number

of days in a year, one will see that the annual saving from this source alone will mean about \$365,000,000. This, however, is only the cash value of time saved. But the actual saving in useful material is also considerable. A conservative estimate of what an average man or boy spends for queue-cords, etc., will be about twenty cents a year, which means \$20,000,000 for the country. It is also recognized that the queue shortens the life of one's coat or gown by at least 10 per cent. The removal of the queue will, therefore, mean a saving of about twenty cents a year for every man, or about \$20,000,000 annually for the country. There are many other savings from the removal of the queue, concerning which we need not go into detail; but these three sources alone will mean an actual saving of material valued at \$40,000,000 per year, or \$405,000,000 in cash value of time and material. These figures should not be taken too seriously; but they are significant, nevertheless.

If the question is considered from a hygienic point of view, none will hesitate to say that the queue should be removed. Few can realize how much trouble it means to keep clean a headful of long hair, especially when it is genuine. The ease and comfort which one with cropped hair feels in washing and scrubbing his head are unknown to the man who wears the queue! The general inconvenience of the queue can be properly realized only after one has once worn it.

These economic and hygienic benefits, great as they are, dwindle to insignificance, when compared with the moral effect of the reform. In introducing the western institutions upon which China's destiny largely depends, China must change the attitude and feeling of her masses. She cannot do this unless she can make these masses feel some changes in themselves. To

accomplish this, nothing seems more effective than to do away with the queue. Once an average 'Chinaman' finds his head minus the queue, he will at once take it for granted that he has also become one of those 'foreign devils,' and hence regard it as his lot to adopt things foreign. Instead of being opposed to western innovations, he will become eager to adopt them. Indeed, it seems safe to prophesy that the removal of the queue will bring about more changes in the attitude of the masses toward the introduction of modern institutions than any other reform. It will probably mean the complete revolution of the thoughts of four hundred millions of people!

Again, it must not be overlooked that the abolition of the queue will do much toward that complete removal of the ancient differences between the Chinese and the Manchu, which the govern-

ment has been endeavoring to accomplish. It will lead even those who are most hostile to the ruling Dynasty to feel that the government is really doing its best to harmonize the old discord, and that after all the two peoples are but one.

Thus it seems that the abolition of the queue, insignificant as the queue itself is, is destined to be an epoch-making reform, which will clear the way for numerous other practicable changes. It will create unity among the people and give new strength to the nation. There are numerous strong and apparently insurmountable obstacles; but if China can compel her people to give up such a deadly and tenacious habit as opium-smoking, and can impel her women to change the fashion of their feet, there is little reason why she cannot compel her men to change the fashion of their hair.

TWO DOCTORS AT AKRAGAS

BY FREDERICK PETERSON

Akron. — She has been dead these thirty days.

Empedocles. — How say you, thirty days! and there is no feature of corruption?

Akron. — None. She has the marble signature of death writ in her whole fair frame. She lies upon her ivory bed, robed in the soft stuffs of Tyre, as if new-cut from Pentelikon by Phidias, or spread upon the wood by the magic brush of Zeuxis, seeming as much alive as this, no more, no less. There is no

beat of heart nor slightest heave of breast.

Empedocles. — And have you made the tests of death?

Akron. — There is no bleeding to the prick, nor film of breath upon the bronze mirror. They have had the best of the faculty in Akragas, Gela, and Syracuse, all save you; and I am sent by the dazed parents to beseech you to leave for a time affairs of state and the great problems of philosophy, to essay your ancient skill in this strange mys-

tery of life in death and death in life.

Empedocles. — I will go with you. Where lies the house?

Akron. — Down yonder street of statues, past the Agora, and hard by the new temple that is building to Olympian Zeus. It is the new house of yellow sandstone, three stories in height, with the carved balconies and wrought brazen doors. Pantheia is her name. I lead the way.

Empedocles. — The streets are full to-day and dazzling with color. So many carpets hang from the windows, and so many banners are flying! So many white-horsed chariots, and such concourses of dark slaves from every land in the long African crescent of the midland sea, from the Pillars of Hercules to ferocious Carthage and beyond to the confines of Egypt and Phœnicia! Ah, I remember now! It is a gala day — the expected visit of Pindar. I am to dine with him to-morrow at the Trireme. We moderns are doing more to celebrate his coming than our fathers did for Æschylus when he was here. I was very young then, but I remember running with the other boys after him just to touch his soft gown and look into his noble face.

Akron. — I have several rolls of his plays, that I keep with some new papyri of Pindar arrived by the last galley from Corinth, in the iron chest inside my office door, along with some less worthy bags of gold of Tarshish and coinage of Athens, Sybaris, Panormos and Syracuse. Ah, here is the door! It is ajar, and if you will go into the courtyard by the fountain and seat yourself under the palm-trees and azaleas on yon bench, by the statue of the nymph, I will go up to announce your coming.

Empedocles. — All is still save for the far, faint step of Akron on the stair, and the still fainter murmur from the streets. The very goldfish in the foun-

tain do not stir, and the long line of slaves against the marble wall, save for their branded foreheads, might be gaunt caryatides hewn in Egyptian wood or carved in ebony and amber. That gaudy tropic bird scarce ruffles a feather. What is the difference between life and death? A voice, a call, some sudden strange or familiar message on old paths, to the consciousness that lies under that apparent unconsciousness, will waken all these semblances of inanimation into new life of arms and fins and wings. Let me try her thus! My grandfather was a pupil of Pythagoras who had seen many such death-semblances among the peoples of the white sacred mountains of far India. Ha! Akron beckons. I must follow him.

Akron. — Enter yon doorway where the white figure lies resplendent with jewels that gleam in the morning sun.

Empedocles. — The arm drawn downward by the heavy golden bracelet is cold, yet soft and yielding like a sleep. The face has the natural ease of slumber, and not the rigid artificiality of death. 'Tis true there is no pulse, no beat of heart nor stir of breath, yet neither is there the sombre grotesqueness of the last pose. But the difference between life and death is here so small that it is incommensurable, the point of the mathematicians only. I shall hold this little hand in mine, and, with a hand upon her forehead, call her by name; for, know you, Akron, one's name has a power beyond every other word to reach the closed ears of the imprisoned soul.

Pantheia! Pantheia! Pantheia! It is dawn. Your father calls you. Your mother calls you. And I call you and command you. Open your eyes and behold the sun!

Akron. — A miracle, O Zeus! The eyelids tremble like flower-petals under the wind of heaven. Was that a sigh

or the swish of wings? O wonder of wonders! she breathes — she whispers!

Pantheia. — Where am I? Is this death? Some one called my name. That is the pictured ceiling of my own room. Surely that is Zaldu, my pet slave, with big drops on her black face. . . . And father, mother, kneeling either side. And who are you with rapt face and star-deep eyes, thick hair with Delphic wreaths, and in purple gown and golden girdle? Are you a god?

Empedocles. — Be tranquil, child, I am no god, only a physician come to heal you. You have been ill and sleeping a long time.

Pantheia. — Yes, I feel weakness, hunger and thirst. I remember now that I was well, when suddenly a strange thought came to me on my pillow. I thought that I was dead. This took such possession of me that it shut out every other thought, and being able to think only that one thought, I must have been dead. It seemed but a moment's time when the spell of the thought was broken by an alien deep voice from the void of nothing about me, calling me by name, calling me to wake and see the day. With that came floods of my own old thoughts, like molten streams from Ætna, that were rigid as granite before the word was given that loosed them.

Empedocles. — Did you not see new things or new lands or old dead faces, for you have been gone a month? I am curious to know.

Pantheia. — How passing strange! No, I saw neither darkness nor light. I heard no sounds, nor was conscious of any silence. I must have had just the one thought that I was dead, but I lost consciousness of that thought. I remember saying good-night to Zaldu, and I handed her the quaint doll from Egypt and bade her care for it. Then the thought seized me, and I knew no more. My thoughts which had always

run so freely before, like a plashing brook, must have suddenly frozen, as the amber-trader from the Baltic told me one day the rivers do in his far northern home. Oh, sir, are you going so soon?

Empedocles. — Yes, child. You must take nourishment now, and talk no more. But I am coming again to see you, for I have many earnest questions still to put regarding this singular adventure.

Akron. — Let me walk with you. I will close the great door. Already the gay streets are silent, and the people crowd this way, whispering awe-struck together of the deed of wonder you have done this day. You have called back the dead to life, and they make obeisance to you as you pass, as if you were in truth a son of the immortals. Your name will go down the ages linked with the miracle of Pantheia. You are immortal.

Empedocles. — Nay, 'tis not so strange as that, and yet 't is stranger.

Akron. — I would know your meaning better.

Empedocles. — The power of a thought, that is the real wonder! We just begin to have glimpses of the effects of the mind upon the body. To me, Akron, the faculty has set too great store upon herbs and bitter drafts, and cupping and the knife. I would fain have the soul acknowledged more, our therapy built on the dual mechanism of mind and substance. For if an idea can lead to the apparent death of the whole body, so might other ideas bring about the apparent death of a part of the body, like, for example, a paralysis of the members, or of the senses of sight, feeling, hearing; and in truth I have seen such things. Or a thought might give rise to a pain, or to a feeling of general illness, or to a feeling of local disorder in some internal organ; and I feel sure I have likewise met with such

instances. And if an idea may produce such ailments, then a contrary idea implanted by the physician may heal them. I believe this to be the secret of many of the marvels we see at the temples and shrines of Æsculapius, and of the cures made by the touch of seers and kings.

But this teaching goes much deeper and further. If we could in the schools implant in our youth ideas which were strong enough, we should be able to make of them all, each in proportion to his belief in himself and his ambition, great men, great generals, thinkers, poets, a new race of heroes in all lines of human endeavor, who should be able by their united strength of idea and ideal finally to people the world with gods.

I have among my slaves, who work as vintners and olive-gatherers, a physician of Thrace, as also a philosopher of the island of Rhodes, a member of the Pythagorean League. These I bought not long ago of the Etruscan pirates. Every evening I have them come to me on the roof after the evening meal, and there under the quiet of the stars we discuss life and death, the soul and immortality, and all the burning problems of order, harmony, and number in the universe. What surprises me is that this Thracian should be so in advance of the physicians of Hellas, for he holds as I do that

the mind should be first considered in the treatment of most disorders of the body, because of its tremendous power to force the healing processes, and because sometimes it actually induces disease and death. And we have talked together of the incalculable value of faith and enthusiasm so applied in the education of the child, this new kind of gardening in the budding soul of mankind, and of what new and august races might thereby come to repeople this rather unsatisfactory globe.

I am minded to free these slaves, indeed all my slaves, and I have the intention of devoting the most of a considerable fortune, both inherited and amassed by me, to the spread of these doctrines, and to the public weal, particularly in the matter of planting in the souls of our youth, not the mere ability to read and write Greek and do sums in arithmetic, but the seeds of noble ideas that shall make this Trinacria of ours a still more wonderful human garden than it has been as a granary for the world's practical needs. From this sea-centre we send our freighted galleys to Gades in the West, Carthage in the South, Tyre in the East, and to the red-bearded foresters of the Far North. I would still send on these same routes this food, but also better food than this, stuff that should kindle and feed intellectual fires in all the remote places of the earth.

AN UNTRAINED NURSE

BY LUCY HUSTON STURDEVANT

'WROP it up warm, an' set it by the stove, an' feed it whenever it cries; an' ef it's ailin' put a little mite of calomel on the tip of its tongue; an' don't take hit out. That's the way to raise a baby.' Thus spoke Mrs. Haw, looking up from her sewing.

Out on Hominy Creek she had been called Mistress Haw, for some shreds of the leisurely parlance of our forefathers may still be found among the Cove and Creek dwellers of the Southern mountains; but when she carried her husband, her children, and her household gods into Highville, she learned to know herself as Mrs. Haw.

She learned many other things that she had not dreamed of out on Hominy; became aware of them in silence, for the most part, with her shrewd, kind eyes narrowed to receive the new light, and her mouth compressed into a straight line. The inequalities of fortune are not obvious out on Hominy Creek, where there is not much fortune of any kind; but in Highville, which is a flourishing Health Resort, the County Seat, and an active business town besides, the good things of life are portioned out so unfairly that Mrs. Haw's heart burned within her at the sight.

When she first came into Highville, she earned her living as a sick-nurse, untrained, but strong, sensible, and kind. Her patients did well, and loved her. They were chiefly babies and women; though to her the women were merely necessary adjuncts to the babies: she took good care of them, but she never allowed them to think them-

selves of first importance. To tell the truth, she had two passions: babies and books. Babies were her business, a permanent source of revenue; books were her romance, the dream by which she lived. She talked much of babies, and little of books. Which she really loved the most, no one ever knew.

Trained nurses came along in time and took her work away from her, but she remained a tremendous authority on such matters 'all the days of her life,' as the Catechism puts it. She took to mending and plain sewing in place of nursing, and turned out to have a natural gift for making women's shirts; a 'good cut,' as we say. Such people are born, not made, like poets; and their livelihood is assured.

'Wrop it up warm, an' set it by the stove, an' feed it whenever it cries,' said Mrs. Haw. It was her battle-cry, her slogan; thus did she place herself with new customers.

'Oh!' said little Mrs. Denis, wide-eyed, 'but I thought going out —'

'Ef hit's a winter baby. That's the best kind,' said Mrs. Haw, inscrutably, 'but it don't holp no baby none to take hit out of doors.'

She scented her enemy, the many-headed demon, Fresh Air.

'Oh, yes!' said Mrs. Denis, in acquiescence.

She did not care much, having no babies of her own, and she cared very much about pleasing Mrs. Haw, having been told she would work for no woman unless she liked her.

'Yes, ma'am. You want a yoke, ur

plain back? I reckon you'd better have a yoke, with your shoulders.'

'What's wrong with my shoulders?' said Mrs. Denis, in alarm. In fact they had always been well-spoken of, but Mrs. Haw had a disconcerting plainness of speech; if you did not fit her shirts, she was apt to find fault with your figure.

'They ain't much out,' admitted Mrs. Haw.

Her gray eyes twinkled behind her thick glasses. She liked Mrs. Denis; she was a pretty, soft little thing, born to depend, not to uphold, but her face looked as if bewildering responsibilities had suddenly been thrust upon her. Mrs. Haw knew the look; new-comers in Highville were apt to have it.

'Mr. Denis looks a heap better than he did first time I saw him,' she said casually.

Mrs. Denis grew quite pink with pleasure and interest.

'It was New Year's Day. He was walkin' crost the Square — he looked mighty bad off. But now — he's started right. Ef he was a woman he'd be about well, but a man —' She stopped. She had not much opinion of men, but she had a tender respect for love's young dream. 'Jest you get a man to think he's well, an' he is.'

'Are you a Christian Scientist, Mrs. Haw?'

'No, ma'am, I'm a Methodist. That time I went North weth Mrs. Dent's baby, an' seen the ocean, I went to a 'Piscopal church weth Katie. (She's Mrs. Dent's mother's maid. She's a white woman.) That church would n't never holp me none. I've jest naturally got to rock when I sing. Mebbe hit's 'cause I've rocked so many babies.'

'Did you like the ocean, Mrs. Haw?'

'No, ma'am.' Mrs. Haw hesitated; she was moved to explain. 'I could n't see acrost it, no ways,' said the mountain woman, used to vast prospects;

'an' that thing they call the tide — hit's a lonesome thing, comin' in, an' comin' in, an' goin' back, an' goin' back. I used to say, "You stop right there! Now stop!" Hit never did. Katie used to laugh. An' them ships! They say there's babies born on 'em. I would n't want to nurse none on a ship. I'd ruther have a nice stiddy mountain.' She rose to go. 'I reckon, I've finished up fer to-day, ma'am. I've got to stop on my way home, an' fit a lady. Well, I say a lady; she ain't a lady, she's a friend of mine.'

Mrs. Haw had a fine sense of social distinction; that was where her Southern bringing-up came in.

She rolled up her work, put on a shabby hat and coat, and looked about her. There were some books on a table; she looked at them hungrily, but she did not ask for one.

'I'll stop in an' fit 'em some evenin' next week, about five o'clock.'

The front door slammed behind her; again her sense of social distinction asserted itself; the kitchen door was used by the Negro servants, therefore she, being white, could not stoop to use it.

She turned from one street into another, walking quickly; the streets of Highville run up hill and down; follow them far enough and they climb mountains, or transform themselves into woodland trails. She looked hard at a man who was riding slowly by on an ambling mule; even in the thickening dusk could be discerned the easy grace with which he sat his mount. Mrs. Haw stopped and strained her eyes to see more clearly.

'That you, Orton Nally?'

The man did not look, nor answer, nor check his mule.

'What you doin' in Highville?'

The mule slid by, shuffling its little feet rhythmically on the hard clay road; the rider drooped his head back until his face was hardly visible.

'Keep away from me an' mine! Keep away! Keep away!' shouted Mrs. Haw to the vanishing figure. She caught her breath. The savagery of many untamed generations surged in her blood; her eyes saw scarlet, her hand shut tightly on her bundle; a needle within pierced it deeply, but she did not feel the pain.

'I reckon I could shoot straight enough to hit him!'

The primeval savage sleeps at the bottom of every heart. In the mountain heart he sleeps lightly, and rouses to fury at a sound.

'Ef he hurts Lilly — ef he hurts Lilly —!'

She laughed loudly in the darkness, a dreary cackle, without mirth. She was shivering and shaking like a sick animal.

'A pretty one I'd be to shoot a man! Cain't hold my hand stiddy when I'm jest studyin' 'bout hit. The men's got the best of us. They don't shake none when they shoot.'

She hurried on.

A pretty, half-grown girl hung about the door of Mrs. Haw's little house, watching, watching up the street and down.

'Watchin' for me, Lilly?' said Mrs. Haw, appearing suddenly out of the darkness, like a wandering ghost.

'Why, grandma! Yes, grandma! You're all out of breath!'

'I did n't stop at Mistress Deems. I come right on home. Have you got supper ready fur the bo'ders?'

The girl whimpered.

'I'll get it. Don't cry, Lilly. Come in. Don't hang 'round the door.' She drew the girl forward into the light of the lamp. 'Lilly! Has Orton Nally been here?'

The girl's face flamed into color. 'No, grandma! No, indeed!'

Mrs. Haw did not press the question;

she let the child draw back into the shadow.

'You'll have to set the table, Lilly. I've got a heap of work to do to-night.'

'Why, Mrs. Haw!' cried Mrs. Denis, with flattering surprise, 'what are you doing with grandchildren! You're too young!'

'I was married when I was fo'teen. I don't hold weth girls waitin' the way they do now tell they're seventeen ur eighteen. A girl that waits that-a-way's likely not to get a man at all,' said Mrs. Haw.

Man in the abstract she hated. He was at the root of most of her troubles. Concrete man was the rightful lord of creation; not to secure him would be unbearable calamity.

'My daughters all married when they was fifteen. That time I went North weth Mrs. Dent's baby, an' seen the ocean, Katie told me girls up there did n't marry tell they was thirty sometimes. I hed a grandson when I was thirty-one. Lilly's fifteen. I'd like to see her married to a good man, that didn't drink none, an' hed a good trade. Not a mountain man.'

'Don't you think fifteen is rather young to marry?'

'No, ma'am!'

Silence fell.

'You might rip this un, Mrs. Denis, ma'am.'

Mrs. Denis's head drooped over her work. It was a pretty and well-kept head of red gold. Mrs. Haw, looking at it over her spectacles, reflected upon its silkiness, reflected that Lilly's head would look like that if she took better care of it, reflected, with a stir of anger, that Mrs. Denis was rich and Lilly was poor.

'But I reckon Lilly'd be jest as no-account ef she was rich,' said Mrs. Haw to herself, with that bitter justice that lived at the back of her head, and

came down upon her conclusions like a sharp knife, severing false from true, whether she willed it or not.

'Your hair looks like it belonged to a year-old baby.'

Mrs. Denis raised her silky head quickly; her soft round face was puckered into anxious wrinkles; she looked like a child on the verge of a burst of tears.

'Jack — Mr. Denis — had an awfully bad night last night,' she said, suddenly; 'he — it's terribly discouraging.'

'He's obliged to have bad nights now and then,' said Mrs. Haw, 'but I reckon he don't have as many as he did when he first come down.'

'No, I don't believe he does,' said Mrs. Denis, cheering up immediately. 'He does n't! What a comfort you are, Mrs. Haw. How I wish you could always be here. That's the way to look at it, is n't it? Look on the bright side.'

'Ef there's a bright side to look on, yes, ma'am,' said Mrs. Haw, thinking heavily of Lilly, and of Orton Nally.

'Oh! there's always a bright side,' said the girl. 'And though of course I worry awfully about Mr. Denis, I know he is better really. But it's hard for him to be down here, where he has no incentive, and no stimulus, and no congenial society. He's going North this spring for a little while, just to get in touch — to see some people who write. He feels that he needs it.'

'Does Mr. Denis write?'

'Oh, yes!' said little Mrs. Denis, pluming herself visibly, like a little pigeon, 'he writes.'

'Books?'

'Yes — that is — he's written stories. He's going to write books — splendid ones — soon.'

'Books,' said Mrs. Haw, reverently. 'Books!' She let her work lie untouched in her lap, she took off her spectacles,

and held them in her hand: 'Well'm, I've had eight babies, an' riz six of 'em. I kin do any kind of farm work — an' I have. When we lived out on Hominy I wove all Mr. Haw's clo'es, an' all the children's, an' all mine, on grand-ma's old loom. I've brung a heap of babies into the world without any doctor to help me weth 'em — when I lived on Hominy; here in town all the women thinks they has to have a doctor — an' you know Mrs. Denis, ma'am, ef I kin make a pretty shirt —' It sounded like an assertion of merit; it was really a humble offering of her all upon the altar of literature. Suddenly and unawares she had come upon its temple; reverently she trod its shining floor. 'You don't reckon hit'll be bad for him, goin' up into that cold north air? Hit's mighty damp up there,' she said with anxiety.

A heavy step sounded outside, and she leaned forward to look at the young man who passed the door. She had taken no particular interest in him before; he was merely one of the many who were sent to Highville in search of health, and who recovered in its strong, sweet air, or did not recover, as the case might be. She had even resented him a little, because she had taken a fancy to his sweet-natured, pretty little wife, and looked upon him as an anxiety to her. Abstract Man, as Mrs. Haw sees him, is always an anxiety to his wife; he wishes to be; if he can accomplish his end in no other way, he falls ill.

'Hit's mighty damp up North,' said Mrs. Haw.

'Oh, dear!' sighed Mrs. Denis, instantly cast down, 'what shall I do if he catches cold! But he wants to go.'

'I reckon he'd better go ef he wants to go. Hit won't hurt him none, mos' likely — ef he wants to do it,' said Mrs. Haw, wise in the ways of Man. 'I'll fit this shirt now, Mrs. Denis, ma'am.'

When she rose to go, her glance fell

again upon the table of books, with unmistakable longing.

'Are you fond of reading, Mrs. Haw?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Do you have time—would you care to take one of these?' said Mrs. Denis, with a flash of inspiration.

A gleam of joy stole into Mrs. Haw's eyes. 'Yes, ma'am! Thank you, ma'am! I certainly would. I'll cover it weth paper, an' take good keer of hit.'

'Which one will you take?' said Mrs. Denis eagerly. Her cheeks were flushed with the pleasure of a kind action, her round face was puckered with smiles; she did so like to please people.

'Is this un a cook-book?'

'*Yeast*? No, that's an old, old novel. You'd like this better, I think.' She held up a volume of futile fiction, modern, and much praised.

'I'll take this,' said Mrs. Haw, doggedly.

She had opened the book haphazard in the middle, as a book-lover does, to taste its quality, and lo! the thoughts of her heart were there in print! Her gray eyes burned, as she read one fiery sentence after another; her lips moved, relishing the words.

'I reckon the man that writ this has seen one-roomed mountain cabins.'

'I don't—think—he ever did,' hesitated Mrs. Denis.

'Yes, ma'am. He could n't say what he does ef he had n't. I've always been pore, but I've never had to live that-a-way, but I've seen it, all my life! An' I've seen the harm of it. Hit ain't their fault when they do wrong, hit ain't their fault!' The anger died out of her voice; in its place was a deep sadness. 'Nor hit ain't no use talkin' about the injustice of it—I cain't change it, none. I've thought them things, but I never seen 'em writ in a book befo'. I reckon I can give you that time in June you wanted, Mrs. Denis,' said Mrs. Haw monotonously, 'I've been

studyin' about it, an' I reckon I kin' manage it.'

'You've got nothing again' John Gower, Lilly, except that he's a decent, respectable man, that don't drink none an' don't tell you all the time how pretty you are. Orton Nally jest naturally talks that-a-way to every woman he sees. He'd tell me I was a beauty, ef I'd let him.'

Lilly giggled.

Mrs. Haw smiled too, unresenting. She did not wonder that Lilly thought her unimaginably old and ugly; she thought it of herself, having begun the serious business of life at an early age.

'He hears that kind of talk in saloons. John Gower'll cross the street when he comes to a saloon, ruther than go near one.'

Lilly shrugged her shoulders.

'You remember Orton Nally cain't marry nobody, Lilly.'

'I don't want to marry nobody. You hear that kind of talk in books, grandma, readin' 'em like you do!'

'Here comes John Gower!'

'Let him come!' said Lilly obdurately.

'You kin take a walk weth him, Lilly, an' carry him back to your Aunt Amanda's to supper.'

Lilly shook her foolish head; but a lover is a lover, even though he be strictly temperate, and desirable, and approved by the family; and in a surprisingly short time she was dressed in her Sunday best, and walking off with John Gower, with the appearance, at least, of keen enjoyment.

Mrs. Haw had the house to herself, and she sat down by the window, snatched up a book, and in a moment had forgotten her surroundings, her troubles, and herself. Highville is a ragged town, of great distances; Mrs. Haw's house was on its outskirts, little pine trees pressed against her garden

fence, and wood thrushes sang to her in the early morning, or late in the June days; they were singing that Sunday afternoon, but Mrs. Haw did not hear them, being happily enclosed in the four walls of her book.

John Denis found the North as damp as Mrs. Haw could possibly have anticipated. He came home to fall ill, and be nursed back to health by an excellent trained nurse, named Worrilow; but no sooner was he convalescent than he fled her society, and demanded Mrs. Haw, and was never so placid or so well-pleased as when she sat in his room, and told him stories.

'I wish you'd stop that infernal sewing, and just talk to me,' he said one day.

'I cain't sit here weth my hands in my lap,' said Mrs. Haw, with scant civility. But her tone was kinder than her words, and her smile was kinder than either. 'Mrs. Denis is payin' me fur makin' her shirts, an' I'm obliged to make 'em. Hit ain't holpin' you none to talk so much, Mr. Denis. I reckon I'll have to tell you another story.'

Denis smiled feebly. He took great pleasure in Mrs. Haw's stories. 'That's just what I want.'

Mrs. Haw nodded to her sewing, well-pleased; this was not the first convalescent who had hung upon the words of her fluent tongue — not by a good many!

'I don't guess I ever told you about the time they hung three men in the field over 'crost Caney Street. I could show you the place from the window, ef you was up — there's housen on it now. I was twelve year old, an' we was livin' out on the other side of Bear Mountain, fo'teen mile west of Hominy. We started at sundown the night befo', an' walked all night. Pap brung us all that was big enough to walk that fur. He

lowed we ought to see hit. He was a pore man, but he done what he could fur his children. Fore part of the night we was alone, but along about one o'clock in the mo'nin' we begun to come on families frum this side the mountain. Hit was mighty dark along under the trees, but we had a lantern, an' mos' all the families had 'em, 'count of the children strayin' off an' gettin' los' in the woods. The woods was bigger then, an' blacker, an' thicker, than they is now. Or mebbe I was littler. They seemed mighty black to me that night. Nobody said much. You don't talk much in the woods at night. You jest naturally cain't. An' we walked an' walked an' walked — an' *walked*, weth the lanterns swingin' an' the owls hootin' back in the woods; an' every now an' then we'd hear steps side of the road, an' some more folks would come out an' follow along.'

As Mrs. Haw talked, she sewed, snapped her thread, and knotted it, but the thread of her narrative was unbroken.

'Bear Mountain's an awful long, long mountain. I thought we never would get down an' out where we could see the stars. A little brother of mine was along — Roley. He was ten year old, an' a curious kind of child, always tellin' big stories about what he'd seen, an' done, when he'd never done nothin' but tote water from the spring all the mo'nin'. Seemed like he believed 'em, too. They was pretty stories: we children used to like to hear him tell 'em. Pap used to whup him fur lyin' sometimes, but hit never changed him none, that I could see. He got it into his head that we was all goin' down to Highville to hang *him* fur lyin'! I guess he had a hard walk, pore little boy! He did n't ask no one — jest set his mind that-a-way. He mought have asked me, but he never did. He died that winter. He had a runnin' in his

leg. Nursin' him was the first nursin' I ever done. Pore little boy!'

Mrs. Haw took off her spectacles and wiped them slowly.

'When we got down Highville way, all the roads was black weth people. Men rid in clear from Tennessee. An' we did n't see no hangin' after all,' she said, with a cheery cackle. 'It was put earlier 'count of the crowds, an' by the time we got into town, hit was all over. I never did get to see one. When I was young, I had to work too hard, an' now — I'd ruther not, someway. Seem like them Gladiator Shows, when they killed the Christians. I read about one in a book.'

'When do you do your reading? In the evenings, I suppose.'

Mrs. Haw laughed genially. 'You reckon I've got nothin' to do night-times but read! I reckon you mean night-time, when you say evenin'. I've got fo' men bo'ders, Mr. Denis; an' Mr. Haw, an' Lilly, an' Lilly's two little brothers, to take keer of. I have a heap of work to do night-times — an' I gen'lly carry some sewin' home weth me.'

'In the morning, perhaps, you get up early, and get in an hour or two at a book. Lots of people work before breakfast. One's brain *is* fresher then.'

Again Mrs. Haw laughed, quite unrestrainedly this time! 'My men gets their breakfasts at six. I don't read none in the mo'nins.'

'Then when?' Denis persisted.

'You write me a book, sir, an' I'll find time to read it, someway.'

Her reading hours were her secret; her own household did not know them.

'I wish I'd known this country then,' Denis grumbled, meditating upon the triple hanging, and its effect upon the minds of the populace.

Mrs. Haw did not answer. She bent over her work; her shining needle flew. The young man watched it, hypnotized

into drowsiness, if not into complete repose.

'I wish I'd had the luck to see the mountains before everything was civilized out of them,' he muttered, sleepily.

Mrs. Haw's face looked gray and hard; her lips moved, though no sound came from them. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!' The Christian spoke, but the savage lay beneath. 'Ef he hurts Lilly, I'll shoot him down. She's got no father nor mother to take keer of her — I'll shoot him down —'

But she knew very well that she could not shoot Orton Nally, no matter what he might do; that he was stronger and readier than she could possibly be, and that if it came to shooting, he could take care of himself, and she would go to the wall. Subtlety is woman's best weapon, but Mrs. Haw was above all things direct. The cold wind of reason blew across her hot anger, and chilled it into something very like despair.

'Hit's time fur your milk, Mr. Denis, sir. You take it now, and you can get a little sleep — an' then I'll tell you some mo' stories. Jest a little mite of sleep!' she said, with tender patience.

He turned on his side, and fell asleep presently, and Mrs. Haw rocked and sewed and meditated, and set her troubles out in an orderly row, and looked them over. Her chair made a little creaking that would have roused the patient into wakeful wrath if any one else had done it, but the rocking of Mrs. Haw seemed an integral part of her, and as such was distinctive and soothing.

'Hit ain't no use reasonin' weth a man like that, no use at all, nur cryin'; he'd be right pleased an' happy ef he could see me cry —' Her chair creaked a little louder, and lost its regular cadence. 'Nur coaxin' — not an ugly old woman, like I am. Loolian don't coax

him none; she scolds him, an' feeds him good — an' she's his wife — he'd jest run away from me!' She set her mouth firmly, until it looked like a thin line. 'I'll go up there, an' do what I kin — some one's got to go; an' if anything happens — hit's obliged to happen!'

The patient stirred uneasily in his sleep; all this suppressed emotion was disturbing the peaceful atmosphere of the room.

'I've finished the shirts, an' I've brung back the books, Mrs. Denis, ma'am; an' I'm obliged to you fur lettin' me have 'em.'

'Did n't you like *The Circuit Rider*?' said Mrs. Denis.

'No, ma'am. I've seen a heap of Methodist preachers all my life; had 'em in the house when I lived on Hominy. I don't need to read books about 'em. But that other was a pretty book. I reckon I could have made him more comfortable than that Torfrida did.'

'Hereward?'

'Yes, ma'am. No one's obliged to be as uncomfortable in the woods as they was. She was n't what you'd call a triflin' woman either. Well, 'm, I'm glad I've read 'em.'

'Are n't you coming next month?' cried Mrs. Denis in dismay.

Mrs. Haw's voice had a ring of finality. She had spoken as one might speak who takes an eternal farewell.

'What will Mr. Denis do without you to talk to him!'

'He's right well now. An' I've got some business to do up country.'

Mrs. Denis looked quickly into Mrs. Haw's face, and looked quickly away again; emotional, unreasoning little people, who are eager to please, and troubled over many things, see sometimes when wiser folk are blind.

'It's disagreeable business!'

'Hit ain't pleasant,' Mrs. Haw admitted. 'Now don't you get to frettin'

about him. He's better than he was befo' he got sick. Ef he wants to write books you let him; hit won't hurt him none.'

'Don't go up country,' begged Mrs. Denis. 'Oh! don't go, Mrs. Haw. Let the business go — no matter what it is!'

A gleam of pleasure stole athwart the gray calm of Mrs. Haw's face, as a sun ray lightens for a moment the gloom of a boding sea.

'Thank you, ma'am; but I reckon I'll have to go.'

'It seems to me a good deal of water has run under the bridges since we've seen Mrs. Haw,' said Denis to his wife one day. 'What has become of her, Helen? I want some more reminiscences.'

They were driving down the road that used to run for many miles along the rushing waters of the French Broad: a very old road that was once the stage road north and west into Tennessee; before that, a bridle path; before that, by the witness of tradition, an Indian trail. Trail or path of some sort doubtless it has always been, companioning the river through trackless wildernesses, fraught with danger and death; followed by fearful women, by trembling captives, by old age and defeat; followed, too, assuredly, by lovers, children, and the like, hopeful and happy. To-day no one follows it, for a big electric plant has dammed the river; the old road-houses are torn down, and the old road is dead — drowned by the spreading flood.

Mrs. Denis gave an exultant chuckle. 'She's coming to-morrow,' she said, like a child that joyfully produces a present that it has thought of all by itself; 'I wrote her a post-card; I thought you'd like to see her again; and she wrote me a post-card, and said there had been illness in her house, but that she'd come to-morrow! I'm

so glad! And she'll say how well you look!'

Mrs. Haw came through a summer thunder-storm the next morning, and sat down to her work by the window of the sewing-room, to an accompaniment of rolling thunder and lurid lighting that would have sent some women to a feather-bed. Mrs. Haw viewed it unmoved.

'That was a bad storm we had early this morning,' said Denis, an hour or two later, entering cautiously, as a man should enter a sewing-room.

'Yes, sir. Don't step on that lace edgin', sir!'

'Is the lightning always bright red down here, and does it always strike in one's front yard?'

'Hit's obliged to strike in somebody's yard,' said Mrs. Haw, aphoristically; 'how'r you, sir?'

'Fine!'

Mrs. Haw continued her work in silence.

'How did you get on up-country? Mrs. Denis seemed to think you were having a bad time. What were you doing up there? Borning some more grandchildren?'

'No, sir,' said Mrs. Haw cheerily. 'Not this time. I did n't get to go up country after all. I was fixin' to go a Wednesday, but the night befo' a man got runned over by one of them automobiles, an' they carried him into my house. Hit happened close by. An' he stayed there tell he died. No, sir; hit was n't the fault of the automobile. He'd been drinkin' an' he had n't sense enough to get out of the way.'

'Why did n't you send him to the hospital?'

'His wife's kin of mine,' said Mrs. Haw, simply. 'She come down to nurse him, soon as she heard. They live way over in the blue. Hit took two days to get her here.'

'What do you mean by that?'

Mrs. Haw looked vexed. She tried to purge her speech of purely mountain idioms, but now and then one slipped in.

'That means way, way off, where the mountains fold down into each other, an' you cain't see anything but the blue, 'cept mebbe a little curl of white smoke risin' up. Loolian come as soon as she could, an' she watched by him tell he died. He's better dead. He was the han'somest man in the mountains, Orton Nally was, an' I guess he was n't fur from bein' the worst. Seemed like he could n't keep away from a pretty girl, an' he drinked!'

'He sounds interesting.'

'He ain't interestin' now,' said Mrs. Haw grimly, like a voice from a Dance of Death; 'a man's got to stay 'live, ef he wants to be interestin', anyways to a girl. My Lilly likes men mighty well, but she don't like 'em none when they're dead. I'm makin' Lilly some pretty clothes,' said Mrs. Haw, tentatively, as if she wished to be asked why.

She would have liked to tell Denis about her pretty Lilly, and about John Gower, and the things he would not do. We all have our own triumphs, and our own achievements; they may be small, but they are very big to us; we like to talk about them, and take our little wage of praise.

'I want her to have as much as other girls have,' said Mrs. Haw. With a very little encouragement she would have unburdened her soul. 'Hit's a good thing fur a girl to get a good man, that don't drink none, an' don't have no foolish talk, a stiddy man.'

'The storm's coming back, I think,' said Denis.

Mrs. Haw looked out of the window; beneath it was a wonderful great prospect of river and foothills, and range upon range of blue peaks. Clouds were trooping up the defiles in long lines, and

lifting from the highest summits into the sky above.

'No, sir,' said Mrs. Haw, setting her own affairs aside without resentment, 'I don't guess it's comin' back — I reckon you an' Mrs. Denis kin go fur your drive, ef you want.'

She sat by the window, sewing steadily; beneath she heard the joyous voices of the Denises, making ready to start.

'He's well again,' she reflected. She was a lonely soul, all the more that she was not often alone; and she held much converse with herself, like all such. 'They'll be goin' back North soon. Seems like nobody ever does stay here long. Well, I'm glad they kin go that way.'

In joy, not grief, that is; life, not death. Mrs. Haw might have been used to seeing people go by this time, people she had nursed and worked for, cheered through sad hours, and heartened up to go on; it was an old story to her. But she had a trick of growing fond of them, and when they went away she missed them; they forgot her; she knew that very well. It was her misfortune that she was a clever woman, and saw too much for her own good.

There was a good deal of talking going on under the window; the Denises were carrying books out of the house, and putting them in the back

of the runabout, and covering them carefully from the possibility of mud stains.

'I wonder where they're takin' all them books,' said Mrs. Haw hungrily. 'To somebody that has plenty of 'em, I reckon.'

Mrs. Denis slipped into the room, all smiles, and pink color, and eagerness.

'What's your number, Mrs. Haw? We are n't quite sure.'

'Fo'teen.'

'Will any one be at home?'

'Lilly'll be there. Them shirts ain't ready to go yit. I'll take 'em when I go.'

'It's the books,' said Mrs. Denis happily; 'Mr. Denis thought there was no use packing so many, and he thought you might like to have them, and we thought we'd drive them over this morning. There, I've told you, and we meant it to be a surprise!' said Mrs. Denis in deep regret.

Mrs. Haw watched her books drive off; she had never dreamed of owning so many, and such nice ones; it seemed 'too good to be true,' as we say in this vale of tears. The mountains were cloudless and blue, the day was fresh-washed, and sweet with honeysuckle, and the smell of wet earth.

'It's turned out to be a pretty day,' said Mrs. Haw, 'an' after all there's a heap of good people in this world — ef it is a bad one!'

A SOUTH AFRICAN SWEET-TOOTH

BY MARK F. WILCOX

IN my early *Natal* days my sweet-tooth was a matter of small concern. I only knew that I liked sugar-cane and could chew my fill, in season, off the great piles around the Kafir mill. I used to scramble, barefoot, over shaky mountains of cane until the grizzly-haired native owner, puffed with importance and European clothes, would nearly lose his tongue clicking Zulu maledictions upon me. There was plenty of risk, too, for the long heavy canes were never securely stacked, and might hurl me down at any moment to pin me beneath their sweet weight.

But my dearest delight was to abscond to the river-bank with half a dozen native companions and an armful of canes, and there bask in the sunshine on the hot sand or play in the lukewarm water, all the while munching the tough stalks. No Kafir youngster could outdo me, then, at peeling cane with my teeth. That is why my sweet-tooth now occupies so much of my time and attention, and why among my boyhood memories nothing stands out with more grim distinctness than the old sugar-mill.

Since my tooth remains, I suppose the old mill still sprawls on a wide stretch of bottom-land, like a big brown spider in the centre of its web. There is nothing much in the factory's external appearance to suggest the Kafir ownership, unless it is the general air of decay. Observed from our house, which is on a hill overlooking the river, the curling old iron of the roof and the

crumbling walls seem only the result of a respectable desuetude.

All around spreads a deep green sea of billowy sugar-cane, broken here and there by vari-colored islands of reeds and mimosa bush, and cut by a winding, yellow-green isthmus of thick-set syringa trees, that shade the road from the river to the high lands. Touching the yellow isthmus and turning back the green sea in a russet-and-sienna wave of cut sugar-cane, the mill rises, dark and weatherbeaten, seemingly as old as the giant boulders sticking to the flanks of the distant blue hills.

It is only when you leave our veranda to descend the hill and cross the river that you begin to question the antiquity of the mill's dilapidation. Whether you wade the shallow stone weir, or ride across in trap or on horseback, you cannot muffle by splashing feet or grinding wheels the noise of a periodic and most hideous *screek-scrack*, a sound that seems to fill the heavens, and yet is like nothing so much as a starved wheelbarrow. When at last you locate the din, you receive, then and there, your first lesson in native lack of thrift.

Upon the farther river-bank, about thirty feet above the water, lies a huge cylindrical tank of rusty iron; and mounted on this is a hand-pump and a dark figure of a man, who moves up and down with the handle of the pump, so automatically that you are almost ready to believe the pump is moving him. As you pass by up the dusty road he hails you in guttural Zulu; and if

you can understand him, he is ready to stop his labor long enough to tell you what he is doing — in my day he would also tell you all there was to tell about the mill, the mission, the country, or anything else that would keep his tongue clacking, while his arms rested and the water-supply ran low in the mill.

This sociable dorky, you soon find out, furnishes all the water used at the factory. That the pump should run by wasteful and uncertain hand-power is evidence enough of bad management, but that this same hand-power should be negligently weakened by lack of lubrication is proof conclusive.

The gurgle of water through a rusty pipe, lying above ground, speaks the way to the mill. After a quarter of a mile of level road, you come to an abrupt rise of about twenty feet, where the river once made its bank; and there is the mill. The gurgling water is swallowed by an open cistern, — a few ant-eaten boards are all that remain of the cover, — from thence to be drawn by a whining steam-pump up to some concealed reservoir inside the building. And now, if the odor of dusty sugarcane and pungent syringa has previously withstood the crowning aroma of the mill, your nostrils are pleasantly assailed with the full quota of odors saccharine, from the sweet-sour smell of boiling sap to the bitter-sweet of burning sugar.

The boiler-room stands on the side nearest the river — a sheet-iron lean-to, with the entire front exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. You see no coal nor any piles of wood, but the mystery of the fuel-supply is soon solved. Near the boiler-room are standing in the yard great stacks of dried refuse from the cane, — cut tops, raked-up leaves, crushed stalks, — and these are being fed by the armful into the yawning fire-box. The stuff burns

like paper, and the constant attention of three men is required to keep the fire from going out, while six more are needed to replenish the stacks; but coal and wood are thereby saved. Such is the economy of the Kafir.

Next to the stacks of refuse, on the other side of the main entrance to the building, are huge piles of cut sugarcane. You wander around among the great heaps, which in the busy season mount as high as the gable of the single-storied mill, and wonder where it all comes from. Six more men are needed to feed the stalks into the low-growing calenders. Thence there flows across the mill to the boiling vats the sweet sap, filtered with only one mesh of screen and flowing along an open trough, where congregate innumerable bees, flies, and wasps, many of whom, full to repletion, tumble headlong into the fragrant flood, and are borne deliriously, like so many drunkards, to their doom.

From the vats, whose scummy steams assault your nostrils with almost sickening sweetness, the sap emerges a muddy brown syrup, that is cooled in broad, shallow pans resting on the rear floor of the main room. The broken window-panes are unscreened, as are the cooling-pans, and an interesting assortment of insects soon sacrifice themselves for their own sweet-tooth and the flavor of the sugar. From the pans you watch the syrup dipped up to hum merrily through a pair of centrifugal machines, and come out a dark, thin treacle; but inside the conical sieve of each machine you find a quantity of golden-yellow sugar.

There are other processes of which I have but a vague memory, that are used to separate the different grades of sugar, from the nearly white to the nearly black. I only remember toward the end of the room two large pans full of a very black liquid, in both of which

two very black men were stamping industriously with bare feet. Of what advantage this process was, I never knew; but long afterwards I used to find much satisfaction in shocking those who knew no better by informing them that sugar was made by having Negroes wade in molasses until it crystallized.

At the rear of the mill is another open shed, and here a dozen more natives dip sugar out of numbered bins into burlap sacks, weighing them when full, and sewing them up for shipment. This shed, too, has its usual contingent of insects; so it is little wonder that the finished product seems more like a burying-ground for bees and wasps than a life necessity.

Turning, you walk back through the long low building until you come to a short flight of stairs which brings you to the engine-room and the front door. Here, at last, are signs of intelligent and provident care. The battered old compound working wheezily on the right-hand side of the room still glitters in spots, while the silent little auxiliary, standing on the other side, is a miracle of shining brass. The old engine, though asthmatic, performs its duty smoothly, and the big fly-wheel whirls with scarcely a sound. Instinct-

ively you look around for a white man, and you find him. Though clad in greasy trousers and shirt, with face and hands as black as those of any Kafir laborer, you recognize the European profile, you understand the English, 'Hi sye!'

He asks you first for a 'bit o' baccy'; then launches forth on a melancholy wail, spiced with picturesque half-English, half-Zulu expletives, concerning the fate of this Kafir-managed institution. Should you happen to express your wonder because he stays there at all, under such conditions, he comes closer to explain that the mill belonged to a 'dam fine Hinglishman' when he first became engineer, and that afterwards he had become so attached to his engine that he could not leave it when the exchange of ownership was made.

He waxes sentimental, leaning even closer, and you get a sudden whiff, from his labored breathing, of tobacco soaked in cheap whiskey; and you back out of the front door, saying that you understand.

'Hi sye!' he calls after you in an anxious stage whisper, 'ye hain't got a drop about ye, hev ye?'

You understand very well.

IF THE UNITED STATES SHOULD GO TO WAR

BY JOHN BIGELOW, JR.

IN the course of the last few years a succession of events has given rise among our people to an uncommon, if not unprecedented, interest in our military affairs, and a corresponding amount of discussion of our preparedness or unpreparedness for war. A good deal of the arguing has seemed to be based upon uncertain and insufficient data regarding our actual resources in men, arms, and equipment. The purpose of this paper is, not to settle the question of our military preparedness or unpreparedness for war, but to assist the reader in pondering the question for himself, and perhaps enable him to get somewhat nearer to a satisfactory answer than he has yet come.

In time of peace, the military land force of the United States consists of the Army, or Regular Army. In time of war, or of domestic disturbance, the Army may be supplemented with a contingent of Militia, or with a contingent of Militia and a contingent of Volunteers. The Militia is a state force except when called into the service of the United States. It cannot be called into such service except by the President, who is the sole judge of the occasion therefor, and of the number to be called out. Volunteers can be called for only by Congress, or under authority of an act of Congress. The Militia is divided into the organized Militia, or National Guard, and the unorganized Militia. The Regular Army, the Volunteer Army, and the National Guard, are all recruited in time of peace by voluntary enlistment;

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but in time of war the Regular and the Volunteer armies have been recruited by draft or conscription.

Let us now try to determine what force the country commands for immediate use against a possible invading force. According to the official Army Register for 1911, published December 1, 1910, we have in the Army 85,392 officers and men. Numbers are but one of the factors of military power. Among the other factors are composition, organization, equipment, and training. By composition is meant the character and strength of the various elements, such as infantry, cavalry, artillery, etc., of which the Army is composed. The proportioning of the several arms to one another is determined by the needs of one arm. In all armies this principal or main arm is the infantry, for the reason that the infantry is the most mobile of all arms, taking into account all kinds of ground or terrain. Troops that are or may be formed into field armies are called mobile troops, as distinguished from *depot* or *garrison* troops. In our Army we have no *depot* troops; and our only *garrison* troops are the coast artillery. These man our seacoast forts.

Organization is the arrangement of the parts of the Army into companies, regiments, brigades, divisions, and such other units as may be necessary to their efficient command and administration in peace and in war. In our Regular Army the most irregular conditions obtain in respect to organization. The largest unit of organization is

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the regiment, which numbers on a peace footing from 800 to 1000 men. In a regularly organized army, regiments of the same arm of the service are grouped together to form brigades, and groups of brigades, with proper reinforcements of other arms, constitute mixed divisions, or divisions. A division is the smallest unit which regularly comprises more than one tactical arm. While a company, battalion, regiment, or brigade, is all infantry, all cavalry, or all artillery, a division regularly comprises infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

In the armies of Europe, divisions are grouped together, as they were in our Civil War, to form army corps. In our Army, that is, in our Field Service Regulations, — for it is only there that we have an army, — they are grouped together to form what we call field armies. The largest unit which, marching on one road, can be expected to form up from column into line of battle in one day is in Europe the army corps, numbering about 30,000 men; and in our army, the division, numbering about 20,000 men.

Our Regular Army is distributed over our territory and island possessions, from Maine and Alaska to Porto Rico and the Philippines. To get at the force available for our defense against invasion, we must determine the portion of it that is stationed in the United States, exclusive of Alaska. Taking the situation as it was just before the mobilization for manœuvres in Texas, and considering only mobile troops, we have in the United States 35,456 officers and men, with 104 pieces of artillery, as shown in columns 1 to 3 of Table I.

Of heavy field artillery we have, it would seem from official representation, 140 pieces, but no *personnel*, not even an organization on paper. For these reasons I have not considered any of this arm as available.

Each regiment of infantry and of cavalry should include, according to our Field Service Regulations, a company of machine-gun men, with six machine guns. Each has, in fact, but one platoon with two such guns. The infantry and cavalry are thus short of two thirds of their proper complement of machine guns.

TABLE I. REGULAR MOBILE TROOPS IN UNITED STATES AT PEACE STRENGTH

<i>Troops</i>	<i>Units</i>	<i>Officers and Men</i>	<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>	<i>Corresponding to</i>
Infantry	20 regiments and 1 battalion	18,107	..	..
Cavalry	10 regiments and 2 troops	9,166	..	55,913 Infantry
Field Artillery				
Light and Mountain	3 regiments and 2 batteries	3,026	80	24,122 “
Horse	1 regiment	908	24	136,032 “
Heavy	..	..	..	7,000 “
Engineers	2 battalions and 2 companies	1,376	..	36,975 “
Signal Troops	4 field companies	349	..	17,364 “
Sanitary	4 field hospitals, 4 ambulance companies	426	..	10,000 “
	detachments	2,098	..	45,528 “
	Total	35,456	104	

Our present battalion of engineers consists of four companies. The Field Service Regulations, however, require that it shall consist of three companies, which would transform the two battalions and two companies of the foregoing table into three battalions and one company.

Apart from the forementioned deficiencies, the several arms of the service are not in proper proportion to one another. The number of infantry to which each of the auxiliary arms would correspond, in a mixed force properly organized, is shown in column 4. It will be seen therefrom that no two of them correspond to the same number; and that the largest number of infantry for which we have a proportional complement of auxiliary troops is 7000, or, discarding the heavy artillery, 10,000. Taking the latter number as the basis of our calculation, and figuring out the proportional forces of auxiliary arms, we get as a possible field division the force shown in Table II, below.

The infantry will have to be organized into brigades, and the signal troops into a battalion. It would also be necessary to form a division staff. This work involves the detailing of officers from Washington, and the travel of these officers from their various stations to division headquarters. However well-instructed and well-trained

they may be, they will lack experience in their new positions, and will be at a disadvantage compared with officers serving on permanent staffs, such as the corresponding officers of European armies.

The formation of this division will leave a surplus of all classes of troops, which, with some transference perhaps from one arm of the service to another, would about suffice to guard the communications of the division and repair the losses in men.

This division is the largest force which we can consider ourselves able to put into the field to advance against an enemy, within a period of from three to six weeks after mobilization commences. The time would depend upon the original disposition of the troops, and the point or points at which they are concentrated.

The quota of heavy artillery, in case it could be provided, would be one battery or four pieces, and one hundred and twenty-two officers and men.

An act of Congress authorizes the President to expand the organizations of the Regular Army to their full war strength when it may seem to him expedient to do so, and to add to the medical corps accordingly. The result of a mobilization on a war strength, and the number of infantry corresponding to each of the several arms, is shown in Table III on the following page. It is

TABLE II. REGULAR TROOPS IN UNITED STATES AS A MOBILE DIVISION

<i>Officers and Men</i>		<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>
Infantry	10,000	..
Cavalry	1,639	..
Field Artillery		
Light and Mountain	1,538	32
Horse	90	2
Heavy	..	0
Engineers	370	..
Signal Troops	204	..
Sanitary Troops	704	..
Total	14,545	34

assumed that the necessary machine-gun companies are formed and equipped, that the forementioned unorganized troops of the engineer corps, signal corps, and hospital corps have been organized (the medical department being slightly increased), and that the engineer battalions are formed of three companies each.

From these 62,853 officers and men, we could get 24,122 infantry with the proper complement of auxiliary troops. This force, being sorted into independent cavalry, two mixed divisions and an auxiliary division, might be dignified with the name of field army, though it is little larger than a European army corps. (See Table IV, on page 837.)

The surplus of men would about suffice to guard the communications and keep the ranks full for, say, six months. But the mobilization of this force involves the incorporation of about 27,000 additional men. In all the great armies of the world this is done by calling to the colors what are known as Reserves, men who have served from one to three years in the ranks, and

upon discharge are held to service only for an occasional manœuvre and to fill up the ranks in time of war. All the arms, uniforms, and equipments for these men are kept in store, ready for immediate issue when needed. In our Army there is no such provision for filling the ranks. Our 27,000 men would have to be newly enlisted. To get them of the physical standard which now obtains in the Army, it would be necessary to examine over 135,000, for not one in five applicants is accepted. Before they are sent to a camp of instruction, all the necessary uniforms, tentage, and other equipment would have to be, or should be, collected there for them. It would then be necessary to see that the arms, uniforms, and personal equipment are properly issued to them, which includes the fitting of each individual man. Only when this work, or the greater part of it, is done, should the training of these raw recruits begin, to be carried on until they are transformed into reliable soldiers. All this would prolong the process of mobilization, so that six months should be

TABLE III. REGULAR MOBILE TROOPS IN UNITED STATES AT WAR STRENGTH

<i>Troops</i>	<i>Units</i>	<i>Officers and Men</i>	<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>	<i>Corresponding to</i>
Infantry	20 regiments and 1 battalion	39,055	..	..
Cavalry	10 regiments and 2 troops	13,426	..	81,898 Infantry
Field Artillery				
Light and Mountain	3 regiments and 2 batteries	3,854	80	24,122 "
Horse	1 regiment	1,168	24	136,032 "
Heavy	..	..	..	7,000 "
Engineers	3 battalions and 1 company	1,733	..	42,532 "
Signal Troops	5 battalions	903	..	46,355 "
Sanitary Troops	7 field hospitals and 7 ambulance companies attached	2,044	..	24,122 "
		670	..	24,122 "
	Total	62,853	104	

allowed for it. In this time, or before the first general engagement, the Army might provide for its quota of heavy artillery, say eleven batteries, or forty-four pieces and 1342 officers and men. The equipping and training of this army might be done partially or imperfectly in less time than the writer has allowed for it. But he assumes in his calculation that the force raised is all to be used, and is to meet the enemy on equal terms, and not to humiliate us with a new Bladensburg or Bull Run, nor saddle us for another generation with a monstrous pension budget.

This regular force might be increased with militia. Let us suppose that the organized Militia, or National Guard, is all called out. According to the last War Department report, this force numbers 119,660 officers and men. Deducting the contingent of Hawaii, the coast artillery, the general staffs, altogether 9805, we get for comparison with the foregoing figures, a remainder of 109,855. This aggregate of the forces of forty-eight states and territories would be made up as indicated in Table V, on page 838.

These officers and men, nearly 110,000, will furnish us the *personnel* for an army based upon 25,000 infantry, with a sufficient force for the protection of the communications, and reserves to keep the ranks full for about five years. The field army would number about

36,000 officers and men, and eighty pieces of artillery. It would have no horse artillery or heavy artillery, and very few machine guns.

In a mobile army there should be about one general officer to every 2500 enlisted men. Our Regular Army contains about one for every 3400, and the National Guard about one for every 2600. The proportion in the National Guard being about right, practically all of the National Guard, if acting as a unit, would be commanded by National Guard generals. We know little or nothing as to the ability of these officers. The popular estimate of it, in and out of military circles, does not seem to be high. Judging from our military history, and what the writer has personally observed, it should be pretty low.

It may as well be admitted too that in our Regular Army the generals are not our best card. Few, if any of them, have done anything that can be considered a demonstration of fitness for their high offices in the field. But they are well instructed theoretically, and their lack of practical training is being gradually repaired by experience at manœuvres. There is good reason for believing that, so far as the regular forces are concerned, the officers and men, assuming the recruits to be trained as before indicated, will be approximately up to the stand-

TABLE IV. REGULAR MOBILE TROOPS IN UNITED STATES AT WAR STRENGTH

<i>Officers and Men</i>		<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>
Infantry	24,122	..
Cavalry	3,954	..
Field Artillery		
Light and Mountain	3,711	76
Horse	208	4
Heavy	0	0
Engineers	893	..
Signal Troops	492	..
Sanitary Troops	2,714	..
Total	36,094	80

ard of the best foreign armies, and be fully armed and equipped.

Of the National Guard, eighty-seven per cent are reported by the Chief of the Division of Militia Affairs to be 'sufficiently armed and equipped for field service.' But the word 'equipped' as used in this report seems not to include horses or mules, wagons, ambulances, or caissons, and it is uncertain how far it includes medical and surgical equipment, signal and engineer equipment. Referring to the National Guard, the Secretary of War reported to Congress, December 12, 1910: 'It is not fully equipped for field service.'

Neither does the Chief of the Division of Militia Affairs report what per cent of the National Guard is physically fit for field service. The only figures bearing on this point are given in a quotation from the report of the medical officer who inspected the sanitary troops in a number of camps of instruction. Referring to the contingents from three states, he says, 'The physical disqualifications of at least fifty per cent of the personnel was apparent. Anæmia, deficient physical development, and evidences of improper nourishment before entering camp, were in evidence, . . . cases of infectious diseases were brought into this camp that should have been ap-

parent before the organizations left their stations, such as typhoid fever and advanced tuberculosis.' An inspector of infantry remarks: 'The physical examination of the men in the National Guard is not strict enough. . . . We are spending ammunition and imparting instruction, such as it is, on a great many men who would never be accepted for service.'

There is no report as to what per cent of the National Guard is adequately trained, or has attained any definite standard of proficiency. All the training that is required of it by law is five consecutive days of camp or field service, and twenty-four drills or periods of target practice or other instruction, in the course of a year. Of the organizations that assembled during the last year for drill or target practice, about forty per cent failed to parade an average strength of two thirds of their number. Only seventy-two per cent of the enrolled strength attended target practice. The course pursued in this exercise is so different from that of the Regular Army that no satisfactory comparison can be made between the marksmanship of the Militia and that of the Army. It is plain, however, that the infantry of the National Guard is very deficient in this cardinal qualification. 'The field ef-

TABLE V. MOBILE NATIONAL GUARD IN THE UNITED STATES AT PEACE STRENGTH

<i>Troops</i>	<i>Units</i>	<i>Officers and Men</i>	<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>	<i>Corresponding to</i>
Infantry	1,620 companies	96,489	..	..
Cavalry	69 troops	4,167	..	25,418 Infantry
Field Artillery				
Light and Mountain	51 batteries	4,565	195	50,452 "
Horse	..	..	..	5,000 "
Heavy	..	..	..	7,000 "
Engineers	20 companies	1,200	..	32,400 "
Signal Troops	25 companies	1,339	..	65,611 "
Sanitary Troops	125 detachments	2,095	..	29,540 "
	Total	109,855	195	

iciency of the organized Militia of the United States varies from that of a high standard to a very low one. The officers and men of some state forces know little even of their elementary duties.'

When armies move toward each other at the outbreak of war the three tactical arms come into contact with the enemy, and engage him in the following order: first, cavalry; second, artillery; third, infantry. The arm, therefore, that should be the readiest, the best prepared for active service, is the cavalry; the next readiest should be the artillery, and the least the infantry. In our National Guard the order of readiness is just the reverse of this. The best prepared is the infantry, and the least prepared the cavalry. The horse artillery, which should accompany the independent cavalry, does not exist.

The first encounters of cavalry are fought mounted. These contests are decided by shock of horse against horse, or cut and thrust of sabre and pistol-shot from the saddle. The cavalry, if so it may be called, that can only fight dismounted, will be about as effective against regular cavalry as it would be

against a cruising airship. What so-called cavalry there is in our National Guard is generally mounted infantry. The Chief of Staff of the Army reports: 'In the cavalry and field artillery of the National Guard the difficulty of providing horses renders satisfactory training next to impossible.'

The special inspector of the field artillery says: 'Of all the batteries seen this summer there was but one (A of Massachusetts) capable of delivering an effective fire.' Referring to this arm, the Chief of Staff of the Army says: 'It is, with the exception of a few batteries, practically uninstructed in field duty and wholly unprepared for service.' While cavalry is the first arm to become engaged, once the engagement becomes general, the light artillery is the more important auxiliary arm. Without it the main arm, the infantry, would be paralyzed; for infantry cannot advance under the fire of modern infantry and artillery without the support of an efficient artillery.

But let us for the moment overlook the matter of training. Allowing only for lack of equipment, physical unfitness, business engagements, and other

TABLE VI. CONSOLIDATED MOBILE REGULAR AND MOBILE NATIONAL GUARD FORCES IN THE UNITED STATES

REGULAR UNITS AT WAR STRENGTH

<i>Troops</i>	<i>Officers and Men</i>	<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>	<i>Corresponding to</i>	<i>Corresponding Army</i>	
				<i>Officers and Men</i>	<i>Pieces</i>
Infantry	106,597	..	..	66,038	..
Cavalry	16,343	..	99,696 Infantry	10,825	..
Field Artillery					
Light and Mountain	7,050	275	66,038 "	7,050	147
Horse	1,168	24	136,032 "	576	12
Heavy	1,092	36	66,039 "	1,092	36
Engineers	2,573	..	69,471 "	2,446	..
Signal Troops	1,840	..	90,160 "	1,348	..
Sanitary Troops	4,809	..	67,806 "	4,684	..
Total	141,472	335		94,059	195

detering causes, we should not reckon on more than seventy per cent of the reported strength of the National Guard, or in round numbers about 83,000 officers and men, to report in answer to a call; and these would probably include a considerable percentage of new, untrained men, taking the places of *stay-at-homes*. Taking seventy per cent of the numbers given in column 2 of Table V and adding them to the corresponding numbers in Table III, we get for the combined National Guard at peace strength and Regular Army at war strength the forces shown in Table VI, on page 839 (columns 1 and 2). The auxiliary arms correspond to infantry as indicated in column 3; the corresponding army, based on 66,038 infantry, is shown in column 4. It is assumed that the heavy artillery indicated has been provided for.

This force might be formed into a field army composed of a brigade of independent cavalry, three divisions, and an auxiliary division. The necessary commanders and staffs for these divisions and the field army would increase the aggregate strength to a little over 94,000. We will suppose that the surplus of about 50,000 men will repair the losses in men during the first year. If provision is made for prolonging the war beyond this time, giving recruits a year's training and forwarding proper reinforcements of trained men every three months, we should have at the end of every three months, while the war lasts, say 10,000 new men to uniform.

Under the head of supply we must consider the whole establishment — about 140,000 men and 335 pieces in the mobile army within the United States, and 75,000 men and forty pieces outside of the mobile army within and without the United States, making about 215,000 men and 375 pieces, without counting recruits or reservists.

We have in the Army a six months' supply of clothing, including bed-blankets, for about 170,000 men. And in the Militia a six months' supply for about 125,000. These supplies might last 215,000 men about nine months. At the end of that time we should have a supply equal to all demands. In regard to personal equipment (haversack, canteen, cartridge-belt, meat-can, etc.) no accurate information is obtainable as to the stock on hand. For a number of years the Chief of Ordnance of the Army has been trying to accumulate a reserve for 300,000 infantry, 50,000 cavalry, and 300 batteries of artillery. But how far he has succeeded is not known. It would appear from his last annual report¹ that he has stored, in division depots, sufficient equipment for eleven full divisions at war strength — about 238,000 officers and men — for a period of six months. Equipments could be produced by the Ordnance Department at the rate of 600 sets per day. In these six months, added to six months of preparation, the department could produce a fresh supply of about 187,000 from its present plant; as many more as might be wanted would come from additional plants, public or private, put up in the mean time. Allowing three months for enlisting the new men and assembling the troops at camps of instruction, and four for equipping and training them, the army would be ready for the field about seven months after beginning to prepare for it, though with a number of militia generals, whose education would lack something more than a finishing touch.

The force necessary for the protection of the communications depends upon many factors, the chief of which are the number and the length of the lines. It may be assumed that there will be four of them. The length will

¹ 1910, pages 25, 26.

ordinarily be less on the defensive than on the offensive, and will increase with the progress of an offensive campaign. We should allow for guarding the communications of our field army at least a division, say 20,000 men, with forty-eight pieces of artillery, which would reduce the first line of our field army to about 73,000 men, with 135 pieces of artillery.

Under modern conditions the average piece of artillery in a field army will fire about 500 rounds in one good day's fighting. Taking three such days of fighting as falling to the average piece per year, we have 1500 rounds as the average expenditure per piece per year in a field army, and 220,500 as the yearly expenditure of the 147 pieces in the first line of our field army. Adding for the remaining 228 pieces of our whole establishment 500 per piece, we get for the total annual expenditure, 334,500 rounds. We have altogether about 220,000 rounds, or a supply for about eight months of campaigning. By the end of that time and seven months of preparation our government factory would have furnished us about 120,000 rounds, and private factories the remainder. Thereafter these establishments would produce fast enough to meet all demands.

The infantry and cavalry would need about 1200 additional machine

guns. These are manufactured in the United States, both in government factories and in private factories, but at what rate the writer does not know and cannot learn for publication. We may hope, but should not expect, that in seven months the Army and the National Guard could be fully equipped with them and properly trained in their use.

The Surgeon-General has in store a field equipment for 200,000 men. How long this equipment will last and at what rate it can be replaced, the writer has indeed learned, but is not allowed to publish. He cannot say with any accuracy how the Army would be off for transportation, engineer equipment, and signal equipment. Information on these points either is not obtainable or is confidential, but he assumes that the Army could supply itself in these respects.

Apart from the items considered, we have or can probably procure, a timely supply of all necessary munitions of war. But producing and purchasing under the strain and stress of war would be very much more expensive than would a proper provision for our war requirements in time of peace. Not only this,—the supply obtained in time of war would be largely of inferior quality. It would not be possible to subject all purchases to the thorough test

TABLE VII. SHOWING THE ORGANIZED FORCES FORMING THE FIRST LINE

<i>Period</i>	<i>Forces</i>	<i>Number</i>	<i>Pieces of Artillery</i>	<i>Short of</i>
3 to 6 weeks	Regulars at peace strength	15,000	38	Machine guns
6 months	Regulars at war strength	37,000	124	Machine guns ?
7 months	Regulars at war strength, National Guard at peace strength	73,000	147	Transportation, medical equipment, signal equipment, engineer equipment ?
9 months	Regulars and National Guard at war strength	180,000	432	?
1 to 2 years	Regulars, National Guard, and Volunteers, at war strength	300,000	719	

or inspection to which they are subjected in time of peace.

A simple way to raise a larger force than we have yet considered would be to recruit the National Guard as well as the Army to its full war strength. This would give us about 130,000 more Militia, making our whole establishment number 346,000 men. Our supply of uniforms would last these men about five months. To provide for adequately increasing it and keeping it up, we should allow, say, ten months; we should not commence issuing from our reserve until five months after taking the first steps toward replenishing it. That would delay recruiting more or less, according to the extent to which we could handle recruits in civilian clothing and without bed-blankets. Let us put this delay at two months. Allowing two months for enlistment and concentration, and five months for training, we have for the minimum period of mobilization nine months. We have but 572 pieces of field artillery, including 140 heavy; and forty pieces are supposed to be outside of the United States. Assuming that the additional Militia, with the available pieces, all went into the field army, it would give the latter a strength of 224,000 men with 532 pieces of artillery, of which, say, 180,000, with 432 pieces, would be in the first line, or in advance of the lines of communication, and 44,000, with 100 pieces, on the lines of communication. Our reserve of artillery ammunition would last the whole establishment about four months. But this time added to the nine months of mobilization would make thirteen months. In that time we should have provided the manufacturing plants to furnish us ammunition and all other necessary munitions of war as fast as we should need them. Our surplus of men should provide for keeping the ranks pretty well filled for about a year.

We could not go on expanding our military establishment by enlistment. Any further expansion of it would involve the formation of new organizations, the appointment of additional officers, which means raising volunteers. Allowing the necessary time, there is no limit to the numbers that we may enroll, and organize, except that of our military population. Taking this to consist of our male citizens between eighteen and forty-five years of age, it numbers about 16,000,000. Allowing for the physically, mentally, and morally unfit, those religiously opposed to war, and those who on other grounds should be or who succeed in being exempted from conscription, and allowing also for the Navy, Naval Militia, and Marine Corps, we have about 8,000,000 available men. The rate at which we could convert this population into armies would depend upon how far, and how fast, we could eke out our inadequate supplies by purchases from abroad; and would be determined largely by the number of trained officers and men that we furnished from the Regular Army as instructors and levies to the new organizations.

Just how we would go about the formation of a volunteer army is not known. A bill making provision for it in detail has been before Congress for three years, but there has not been enough interest in the matter to bring it to a vote. We might, by judicious and energetic use of our resources, put a million of men on a war footing, trained, as well as equipped and organized, to meet a first-class foreign army, in from one to two years. Deducting 100,000 for service outside of the United States, we should have 900,000 for service within the United States. Deducting 300,000 more for reserves to repair losses for about a year, we should have 600,000 men for active service within the United States. Judging by

the exigencies of our Civil War, this force would be partitioned about as follows:—

First line, in advance of lines of communication	300,000
Second line, on lines of communication	200,000
Third line, in home depots and garrisons	100,000
	600,000

After about a year and a half of preparation we might be able to add to our forces by the half-million or million, until we were limited by the number necessary to be kept in reserve to repair losses. We should figure on at least twenty-five per cent of our whole military establishment as marked for death, capture, discharge, desertion, or other such casualty, in the course of the year.

The conclusions arrived at in the foregoing discussion are summarized in Table VII, at the foot of page 841, showing the properly organized forces that we can put in the field as a first line, in the periods indicated, including the heavy artillery.

Along the 3000 miles of our northern frontier we are confronted by a powerful empire with which we have done a large part of our fighting and have had more friction and differences than with any other foreign power. From Vancouver to Halifax, and from Halifax to Jamaica, dependencies of Great Britain girdle the United States with a cordon of military and naval bases of operation. On our western side, where she holds no such position of vantage, she has an ally in our one formidable rival and only supposable opponent. We could not build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama without stipulating with her, not only as to her own rights, but also as to those of all other nations, in the projected waterway, and providing—which provision, to be sure, we are now practically repudiating—that foreign nations should

be allowed to use the canal in waging war against the United States.

On our southern border a nominal republic is in a condition of disorder which may at any time lead to our intervention, or some other nation's. Should Great Britain go into Mexico and decide, as she did in Egypt, to take her time about going out, the United States would have to put her out or swallow the Monroe Doctrine.

On our eastern and western frontiers we can no longer look for safety to the vast wet ditches formed by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Should our fleets be defeated, or diverted from the defense of our coasts, a single expedition across the Atlantic or the Pacific might land on our shore a force of 100,000 men. The operation need not last twenty days. Such a force might be followed by another one of equal number in from twenty to forty days. Thus, inside of two months, 200,000 men may have descended upon us. Deducting, say, one fourth as guards for the communications, there would be about 150,000 for the first line of an invading army.

Our seacoasts are fortified at the entrances of the principal ports. But these fortifications are short of men and ammunition, and lacking in other elements of equipment, such as fire-control, search-lights, and power-plants for the movement of ammunition. On the Atlantic coast they need as a minimum force to man them 39,549 men. To meet this need they would probably have 16,200 Regulars and 4200 Militia, together 20,400 men, making a deficiency of 19,149 men. On the Pacific side they would have more than enough men. The guns and mortars are provided with sufficient ammunition for all of them to fire continuously forty-one minutes, or for half of them to fire continuously for an hour and twenty-two minutes. The Chief of

Ordnance of the Army thinks there should be ammunition for half of the guns and mortars to fire continuously for two hours. But let us believe that there is a sufficiency of men and of ammunition for the efficient working of the armaments. There can still be no greater delusion than to think that our seacoast forts constitute a protection to our coast-lines. Forts can defend a strategic line or front only under one or two conditions: that they command by their fire every practicable line of march to or between the forts, or that they include in their garrisons forces adapted and adequate to sallying out and attacking the invading columns or

cutting their communications. In our seacoast forts neither of these conditions obtains. The guns and mortars command only the channels by which hostile vessels may enter the ports, and the direct approaches from these channels to the forts. The garrisons include no mobile troops, no forces suited to sallying out against the enemy. On the unprotected roads leading from rivers, creeks, estuaries, and beaches where troops might be landed, we should meet the enemy with field armies or detachments therefrom that will prevent him from landing, or drive him back upon the sea. Are we prepared as we should be to do this?

THE PEDIGREE OF PEGASUS

BY FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD

MY summers are usually spent in a little colony on the shores of our beautiful Puget Sound. In this colony each family has its cottage, while we dine in a common hall. The children play by the water, or underneath the great fir trees of a forest which Nature has been centuries in the making. Here is furnished a primitive environment, and the children grow up as they should, very real little savages, repeating the experiences of the race. One evening last summer while we were at dinner, a herd of innocent and perfectly well-disposed cows wandered on to the premises. The children caught sight of them, and with one war-whoop their tables were emptied, and, snatching up such weapons as were at hand, they hastened to encounter the enemy. The

scene was indeed stirring. Children and cattle plunged this way and that, the plan of battle showing about as much intelligence on one side as on the other. But eventually the superior race got the best of it, and the cows fled over the hill, with the victors in pursuit. A half-hour later, as the shadows were gathering, there were heard the strains of martial music, and there danced into camp a lusty group of warriors, glowing with the excitement of victory; and as they danced they chanted the verses, —

‘ We chased them,
We chased them,
We chased them all home.’

Here was primitive verse in the making, testimony not to be slighted, and when the excitement allowed, I inter-

posed the question, 'Who made up the verses?' For a moment they looked at one another with perplexity, and then came the unanimous answer, 'Why, we all did it. We just all said it at once.'

This little episode summarizes much of the story of primitive verse. But I leave the illustration, to pursue the more orthodox course of the historian.

The clear, truth-compelling light of modern science has penetrated one after another of those remote chambers of the past which have hitherto been sacred to poetry and to myth. We have come to adjust our minds to the process and its findings in such fields as geology and biology, but now we find that we must acquiesce as gracefully even in the very province of the arts. The severe conclusion of the scientist is, to be sure, not always a balm to our self-esteem. I had this brought home to me the other day by my friend the biologist, who observed, apropos of the fact that I sleep out-of-doors on a downstairs porch, that it is the custom among certain species of South American apes for the male to sleep at the foot of the tree, while the female and the young repose in the branches above. But to be thus cited as an example of a reversion to type is no harder than to give up the youth-long fancy of the early bard, standing, with august beard and flowing robes, on the hill-top, the inspired lay pouring into his soul from the serene above. Yet engaging as is Carlyle's picture of the god-man, Thor, it is, after all, but the poet's dream. Thor must make way for Caliban, the demi-god for the dancing savage. For poetry had its humble beginning in nothing more refined than the rhythm that invariably accompanies the rude dances and the common work of the most primitive community. Before men knew any god or acknowledged a leader, they yet worked and played in rhythm.

Indeed, even before the tribal days, though of this no absolute testimony can be had, I fancy that men made play of work by the same means. We do this to-day, and why not much more the unrestrained children of the eldest time? Our American Negroes, who for the most part have only a thin veneer of civilization, turn instinctively to rhythm in performing any simple task. The boy at the stand who blacks my shoes plays me a merry tune with brush and rag, and an old Negro, whose duty it is to awaken the guests in a southern hotel, tempers the early morning call with the consoling ditty, —

I know you's tired, and sleepy, too;
I hates to wake you, but I has to do;
So please raise up.

But whatever may be the truth as to the solitary savage, the social savage is rhythmical in work or play. Rhythm controls the blows of the women as they pound the roots in the crude stone mortar, and the feet of the men as they fall into the dance which relieves the tedium of the camp. Rhythm is the well-nigh invariable condition to activity. Thus, when our Puget Sound Indians migrate in autumn or spring, the paddles all swing in time to the beating of a drum from a canoe which holds a central position in the fleet.

In these rhythmical movements poetry has its lowly origin, for rhythmical movement prompts rhythmical sound. At first this is simply an oral imitation of the reverberating feet or of the instrument of work. To this very day the peasant women of Poland pound the corn to the accompaniment of one interjection; and who has not heard the 'he-eave' of the sailors at the halyards? Many of the primitive Germanic interjections have survived in the counting-out rhymes of our children's games, just as the games themselves are descended from the cult of

the past. Of what early ritual was our familiar 'fe, fie, fo, fum' a part? Did the rude Teuton therewith charm the ground against the evil spirit of sterility or blight, or was it a thank-offering to a god for goodly favors?

How long the savage was content to confine his poetry to simple interjections we cannot tell, but in time the interjection gave way to the choral sentence. This was at first a mere observation of some fact of tribal experience. Thus, a woman who has spent much time in Africa, records that a certain tribe will dance for full four hours to the single verse, —

The shark bites the Bubi's hand,

a verse that prompts one to turn punster. It is indeed a long look from such a poem, impersonal, objective, sung by an automatic, homogeneous ring of savages, to the modern lyric, purely subjective, intensely personal, in which a solitary soul feels out into the darkness for contact with a kindred spirit; but remote as are these extremes, they are yet related, and embrace the sequence of a great art.

It was but natural that different choral sentences should some day be thrown together into a stanza, and the formation of such a stanza marks the next step. I once had the good fortune to catch such a poem in the making. During the interval between the St. Louis Exposition and the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland, Oregon, a Filipino tribe, the Igorrotes, who had been brought to America to exhibit the native life, spent a portion of the time in the city where I live, and were on exhibition, illustrating, among other activities, their dances. Now it chanced that an acquaintance of mine, who is an enthusiastic student of primitive music, was making a study of the music to which these Igorrotes danced, and trying to transcribe it. This he found extremely difficult to do.

But one day he confided to me the startling information that, being satisfied that success awaited him if only he himself could join in the dancing and the singing, he had arranged with the interpreter for a private session, at which he could actually participate.

It was a spectacle not to be missed, and he finally consented to take me along as a valet extraordinary. The dance in question was of a most primitive type, in which the savages form almost a complete circle, and with hands resting on one another's shoulders dance to the right, stamping strongly with the advanced foot and dragging the other, and chanting a monotonous refrain to the time of the resounding feet. To try to qualify in such an exercise was certainly a test of nerve, but, nothing daunted, the musician watched his chance and, leaping forth, clutched the shoulders of the last man in the dance and started on his novel voyage. It was a glorious tribute to the enthusiasm and self-abasement of science, and, it is safe to say, a spectacle quite without parallel even in the triumphant records of that great branch of human learning, to see this goodly man, clad in frock coat and Windsor tie, with flowing locks, carried along by these dancing savages, — whose sun-burned bodies were restrained only by the earliest post-Eden garb, — and frisked hither and yon like the tail of a capricious comet or of a cavorting kite.

But assuredly his reward awaited him, for presently the interpreter, who was watching the effect with interest, turned to me and said, 'They like him, for they have put him into the chant, and are now singing "Man with long hair, Igorrote's friend."' And a moment later he remarked, 'Now they sing, "Man with the long hair dance very well."'

At first the adventurer had attempted

only the step, but, as his confidence increased, he essayed the chant as well. This brought out the commendation, 'Man with the long hair sing very well.' And then the three verses were united into a little chorus, which was used throughout the rest of the dance:—

Man with the long hair, Igorrote's friend;
Man with the long hair dance very well;
Man with the long hair sing very well.

Not a very intellectual poem, to be sure, but nevertheless a long remove from the simple interjection, and able to hold its own with the chorus of many a chapel hymn that I have heard. Not even the interpreter could tell who suggested the verses, nor doubtless, could the men themselves have done so. The verses just sprang forth, like the chorus of our children.

The duration of this stage in the history of the art, who can tell? It would depend upon the capacity of a tribe for advancement, upon the readiness with which the sense of individuality would mature. Some time, with a growing consciousness that 'I am I, and thou art thou,' would dawn the eventful day when some intrepid man would break from the impersonal group, and improvise verses of his own, alternating with the tribal refrain.

This was the more advanced stage that our American Negroes had reached in their native Africa—if, indeed, they were not precipitated into it by the quickening contact with white civilization—and, along with the stage last discussed, is illustrated by the Negro worship and festal gatherings to this day, even in communities where the blacks have been in touch with Christianity for some generations.

I once spent an eventful evening, rich in folk-lore, in Uncle Jasper's church in Richmond. Uncle Jasper, you must know, was the theologian who discomfited the higher critics and physicists by proving that 'de sun do

move—else how could Joshua hab commanded de sun and de moon to stan' still.' Uncle Jasper himself was not present, the young man who piloted us to the church explaining that because of age he had given up all services but the monthly communion. The key to the meeting, which was the last for the year, was given by the lay brother who opened the service. After stumbling through a chapter of the Bible, he launched into a passionate appeal to his hearers, if unsaved, to repent. He pictured, in language which for graphic description I have never heard surpassed, the dark waters of Death, the terrors of the Judgment, the agony of the damned, and the delectable existence of the saved, closing with the persuasive announcement that, 'De wicked culyed folks is bein' summoned fast; tree membuhs of dis congugation was covuhd up yestuhday, and oders is even now on de coolin' board.' These *preliminaries* concluded, the meeting fell into the usual swing. Now some man arose and chanted verses of his own invention, alternating with the general chorus, the improvised hymn running for many stanzas, the Negroes swaying in time and joining hands with their neighbors to the right or to the left. A favorite chorus, which smacked of a source quite foreign to a prayer-meeting, ran,—

Oh! de shelf behin' de doah!
Oh! de shelf behin' de doah!
Brudder take de bottle from
De shelf behin' de doah!

And now some brother fell upon his knees, and launched into a cadenced prayer, which provoked, by way of accompaniment, an ever-growing volume of sighs and half-articulated sentences. Thus the service ran into the night, song and prayer alternating, the excitement becoming more intense as the hours wore on. It was an occasion not to be forgotten, weird and fascinat-

ing, illustrating a great epoch in the development of a universal art.

Nor do we have to look beyond our own race for echoes of such a past. A few years ago a desperate criminal named Tracy escaped from the Oregon penitentiary, and, providing himself with firearms, worked his way up into Washington, applying at ranches for food and killing those who offered him any violence. For several weeks he eluded the police and lived in the forest. He was, however, invariably courteous to women, and there was in him a touch of the gallant that appealed to the romantic imagination of the popular mind. Excitement was intense, and politics and world-affairs paled into insignificance; a presidential candidate never received more flattering attention from the press. One evening I had occasion to be in the rougher part of the city, and noticed a crowd of excited men gathering around a saloon. Evidently something unusual was taking place. I elbowed my way through the crowd to the door: there, on the bar, stood a drunken fiddler, improvising the story of Tracy's exploits. I took down a portion of the song, of which a typical stanza runs thus:—

The valiant Tracy has such nerve
Behind the bars he would not serve;
Said he, 'A better lot I deserve';
Now list to the tale of Tracy.

Between the stanzas the men caught up the air, and there quickly evolved a little chorus:—

Tracy, Tracy, ha! ha! ha!
Tracy, Tracy, ta! ta! ta!
Tracy, Tracy, ha! ha! ha!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Tracy.

Thus among these rude men was reproduced, as it were, a chapter of the past: the improvising poet, singing of an event of common interest, and sustained by a choral group, who shouted a refrain which had sprung forth in obedience to a common impulse.

The next step in the development of poetry was a social group, to which every member contributed by song. It is illustrated in that beautiful story of Cædmon, as told in the tender language of the Venerable Bede. In its refined form it produced the minnesinger and the troubadour, those remarkable masters of ready verse. American college students do unwitting homage to it to-day, when a group of men amuse themselves of an evening by singing Limericks in turn, the chorus joining in the refrain:—

Oh, won't you come up,
Oh, won't you come up,
Oh, won't you come up for a penny.

Next came the period of the professional singer, when the most expert man was set aside to amuse the rest. This was the epoch of the minstrel. Fortunate he whose gift of song insured him a universal welcome, in the castle a seat at the board beside the lord, and lands and jewels; in the village the no less sincere hospitality of the common folk. No picture of mediæval life would be complete without the minstrel, whose songs of the heroes and deeds of old turned to sunshine the dreary hours. But this is a tale that requires no retelling.

What wight who hung upon the accents of the bard, as with glowing eye and stirring lay he led captive the hearts of heroes, could have conceived the time when minstrelsy should be no more? But the minstrel has gone, gone as went my lady's favor, and the bright trappings of her knight—all done to death by printers' ink. For books put an end to minstrelsy as inevitably as they sounded the knell of feudalism. When you can read the tale yourself, why listen to another's telling! For a while, to be sure, the minstrel took advantage of the gayety of the Christmas season to insinuate him-

self once more into the great hall, a sorry reflection of his former self; but the day came when the baron's gate was shut upon him forever and he degenerated into the mere wayside fiddler, bargaining his songs for ill-brewed ale.

Last stage of all is the professional poet, who composes in the secrecy of his study for an audience that reads, and who unlocks the secrets of his own heart for such as may understand. How far he seems removed in his isolation from the ring of dancing tribesmen, how far from the village folk singing songs upon the green, how far even from the minstrel with his epic lay! Communism has given way to individualism, the external to the internal, the objective to the subjective, the unanalytical to the analytical. Browning could never have written *A Woman's Last Word* or *Cristina*, if the savage had not once danced his dance and chanted his rude chorus.

Poetry of this ultimate character is assuredly the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, and occasions the most exquisite spiritual sympathies and inspirations. It but becomes more precious as society becomes more completely individualized, and the sense of solitude more poignant. But, on the other hand, I am glad that we are still able to complement it with poetry of a more primitive character; to find, for example, in the sturdy ballads that time has so kindly preserved, a literature that reflects the hardy vigor of naïve society, the homely episodes, now humorous and now pathetic, that were shaped and fashioned by the elementary passion of simple, communal life. Such poetry invigorates one and universalizes one's sympathy, as does a sojourn with peasant folk, where a whole community seem to share a common life, and where ideas, and even

emotions, seem in a measure to be impersonal and persuasive.

I used to visit, when a lad, a bleak island which lies some twenty miles off the New Brunswick coast. Protected by frowning sea-walls, four hundred feet in height, that allow only an occasional harbor, and fog-engulfed a great part of the time, this little island knew few visitors. But when one actually landed upon it, the honest Scotch folk who dwelt there received him as a kinsman. I was once overtaken by dusk when crossing the island, and put up for the night at a farmhouse. While the younger women were preparing supper, I chatted with 'Grandma' McKinley, then in her eightieth year, who sat in a bed-quilt easy-chair by the fire. Wishing to sustain my end of the conversation, I presumed to suggest that life must have been a bit lonely and tame in the long winter months. The old lady turned her sharp eyes upon me, detecting that my tone was a trifle patronizing, and rejoined, 'Now, young'un, you need n't pity us. There is a plenty of old folk on the island, and winter is the time when they keep droppin' off, and we just fill a picnic basket and go and spend the week, and eat and sing, and it breaks up the long spell somethin' wonderful.' Well, after all, smile as you may, that's squeezing the nectar out of life. What must she have done at twenty! — footed it full-feateously, I trow.

Precious to the modern spirit is the poetry that modern days have wrought; but it is not a little thing that song has become so scant a part of our lives, that we no longer do — or may — sing at our tasks. To be sure, we have our professional musicians, trained to surpassing excellence, but life at large is a bare, ruined choir. When, and how, shall we get back our song? Must we say good-bye to it forever, the sunshine of an unrecoverable childhood?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN PRAISE OF JOURNEYS

HE who confides these words to a long-suffering typewriter has not been truly happy since he declared—in print—that ‘there is only one thing stupider than the average person’s travels: and that is the book written to describe them.’ There is some truth in the statement, and that, precisely, is why it is an ungrateful thing for one to have inscribed who has derived much comfort from his own wanderings and from those of other people. Do you, O Superior Person, consider travel literature an insipid kind? That is but natural if you have just been reading one of the contemporary atrocities got out to serve as letterpress for pictures in three colors. I can even imagine a robust reader turning from Mr. Lucas’s latest travel-book on the ground that it is too saccharine in its song of ‘the joy of entering and reëntering Paris.’ Let such an one turn, after hearing Mr. Lucas out, to the *Totall Discourse* of William Lithgow. ‘Paris, I confesse, is populous,’ he writes; ‘a masse of poore People, for lacques and pages, a nest of rogues, a tumultuous place, a noctuall denne of Theeves, and a confused multitude.’ Between Lithgow, with his seventeenth-century testimony, and Lucas, with his of the twentieth, we somehow manage to get the real Paris: the Paris that had Villon and has Apaches; the Paris that has Sorbonne and Comédie Française and Louvre thrown in for good measure. Travel literature is ever rich in just such mutual correctives.

Frivolous though it is, in the main, an essay on this bastard genre, with

due attention paid, not only to the experiences of travelers throughout the lands and ages, but also to their sentiments and philosophies, and the attitudes of worldly men and wise toward this pastime of travel, would make a *magnum opus* worthy of the dustiest labors. Far be it from me to attempt anything so scholarly. I am content in setting myself down, for my part, a confirmed and habitual nomad. And that is the fact which best proves to me that I am really an American.

Formerly, men traveled from motives of materialism. But we have changed all that, we Americans. No one says to-day what Dr. Fuller wrote in the long, long ago: ‘Labor to unite and distil into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations.’ We know too well that those ‘scattered perfections’ are out-perfected here in the States. We travel—some of us—rather to enjoy the opportunity of telling foreigners how much better we do this or that at home. ‘You must come to Chicago and see for yourself,’ we urge; whereas Richard Lassels, Dr. Fuller’s worthy contemporary, counseled that ‘the traveler have a care not to carry himself along with himself, but to leave behind all his faults and vices, so that when he comes back and meets some evil companion he may avoid him; and when the other protests, “I am so and so,” he may answer, “It may be so, but I am no more I.”’ The nearest approach to so old-fashioned a counsel is James Russell Lowell’s; and I really think that the American’s is the better statement of the case. ‘The wise man,’ he writes, ‘travels to discover himself; it is to find himself out that he goes out of

himself and his habitual associations.' And the principle is the same, whether we use ocean-liner, tunnel-train, or arm-chair.

Lowell speaks true in his *Fireside Travels* when he writes that one may find his antipodes without a voyage to China. Certainly, of all the ever-charming travel books the very most delightful is Xavier de Maistre's *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*. Richard Lassels, Gent., the excellent authority whose name one need not apologize for repeating, expressed it as his conviction that 'traveling maketh a man sit still in his old age with satisfaction.' But the genuine philosopher does his best traveling of all in the very act of sitting still. Never was there framed a fallacy more vulgar or more mischievous than that which takes motion for the *sine qua non* of happy voyaging.

And if 'self' is, after all, the Blue Flower of the traveler's unending search, that, perhaps, explains why so many of our fellow travelers seem utterly wanting in personality. If they had it, they would be tending it carefully, no doubt, in the home garden. Even as it is, they will as likely as not find themselves when they return home, like the Grail-seeker in the legend. So, at least, I like to think: apologizing for my conduct and for yours, good reader, since you are equally a traveler, whose eyes have already strayed from this poor page to study the far more interesting ship-news. Nor do I blame you: one smells salt on reaching that corner of the newspaper. One may even hear the whistle blowing its final five minutes in praise of the ocean, and all the wonders overseas.

Half of the pleasure of travel consists in the advance study of time-tables and 'Shipping Intelligence.' These documents call up new pictures and refresh old ones. Anticipation and retrospect blend into one perfect composition.

The happiest day-dreamer of all is the intending traveler, in springtime.

Wise men, to be sure, decry every sort of travel literature, even time-tables. As for the thing itself, they call traveling a fool's paradise. But wisemen have never heard of the Blue Flower. The learning they prate of is book-learning — a sorry substitute for the knowledge of men and things, the varied cheer, the shifting scenes, the scarcely ever serious fatigues, of reasonable travel. Nor need a man stop acquiring even the thing called learning because his legs or some other engine carry him hither and thither. When Lecky tramped the Pyrenees he carried Spinoza in his pocket, 'getting exceedingly enthusiastic about the scenery and exceedingly perplexed about the difference between Hegel and Schelling.' Lecky's idea of mountain climbing is not mine, yet there is the precedent for any one to follow who thereto inclines. Certainly there was never a want of peripatetic philosophers. Travel of some sort mankind must have — or takes it, like Xavier, in his bed-room. Some write books about lands they hope to visit on the proceeds; as Gautier in the case of his Spain. Some, more conventional, actually use steamships and railways and motor-cars. For, to the normal man, 'All the world's his soil.' And the less cause we can allege for our travels,

The greater is the pleasure in arriving
At the great end of travel — which is driving.

THE IMMORALITY OF TRAVEL

TRAVELING is the vice of the many and the virtue of the few. 'Travel in the younger sort is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience,' said Bacon; but Bacon lived fortunately early and so escaped the modern cult. He never saw what we have seen: the devastation of fair countries, the desolation of old cities, the desecration of sa-

cred shrines, by the intrusive presence of people who do not belong. My bitter complaint is not directed solely against my own countrymen, albeit Americans are multitudinous in offense. I protest against all folk who get out of their frames and insist on making a part of pictures for which they were not designed by nature, whether they be German or Turk, English, Spanish, French, Japanese, or Hindustanee. The day is past when I could welcome, as I could in childhood, the sight of a Chinese coolie pattering home to his laundry, because he gave me the sensation of somehow touching the Orient; the later day has gone, when a supple Lascar along the docks would set me dreaming of the world beyond Suez. Against Turkish travelers in particular I have nourished a grudge since a swarthy and probably distinguished Red-fez poked his head over my shoulder while I was reading a manuscript in the Bodleian. I felt his breath on my cheek, and looked up into beady and curious eyes. Shade of Sir Thomas! He did not belong there; nor, by the same token, did I.

Experience leads me to think, indeed, that most of us would do much better to stay at home. Let travelers travel, and write exciting books about places not made common by intruding thousands of foreigners. By our own fireside we could then read of Paris as if it were Thibet; whereas we now all go to Paris and fail to get much sense of foreign parts in seeing the pavements of the boulevards throng with our compatriots as do the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue. There are not many civilized regions of the earth that one can visit any longer with the hope of finding the exotic unpolluted by commonplace visitors. There are certain parts of Asia, like Thibet and Turkestan; there are one or two spots in Europe; but I do not know of others.

Travel is the great epidemic of the modern world, common to most races, wasteful of time and money, disastrous to the places visited, most unbeautiful in all its effects. No one has yet described the malady. In the hope that some doctor of society — so numerous a company nowadays — may be induced to study its causes and advise as to its remedy and prevention, I make these jottings. I have suffered from the disease in my own person, as well as vicariously, and I recognize the possibility that I may again be smitten. In a time of health, I present my evidence for the benefit of other sufferers — sufferers in a double sense.

The malady is, indeed, a modern one. For a great while men have traveled, but they have done so decently and sanely for the most part. Merchants have always sought and sold their wares abroad, as they do to-day, with perfect propriety. The much-traveled Odysseus did not garner his experience altogether of his own will; and he represents sufficiently well the classical tradition. In the Middle Ages people went on pilgrimages, multitudes of them; yet they made their journeys with an end in view beyond the mere satisfaction of curiosity and the quest of new sensations. Clerks and minstrels traveled; but they wished to learn, or to make a living. Their purpose saved them. Only in the Crusades do we find a parallel to the madness of our times, while even they were sanctified by an idea. During the Renaissance, and down to the nineteenth century, there is no trace of the disease as we know it.

'Travel in the younger sort is a part of education.' Clearly Bacon had in mind for youth what afterwards came to be known as the grand tour. No harm came from this. The young squire, plentifully supplied with money, and mayhap with a learned tutor (scholars, I may say in parenthesis, should always be encour-

aged to travel for the benefit of the nations), set off for a round of the Continent. He learned much, good and bad, but he was never legion. Moreover, if the *milord* became too obnoxious to the inhabitants of any region, they could take a short way with him and prevent the repetition of the nuisance for a considerable time. If the young man's father traveled, he went on some sufficient errand; and his gain was, as Bacon declared, 'a part of experience.' Most people, however, stayed at home, and listened to travelers' tales with understanding suspicion. This state of mind, I submit, was healthy and very sensible.

In lust for travel, as for gold, we moderns do not heed the wise example of our forbears. We have followed too much the enthusiasms of the Romantics, of Goethe, of Byron, and of Heine, who taught the world that journeys were good for their own sake. We travel because we have the money; because it is the fashion; because we wish to compare other lands with ours, probably to the disadvantage of both. We travel for all reasons except good ones; we are, in short, the victims of a disease. We fail to realize what unlovely spectacles, as average human beings, we present when uprooted from our native soil. In our own place we do very well; abroad we display our defects, and hide our virtues.

On tour, the Englishman's blustering bashfulness makes him unpleasant; the Frenchman's suave impracticality lends itself to ridicule; the German's splendid egotism becomes unbearable. In what light Americans appear abroad, it becomes no patriotic citizen to tell. Furthermore, most of us do not travel wisely but too fast. It is a symptom of disease. We may plan a leisurely sojourn in a few carefully-selected towns, or in some hallowed country district; we usually end with a mad scamper. Such

an outbreak of the latent malady ends in exhaustion of the purse and the man. And death-bed confessions on the home-bound steamer serve no useful purpose. 'Globe-trotting' is no more scandalous as a word than as a fact. That persons in whom the disease of travel has assumed this virulent form should be permitted to spread the infection as they do, is a crime against society.

I receive, from time to time, invitations to join, at a considerable premium, 'travel-study tours.' Could there be a more ironic comment on Bacon's phrase as interpreted in our day? Or a madder perversion of educational method? To cram pictures in Italy under the guidance of a tutor, to absorb cathedrals in France under the tutelage of a guide! Not for one hour, I suppose, do the enthusiasts who follow these febrile quests of culture permit themselves an undirected taste of lands not their own. They must be too busy about the improvement of their minds to care for the enlargement of horizons that real travel gives. I can console myself only by the shrewd suspicion that they do not really study either, and so return to their homes quite unaffected by their jaunt, except for being mortally tired. They are more to be pitied than globe-trotters, but less to be blamed.

One of the saddest features of the whole matter is the havoc wrought upon innocent regions by the pestilence-breathing hordes of travelers. I have already deplored the decay of the exotic, the disappearance of the sense of wonder from the world. I have alluded to the wretched condition of Paris. I must go further if I am to stir right-minded people to a consciousness of the terrible devastation that the disease has accomplished during the last century. Have you ever chanced to see at Verona the late Roman sarcophagus, purporting to be the tomb of Juliet, half-filled with German visiting-cards? Have you ever

visited the Island of Marken and noted how a village of fisher-folk can be transformed into a race of harpies? You must have been saddened to find a charming English country town like Stratford-on-Avon turned into a tawdry shrine for the worship of a poet who learned only too well in his lifetime the foibles of humanity. The very church where he is buried has become a temple filled with money-changers. At least, I have seen placards with figures in two systems of money affixed to its walls. And Chester, with blatant rapture, welcomes to her smug and raw antiquity the incoming or departing hosts of Americans. I wonder, when I read that one of the leading performers in the Bavarian Passion Play is advertised to accompany an American party up the Nile, whether even Oberammergau has escaped the taint. Has not Boston, proud of being our own sacred Mecca, adorned herself with patches of black and white, tablets of wood, more to satisfy the appetites of travel-smitten strangers than to honor the dead?

As to the method by which the disease is transmitted, I am no wiser than you; but I feel sure that there is a germ.

WEDDING JOURNEYS BY PROXY

MEETING in the street the other day an old friend and his wife who live in a distant city, I expressed my pleased surprise. 'This is a wedding journey,' they explained. 'Our daughter was married last week, and as neither she nor her husband is fond of travel, they insisted that we should make the conventional tour in their stead. We have got thus far on our way, and are enjoying the honeymoon to the utmost.'

Now, this was putting to the practical test of experiment an idea which has been lying in the back of my brain many years, unexpressed in words. A

spectacle familiar to every Contributor who attends weddings is a bride worn out by months of nerve-racking preparation, better fitted for the hospital than the altar, yet doomed to start on a season of moving from pillar to post, with its incessant strain on body, brain, and senses. Nobody protests audibly, not even the family doctor, because this is the orthodox custom. It remains for a few bold spirits to start a new fashion and require the bride to stay at home after the wedding and take a good rest, letting some kind friend do her traveling for her.

The customary tour is, of course, only one of many inanities connected with weddings, which have nothing better to urge in self-defense than immemorial tradition. Why, for instance, must a lot of well-wishers be corralled on the fateful day for a breakfast, stuffed with sweets and deluged with champagne at high noon, and thus condemned to a term of indigestion and repentance? Dread of appearing churlish, a crow in a dove-cote, prompts many a guest at such a feast to throw prudence to the winds and do what his inward monitor warns him to avoid. Is there not here another opening for vicarious activity? If a repast is imperative, why not call in the services of the younger brothers and sisters of the bride for the consumption of the solids, — asking of them only that they will do in public what they are all too prone to do on the sly, — and turn over the liquids to the servants with a like assurance. This plan would at any rate confine the physicians' ministrations and the drug bills within the offending household, instead of spreading them all over its more intimate acquaintance.

But whether at a later stage we modify the breakfast habit or any of the other mediæval incidentals, surely the wedding journey is something that will bear changing at once. Grant all that

could be pleaded in its favor, such as the need of the young couple to isolate themselves for a while and get better acquainted, or the special virtue of travel as a temper-ordeal and a revealer of unsuspected quips and quirks of disposition, my faith is still anchored to the efficacy of a carefully managed substitution. Let the newly married pair settle down quietly somewhere, — in the bride's old home if you will, or in one of which she is thereafter to be mistress, or in a little cottage in the country, — deny themselves to visitors, and study each other at close range under the same conditions which will normally environ their future life. At the same time, let the old folk be turned loose to do the jaunting. Ten to one, they will enjoy it immensely, and be the better for the change. It will make a pleasant bridge over that little interval of heart-sinking which comes to the parents of a girl after her marriage, before they have accommodated themselves to her habitual absence from the table and the fireside.

When the young couple shall have become old in their turn, and are sending out branches from the family tree laden with new little homes, they can perform a corresponding service for their girls. It will multiply their honeymoons, and refresh the fires of sentiment in their maturer hearts; and we all know how a whole family feels the influence of anything which tends to perpetuate the spirit of courtship between father and mother.

MY VIEW

ON entering my tiny apartment recently a charming little lady exclaimed with real enthusiasm, 'Why, this is like being aboard ship, an air-ship!' And as our little group looked down upon miles of vari-colored houses and bridges and pointed church-spires, and

the distant, glittering Sound, instinctively we waited to feel that floating, slightly rocking sensation known to the traveler on shipboard, whether he be traveling over land or sea.

This very rare lady, possessed of the grace of tact, said other pretty things about my high, green-lined nook; yet she came from a real house of her own in a town of houses and lawns, where the happy citizens merely read in the magazines concerning that horror, the modern apartment-house! And still, in the voice of my guest there was no hint of pity for me as she surveyed my minute domain. She looked at my books, at my few and dear pictures on the woodland-green walls, at my divan and easy-chair set deep in the window-niches, and then she turned again to the panorama spread ever before my eyes and said, with a little sigh of pleasure, 'How restful a view is, a big outlook, like this! How far you seem from all the hurly-burly, and yet how close to the heart of life!'

Really this dear lady almost took away my breath; for you see I am used to the guerdon of thinly veiled sympathy for the misfortune of living where I live.

Some of my visitors come from Jersey, where they have brown earth to dig in, and fresh vegetables in the spring, and the comfort of roomy porches, inclosed in wire netting! And others come from houses down town, real private houses, with white colonial doorways, and beautiful old stairs, and back yards, and butlers, — but of course without such a superfluity as a real view, for people living in their own houses do not yearn for such trifles, and besides, what would the butler do with it anyhow?

Or again my friend comes from a ten-room-and-three-bath apartment in the most fashionable apartment-house section in the city. There also the inhab-

itant has no need of a view, since he looks out upon a wide, modern, sanitary court; opposite is the immaculate tiled kitchen and picturesque Japanese cook of his prosperous neighbor, while many feet below is the clean asphalt pavement; the court containing by way of ornament a geranium bed in summer, and, the year round, four prim and architecturally correct evergreens! But inside the apartment are wonderful floors of polished wood, and built-in mahogany book-cases, and decorative private telephones, and convenient mail-shutes, and burglar-proof jewel-and-silver safes, and beautiful electric lamps, and marble baths as splendid as the baths of Imperial Rome!

Certainly these various friends of mine have a right to pity me, for my bathtub is a trivial affair, as there is not one bit of genuine marble in this whole ramshackle house, none of the many tenants have butlers, and not all of us possess even so much as a maid-of-all-work.

In short, we are impecunious, everyday folk, city-bound, living in an ob-long brick box that fronts on a dusty, prosaic street. What, then, is the real use of living at all, and why emphasize our woes to the extent of writing about them?

Dear reader, this is my compensation, the reason why I envy my friends neither their trim gardens, nor their men-servants, nor their spacious rooms, nor even the bliss of many closets! This ugly, box-like structure is builded on a high hill, and the hill overlooks on its eastern side a great, conglomerate, mysterious city, a city which by night becomes an enchantment, and by dawn a vision of pearl and gold and amethyst, and by noon a clear stretch of irregular roof-tops and churches and arching bridges, and again, at dusk, once more vague, illusive, a wonderland sketched in purple shadow and fiery light, every-

where traces of sheer magic, the magic of man's handiwork under God's sky.

Your clean, pure country, — I love it. Your gardens and hedges and pink babies digging up the outraged flower-beds, — I envy you these joys. Even marble tubs possess for me a poetic charm, and the English man-servant and the Japanese butler summon before me visions of luxurious, beatific inaction! But that which I *need*, on which my spirit leans, is an outlook containing, or seeming to contain, all things: leagues of sky, leagues of peopled city, leagues of far, shining water outlining the whole picture, great splashes of hill-side, green or brown, and color, color everywhere!

To-day it rains; my windows are blurred; the lights are gray, not gold. Yet when I turn my head from my chattering typewriter, I see through half-closed eyes emerging shapes, a tall spire here and there, blotches of pure color gleaming through the mist, and in the foreground a group of preening pigeons fluttering against a golden-brown wall. Blocks and blocks away I hear the grumbling of the elevated trains, and occasionally I see a moving dot which from this distance and height looks like a child's abandoned toy.

At the moment there is little in my view of obvious charm — unless a purply-silver haze and spirals of blowing smoke and the delight of distance fascinate you — as they do me! To-day my view is like a fair woman, in street-gown and hat and veil. Only the woman's lover there by her side knows the possibility of that form and face, remembers the gleam of bright hair when the scoop hat is flung away, the white, curved arms under the heavy coat, — arms which only last night were relieved by the delicate contrast of glittering silk, — knows also the poise of the slim throat and the smile of the sweet mouth, now so discreet, so unsmiling, as the

lady sits in the subway train beside her discreet, unsmiling escort.

So with my view: to-day it is disguised, to-night it will gleam like a court beauty in jewels and lace; to-day it is gracious, but subdued; I have seen it passionate in summer lightning, icily magnificent in December snows. And if only the sun would come out now for one brief moment there would be a rainbow arch over my half of Heaven, as I have seen it many times, curving like some Titanic necklace of gems across the streets, the houses, the bridges, the kind green hills, and that far gleam of water.

Commuters, you have your gardens, your velvet turf, your shady trees, your country club, and your divine quiet. But I have a little eyrie hanging over the wonder city from which you hasten each day in weariness and scorn. And this eyrie is a home, because those who dwell within possess the two essentials for happiness: love of one's kind, and a vision of the splendor of the earth!

THE PLEASURES OF ACQUAINTANCE

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection?
— EMERSON.

FAR be it from my pen to dim the glory of friendship, which all the poets of all the ages have sung so sweetly; and yet I dare maintain that of the two degrees of social intercourse, acquaintance and friendship, a slight and evanescent acquaintance is the more ideal, and possesses a superior pungency of flavor. I love my friends with a peculiar extravagance of affection which has only deepened with the shifting of the perspective from girlhood to womanhood. Also, I *know* these friends of mine, and furthermore, forgive them. I steel my heart against the biting frankness of one; I overlook another's dislike of poetry; and I re-

spond, with varying success, to the warm and effusive nature of a third. All this I do for the sake of friendship — that affinity of soul which draws us together, and lends to our intercourse its tender, deep and permanent quality. Because of this permanence and depth — because we shall return, again and again, to a friend's heart, as to the warm fireside of the home — because of the sympathy and love that burns always there, we willingly forego many things. If friendship demands great sacrifices, it repays them all with this feeling of confidence and security. With those whom I account my best and dearest, there is no reserve. Our friendship is rooted in the bed-rock of intimacy.

Unlike Emerson, I go to my friend's house; I know his father, mother, and sisters; 'a thought, a message, a sincerity,' my friendship may be to me; but it is infinitely more, for it bears the indelible stamp of concreteness. It is interwoven through and through with many problems of morality and conduct. It is in no sense abstract, for it holds too many threads of reality; nor is it ideal, for a number of those threads are broken, and tangled, and imperfect. I fancy that friendship is like an exquisite pattern embroidered on a coarse cloth. The embroidery, with its fair colors and graceful design, has become a part of the fabric, and is so intermingled with the uncouth texture that the one cannot be ripped from the other without marring both.

Now, acquaintance is almost the exact opposite of this. All that is impossible in friendship is possible in acquaintance. Acquaintance resembles a bit of bright silk raveling caught lightly in the mesh of the cloth. Without injury to the fabric, you may pull out the raveling and see it lying there in the palm of your hand. It is abstract, simple, ideal, ephemeral. It is not in-

terwoven with necessity or sordidness. It rests upon the top of the affections, lightly; and therefore, I say, it possesses a certain keenness of pleasure that friendship, welling up from the depths, cannot know.

Acquaintance offers the fairest of all opportunities — that of idealizing one's self. With the formation of an acquaintance, there comes into my life a stranger from another world. Can I not be to this man or woman something finer than I know myself to be? According to the mood I am in, can I not, for one half-hour, sparkle with wit, or show myself gracious and kind, or thrash out that philosophical dispute without binding myself to everlasting observance of the principles I have laid down? I can be a boon companion, a literator, an optimist, a pessimist. To an acquaintance, I can reveal what side of my nature I will. I can show him the red apples that lie on the top of the measure. The little, knotty fruit below will remain hidden from his eyes, unless, indeed, we should become friends. And then? Ah! then, he will forgive me. But, for the present, I am ideal, and there is no need for forgiveness.

Not only do I thus abstract my better self from the grossness and complexity of my entire nature, but I converse with an idealized companion. He, too, — be he girl or boy, man or woman, — sketches for me an outline of his beatified self. He displays his most lovable side. If he has unfortunate habits, I am not unaware of them. If his jokes are a mere stock-in-trade, and his few theories of philosophy worn threadbare with hard use, I have not time to find him out. It is not my purpose to play the detective, but to gather what delight I may from my

brief converse with this chance acquaintance. He may be the veritable black sheep of his family; or, worse, he may be that unfortunate, lone, white creature in a tribe of dusky fleeces. These things are as nought to me. His dogmatic father, his scapegoat of a brother, his pedantic sister — these I know not. Only the man himself, the best part of him, such as he has chosen to give me in our brief acquaintance-ship — *that* I know, and in that I take delight.

This pleasure in mere acquaintance is one of the charms of life for all who love the touch-and-go of daily intercourse. It is a sort of luxury, over and above the enduring friendships which demand great sacrifices in return for their great happiness. Friendship drags, in consequence, all the joys and woes of the universe. It frequently displays deformities, scars, and ugly places, which we prefer to hide and cover over. But acquaintance is an ideal, starlike point of friendship, no part of which one could wish to forget.

You who are staunch and loyal friends, who have toiled and suffered and shed your heart's tears and sacrificed untold things to keep alive that flower of friendship, be not offended. I would not, for the sum-total of my acquaintances, forego the least of my good friends. But when I look backward, and, like a miser, count up the moments of human intercourse that have given me great pleasure, the starry points of many an acquaintance-ship shine out so clear and bright that I must count them as no mean portion of my wealth. They have been precious moments in my life; and

I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me.